



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

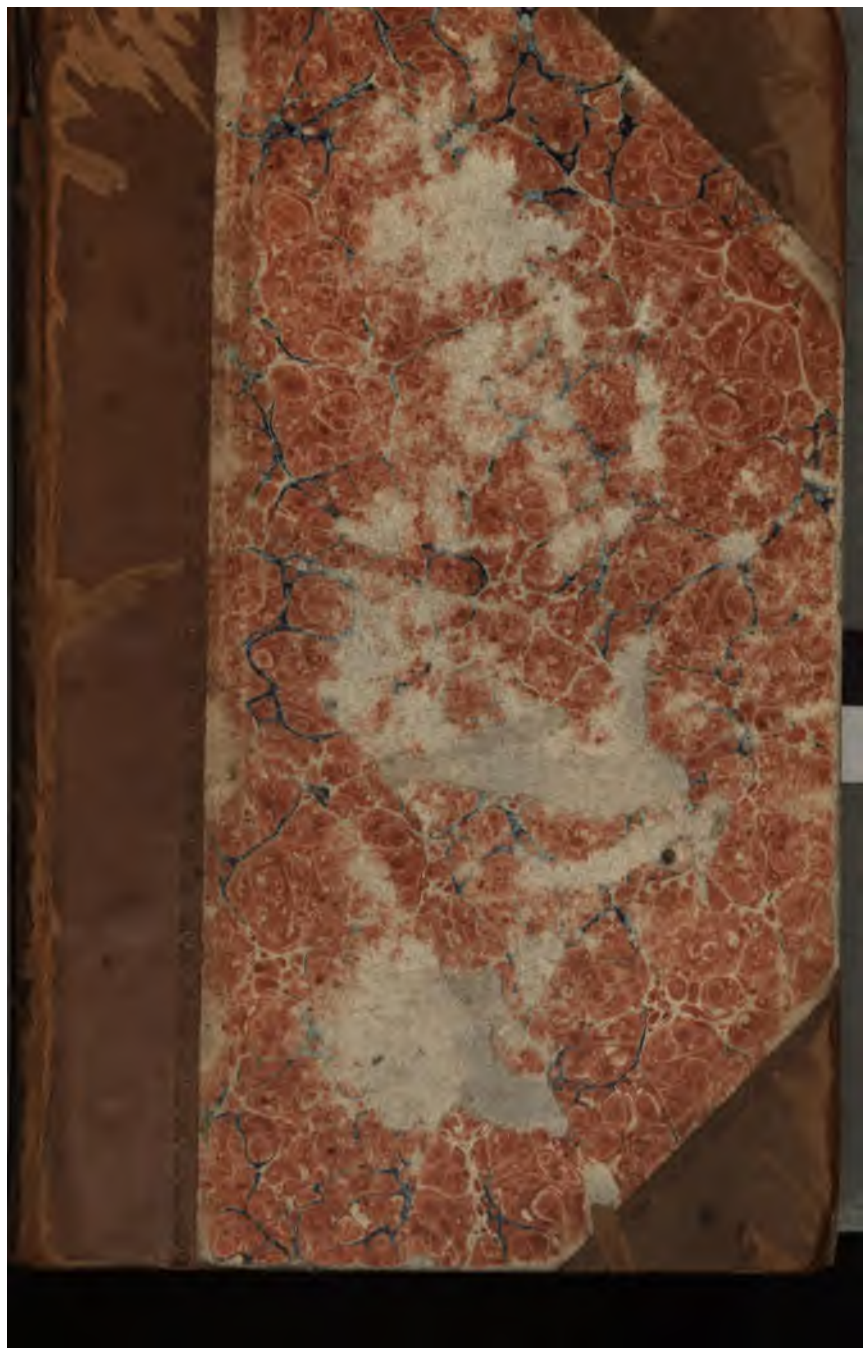
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





600068948+

(33.)
240.







INTRODUCTIONS,
AND
NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,
TO THE
NOVELS, TALES, AND ROMANCES,
OF THE
AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.

VOL. II.

BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR—PEVERIL OF THE PEAK.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED FOR ROBERT CADELL, EDINBURGH;
AND WHITTAKER & CO. LONDON.

MDCCCXXXIII.

~~240.~~
249. n. 140.

1. *What is the main purpose of this document?*

2. *What is the main purpose of this document?*

3. *What is the main purpose of this document?*

4. *What is the main purpose of this document?*

5. *What is the main purpose of this document?*

6. *What is the main purpose of this document?*

7. *What is the main purpose of this document?*

8. *What is the main purpose of this document?*

9. *What is the main purpose of this document?*

10. *What is the main purpose of this document?*

11. *What is the main purpose of this document?*

12. *What is the main purpose of this document?*

13. *What is the main purpose of this document?*

14. *What is the main purpose of this document?*

15. *What is the main purpose of this document?*

16. *What is the main purpose of this document?*

INTRODUCTION
AND
NOTES
TO
THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.

VOL. II.

A

WINTER 1961

ALL

RECEIVED 10 JAN 1962

1000

INTRODUCTION
TO
THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.

THE Author, on a former occasion, * declined giving the real source from which he drew the tragic subject of this history, because, though occurring at a distant period, it might possibly be displeasing to the feelings of the descendants of the parties. But as he finds an account of the circumstances given in the Notes to Law's Memorials, † by his ingenious friend Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq., and also indicated in his reprint of the Rev. Mr Symson's Poems, appended to the Description of Galloway, as the original of the Bride of Lammermoor, the Author feels himself now at liberty to tell the tale as he had it from connexions of his own,

* See Introduction to the Chronicles of the Canongate.

† Law's Memorials, p. 226.

who lived very near the period, and were closely related to the family of the Bride.

It is well known that the family of Dalrymple, which has produced, within the space of two centuries, as many men of talent, civil and military, and of literary, political, and professional eminence, as any house in Scotland, first rose into distinction in the person of James Dalrymple, one of the most eminent lawyers that ever lived, though the labours of his powerful mind were unhappily exercised on a subject so limited as Scottish Jurisprudence, on which he has composed an admirable work.

He married Margaret, daughter to Ross of Balniel, with whom he obtained a considerable estate. She was an able, politic, and high-minded woman, so successful in what she undertook, that the vulgar, no way partial to her husband or her family, imputed her success to necromancy. According to the popular belief, this Dame Margaret purchased the temporal prosperity of her family from the Master whom she served, under a singular condition, which is thus narrated by the historian of her grandson, the great Earl of Stair :—" She lived to a great age, and at her death desired that she might not be put under ground, but that her coffin should be placed upright on one end of it, promising, that while she remained in that situa-

tion, the Dalrymples should continue in prosperity. What was the old lady's motive for such a request, or whether she really made such a promise, I cannot take upon me to determine; but it is certain her coffin stands upright in the aisle of the church of Kirkliston, the burial place of the family." * The talents of this accomplished race were sufficient to have accounted for the dignities which many members of the family attained, without any supernatural assistance. But their extraordinary prosperity was attended by some equally singular family misfortunes, of which that which befell their eldest daughter was at once unaccountable and melancholy.

Miss Janet Dalrymple, daughter of the first Lord Stair and Dame Margaret Ross, had engaged herself, without the knowledge of her parents, to the Lord Rutherford, who was not acceptable to them, either on account of his political principles, or his want of fortune. The young couple broke a piece of gold together, and pledged their troth in the most solemn manner; and it is said the young lady imprecated dreadful evils on herself should she break her plighted faith. Shortly after, a suitor who

* *Memoirs of John Earl of Stair, by an Impartial Hand.* London, printed for C. Cobbet, p. 7.

was favoured by Lord Stair, and still more so by his lady, paid his addresses to Miss Dalrymple. The young lady refused the proposal, and, being pressed on the subject, confessed her secret engagement. Lady Stair, a woman accustomed to universal submission, (for even her husband did not dare to contradict her,) treated this objection as a trifle, and insisted upon her daughter yielding her consent to marry the new suitor, David Dunbar, son and heir to David Dunbar of Baldoon, in Wigtonshire. The first lover, a man of very high spirit, then interfered by letter, and insisted on the right he had acquired by his troth plighted with the young lady. Lady Stair sent him for answer, that her daughter, sensible of her undutiful behaviour in entering into a contract unsanctioned by her parents, had retracted her unlawful vow, and now refused to fulfil her engagement with him.

The lover, in return, declined positively to receive such an answer from any one but his mistress in person; and as she had to deal with a man who was both of a most determined character, and of too high condition to be trifled with, Lady Stair was obliged to consent to an interview between Lord Rutherford and her daughter. But she took care to be present in person, and argued the point with the disappointed and incensed lover with pertinacity

equal to his own. She particularly insisted on the Levitical law, which declares, that a woman shall be free of a vow which her parents dissent from. This is the passage of Scripture she founded on:—

“ If a man vow a vow unto the Lord, or swear an oath to bind his soul with a bond; he shall not break his word, he shall do according to all that proceedeth out of his mouth.

“ If a woman also, vow a vow unto the Lord, and bind herself by a bond, being in her father's house in her youth;

“ And her father hear her vow, and her bond wherewith she hath bound her soul, and her father shall hold his peace at her: then all her vows shall stand, and every bond wherewith she hath bound her soul shall stand.

“ But if her father disallow her in the day that he heareth; not any of her vows, or of her bonds wherewith she hath bound her soul, shall stand: and the Lord shall forgive her, because her father disallowed her.”—Numbers, xxx. 2, 3, 4, 5.

While the mother insisted on these topics, the lover in vain conjured the daughter to declare her own opinion and feelings. She remained totally overwhelmed, as it seemed,—mute, pale, and motionless as a statue. Only at her mother's command, sternly uttered, she

summoned strength enough to restore to her plighted suitor the piece of broken gold, which was the emblem of her troth. On this he burst forth into a tremendous passion, took leave of the mother with maledictions, and as he left the apartment, turned back to say to his weak, if not fickle mistress, "For you, madam, you will be a world's wonder;" a phrase by which some remarkable degree of calamity is usually implied. He went abroad, and returned not again. If the last Lord Rutherford was the unfortunate party, he must have been the third who bore that title, and who died in 1685.

The marriage betwixt Janet Dalrymple and David Dunbar of Baldoon now went forward, the bride showing no repugnance, but being absolutely passive in every thing her mother commanded or advised. On the day of the marriage, which, as was then usual, was celebrated by a great assemblage of friends and relations, she was the same—sad, silent, and resigned, as it seemed, to her destiny. A lady, very nearly connected with the family, told the Author that she had conversed on the subject with one of the brothers of the bride, a mere lad at the time, who had ridden before his sister to church. He said her hand, which lay on his as she held her arm round his waste, *was as cold and damp as marble.* But, full

of his new dress, and the part he acted in the procession, the circumstance, which he long afterwards remembered with bitter sorrow and compunction, made no impression on him at the time.

The bridal feast was followed by dancing; the bride and bridegroom retired as usual, when of a sudden the most wild and piercing cries were heard from the nuptial chamber. It was then the custom, to prevent any coarse pleasantries which old times perhaps admitted, that the key of the nuptial chamber should be intrusted to the bridegroom. He was called upon, but refused at first to give it up, till the shrieks became so hideous that he was compelled to hasten with others to learn the cause. On opening the door, they found the bridegroom lying across the threshold, dreadfully wounded, and streaming with blood. The bride was then sought for: She was found in the corner of the large chimney, having no covering save her shift, and that dabbled in gore. There she sat grinning at them, mopping and mowing, as I heard the expression used; in a word, absolutely insane. The only words she spoke were, "Tak up your bonny bridegroom." She survived this horrible scene little more than a fortnight, having been married on the 24th of

August, and dying on the 12th of September 1669.

The unfortunate Baldoon recovered from his wounds, but sternly prohibited all enquiries respecting the manner in which he had received them. If a lady, he said, asked him any question upon the subject, he would neither answer her, nor speak to her again while he lived; if a gentleman, he would consider it as a mortal affront, and demand satisfaction as having received such. He did not very long survive the dreadful catastrophe, having met with a fatal injury by a fall from his horse, as he rode between Leith and Holyrood-house, of which he died the next day, 28th March 1682. Thus a few years removed all the principal actors in this frightful tragedy.

Various reports went abroad on this mysterious affair, many of them very inaccurate, though they could hardly be said to be exaggerated. It was difficult at that time to become acquainted with the history of a Scottish family above the lower rank; and strange things sometimes took place there, into which even the law did not scrupulously enquire.

The credulous Mr Law says, generally, that the Lord President Stair had a daughter, who being married, the night she was *bride in*,

[that is, bedded bride,] was taken from her bridegroom and *harled* [dragged] through the house, (by spirits, we are given to understand,) and soon afterwards died. Another daughter," he says, "was possessed by an evil spirit."

My friend, Mr Sharpe, gives another edition of the tale. According to his information, it was the bridegroom who wounded the bride. The marriage, according to this account, had been against her mother's inclination, who had given her consent in these ominous words: "You may marry him, but soon shall you repent it."

I find still another account darkly insinuated in some highly scurrilous and abusive verses, of which I have an original copy. They are docketed as being written "Upon the late Viscount Stair and his family, by Sir William Hamilton of Whitelaw. The marginals by William Dunlop, writer in Edinburgh, a son of the Laird of Househill, and nephew to the said Sir William Hamilton." There was a bitter and personal quarrel and rivalry betwixt the author of this libel, a name which it richly deserves, and Lord President Stair; and the lampoon, which is written with much more malice than art, bears the following motto:—

"Stair's neck, mind, wife, sons, grandson, and the rest,
Are wry, false, witch, poets, parricide, possessed."

This malignant satirist, who calls up all the misfortunes of the family, does not forget the fatal bridal of Baldoon. He seems, though his verses are obscure as unpoetical, to intimate, that the violence done to the bridegroom was by the intervention of the foul fiend, to whom the young lady had resigned herself, in case she should break her contract with her first lover. His hypothesis is inconsistent with the account given in the note upon Law's Memorials, but easily reconcilable to the family tradition.

" In al Stair's offspring we no difference know,
 They doe the females as the males bestow ;
 So he of's daughter's marriage gave the ward,
 Like a true vassal, to Glenluce's Laird ;
 He knew what she did to her suitor plight,
 If she her faith to Rutherford should alight,
 Which, like his own, for greed he broke outright. }
 Nick did Baldoon's posterior right deride,
 And, as first substitute, did seize the bride ;
 Whate'er he to his mistress did or said,
 He threw the bridegroom from the nuptial bed,
 Into the chimney did so his rival man,
 His bruised bones ne'er were cured but by the fall." *

One of the marginal notes ascribed to William Dunlop, applies to the above lines. "She had betrothed herself to Lord Rutherford under horrid imprecations, and afterwards mar-

* The fall from his horse, by which he was killed.

ried Baldoon his nevy, and her mother was the cause of her breach of faith."

The same tragedy is alluded to in the following couplet and note:—

"What train of curses that base brood pursues,
When the young nephew weds old uncle's spouse."

The note on the word *uncle* explains it as meaning "Rutherfoord, who should have married the Lady Baldoon, was Baldoon's uncle." The poetry of this satire on Lord Stair and his family was, as already noticed, written by Sir William Hamilton, of Whitelaw, a rival of Lord Stair for the situation of President of the Court of Session; a person much inferior to that great lawyer in talents, and equally ill-treated by the calumny or just satire of his contemporaries, as an unjust and partial judge. Some of the notes are by that curious and laborious antiquary Robert Milne, who, as a virulent Jacobite, willingly lent a hand to blacken the family of Stair.*

† I have compared the satire, which occurs in the first volume of the curious little collection called a Book of Scottish Pasquils, 1897, with that which has a more full text, and more extended notes, and which is in my own possession, by gift of Thomas Thomson, Esq. Register-Depute. In the second Book of Pasquils, p. 72, is a most abusive epitaph on Sir James Hamilton of Whitelaw.

Another poet of the period, with a very different purpose, has left an elegy, in which he darkly hints at and bemoans the fate of the ill-starred young person, whose very uncommon calamity Whitelaw, Dunlop and Milne, thought a fitting subject for buffoonery and ribaldry. This bard of milder mood was Andrew Symson, before the Revolution minister of Kirkiner, in Galloway, and after his expulsion as an Episcopalian, following the humble occupation of a printer in Edinburgh. He furnished the family of Baldoon, with which he appears to have been intimate, with an elegy on the tragic event in their family. In this piece he treats the mournful occasion of the bride's death with mysterious solemnity.

The verses bear this title—"On the unexpected death of the virtuous Lady Mrs Janet Dalrymple, Lady Baldoon, younger," and afford us the precise dates of the catastrophe, which could not otherwise have been easily ascertained. "Nupta August 12. Domum Ducta August 24. Obiit September 12. Sepult. September 30, 1669." The form of the elegy is a dialogue betwixt a passenger and a domestic servant. The first, recollecting that he had passed that way lately, and seen all around enlivened by the appearances of mirth and festivity, is desirous to know what had changed so

gay scene into mourning. We preserve the reply of the servant as a specimen of Mr Symson's verses, which are not of the first quality:—

“ Sir, 'tis truth you've told,
 We did enjoy great mirth; but now, ah me!
 Our joyful song's turn'd to an elegie.
 A virtuous lady, not long since a bride,
 Was to a hopeful plant by marriage tied,
 And brought home hither. We did all rejoice,
 Even for her sake. But presently our voice
 Was turn'd to mourning for that little time
 That she'd enjoy: She waned in her prime,
 For Atropos, with her impartial knife,
 Soon cut her thread, and therewithal her life;
 And for this time, we may it well remember,
 It being in unfortunate September;
 Where we must leave her till the resurrection,
 'Tis then the Saints enjoy their full perfection.” *

Mr Symson also poured forth his elegiac strains upon the fate of the widowed bridegroom, on which subject, after a long and querulous effusion, the poet arrives at the sound conclusion, that if Baldoon had walked on foot, which it seems was his general custom, he would have

* This elegy is reprinted in the Appendix to a topographical work by the same author, entitled “A Large Description of Galloway, by Andrew Symson, Minister of Kirkcinner,” 8vo, Tait's, Edinburgh, 1823. The reverend gentleman's elegies are extremely rare, nor did the author ever see a copy but his own, which is bound up with the Tripatriarchicon, a religious poem from the Biblical History, by the same author.

escaped perishing by a fall from horseback. As the work in which it occurs is so scarce as almost to be unique, and as it gives us the fullest account of one of the actors in this tragic tale which we have rehearsed, we will, at the risk of being tedious, insert some short specimens of Mr Symson's composition. It is entitled,—

“A Funeral Elegie, occasioned by the sad and much lamented death of that worthily respected, and very much accomplished gentleman, David Dunbar, younger of Baldoon, only son and apparent heir to the right worshipful Sir David Dunbar of Baldoon, Knight Baronet. He departed this life on March 28, 1682, having received a bruise by a fall, as he was riding the day preceding betwixt Leith and Holy-Rood-House; and was honourably interred in the Abbey church of Holy-Rood-House, on April 4, 1682.”

“Men might, and very justly too conclude
Me guilty of the worst ingratitude,
Should I be silent, or should I forbear
At this sad accident to shed a tear;
A tear! said I? ah! that's a petit thing,
A very lean, slight, slender offering,
Too mean, I'm sure, for me, wherewith t' attend
The unexpected funeral of my friend—
A glass of briny tears charged up to th' brim,
Would be too few for me to shed for him.”

The poet proceeds to state his intimacy with

the deceased, and the constancy of the young man's attendance on public worship, which was regular, and had such effect upon two or three others that were influenced by his example,

"So that my Muse 'gainst Prician avers,
He, *only* he, *score* my parishioners ;
Yes, and my only hearers."

He then describes the deceased in person and manners, from which it appears that more accomplishments were expected in the composition of a fine gentleman in ancient than modern times :

"His body, though not very large or tall,
Was sprightly, active, yea and strong withal.
His constitution was, if right I've guess'd,
Blood mixt with choler, said to be the best.
In's gesture, converse, speech, discourse, attire,
He practis'd that which wise men still admire,
Commend, and recommend. What's that? you'l say ;
'Tis this : He ever choos'd the middle way
'Twixt both fit extremes. Almost in every thing
He did the like, 'tis worth our noticing ;
Sparing, yet not a niggard ; liberal,
And yet not lavish or a prodigal,
As knowing when to spend and when to spare ;
And that's a lesson which not many are
Acquainted with. He bashful was, yet daring
When he saw cause, and yet therein but sparing ;
Familiar, yet not common, for he knew
To condescend, and keep his distance too.
He us'd, and that most commonly, to go

On foot ; I wish that he had still done so.
 Th' affairs of court were unto him well known :
 And yet meanwhile he alighted not his own.
 He knew full well how to behave at court,
 And yet but seldome did thereto resort ;
 But lov'd the country life, choos'd to inure
 Himself to past'rage and agriculture ;
 Proving, improving, ditching, trenching, draining,
 Viewing, reviewing, and by those means gaining ;
 Planting, transplanting, levelling, erecting
 Walls, chambers, houses, terraces ; projecting
 Now this, now that device, this draught, that measure,
 That might advance his profit with his pleasure.
 Quick in his bargains, honest in commerce,
 Just in his dealings, being much averse
 From quirks of law, still ready to refer
 His cause t' an honest country arbiter.
 He was acquainted with cosmography,
 Arithmetic, and modern history ;
 With architecture and such arts as these,
 Which I may call specifick sciences
 Fit for a gentleman ; and surely he
 That knows them not, at least in some degree,
 May brook the title, but he wants the thing,
 Is but a shadow scarce worth noticing.
 He learned the French, be t' spoken to his praise,
 In very little more than forty days."

Then comes the full burst of woe, in which,
 instead of saying much himself, the poet in-
 forms us what the ancients would have said on
 such an occasion :

" A heathen poet, at the news, no doubt,
 Would have exclaimed, and furiously cried out
 Against the fates, the destinies and stars."

What ! this the effect of planetarie wars !
We might have seen him rage and rave, yea worse,
'Tis very like we might have heard him curse
The year, the month, the day, the hour, the place,
The company, the wager, and the race ;
Decry all recreations, with the names
Of Isthmian, Pythian, and Olympick games ;
Exclaim against them all, both old and new,
Both the Nemman and the Lethman too :
Adjudge all persons under highest pain,
Always to walk on foot, and then again
Order all horses to be bough'd, that we
Might never more the like adventure see. "

Supposing our readers have had enough of Mr Symson's verses, and finding nothing more in his poem worthy of transcription, we return to the tragic story.

It is needless to point out to the intelligent reader, that the witchcraft of the mother consisted only in the ascendancy of a powerful mind over a weak and melancholy one, and that the harshness with which she exercised her superiority in a case of delicacy, had driven her daughter first to despair, then to frenzy. Accordingly, the author has endeavoured to explain the tragic tale on this principle. Whatever resemblance Lady Ashton may be supposed to possess to the celebrated Dame Margaret Ross, the reader must not suppose that there was any idea of tracing the portrait of the first Lord Viscount Stair in the *tricky* and meanspirited Sir Wil-

liam Ashton. Lord Stair, whatever might be his moral qualities, was certainly one of the first statesmen and lawyers of his age.

The imaginary castle of Wolf's Crag has been identified by some lover of locality with that of Fast Castle. The author is not competent to judge of the resemblance betwixt the real and imaginary scene, having never seen Fast Castle except from the sea. But fortalices of this description are found occupying, like ospreys' nests, projecting rocks, or promontories, in many parts of the eastern coast of Scotland, and the position of Fast Castle seems certainly to resemble that of Wolf's Crag as much as any other, while its vicinity to the mountain ridge of Lattinermoor, renders the assimilation a probable one.

We have only to add, that the death of the unfortunate bridegroom by a fall from horse-back, has been in the novel transferred to the no less unfortunate lover.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

NOVELS AND TALES. VOL. XIV.

THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.

"TO WIND HIM A PIRN."—P. 207, l. 5.

Wind him a pirn, proverbial for preparing a troublesome business for some person.

FAY-RIGHTS.—P. 318, l. 3.

That is, absolute rights of property for the payment of a sum annually, which is usually a trifle in such cases as are alluded to in the text.

To ⁱ *act*.—P. 322, l. 1.

i. e. To act as may be necessary and legal, a Scottish law phrase.

"THAT DREARY WEID."—P. 334, l. 19.

Weid, a feverish cold; a disorder incident to infants and to females, is so called.

"PUTTING UP WITH HIM."—P. 343, l. last.

Taking up his abode.

RAID OF CALEB BALDERSTONE.—P. 347.

The Raid of Caleb Balderstone on the cooper's kitchen, has been universally considered on the southern side of the Tweed as grotesquely and absurdly extravagant. The author can only say, that a similar anecdote was communicated to him, with date and names of the parties, by a noble Earl lately deceased, whose remembrances of former days, both in Scotland and England, while they were given with a felicity and power of humour never to be forgotten by those who had the happiness of meeting his Lordship in familiar society, were especially invaluable from their extreme accuracy.

Speaking after my kind and lamented informer, with the omission of names only, the anecdote ran thus:—There was a certain bachelor gentleman in one of the midland counties of Scotland, second son of an ancient family, who lived on the fortune of a second son, *videlicet*, upon some miserably small annuity, which yet was so managed and stretched out by the expedients of his man John, that his master kept the front rank with all the young men of quality in the county, and hunted, dined, dined, and drank with them, upon apparently equal terms.

It is true, that as the master's society was extremely amusing, his friends contrived to reconcile his man John to accept assistance of various kinds under the rose, which they dared not to have directly offered to his master. Yet, very consistently with all this good inclination to John, and John's master, it was thought among the young fox-hunters, that it would be an excellent jest, if possible, to take John at fault.

With this intention, and, I think, in consequence of a bet, a party of four or five of these youngsters arrived at the bachelor's little mansion, which was adjacent to a considerable village. Here they alighted a short while before the dinner hour—for it was judged regular to give John's ingenuity a fair start—and, rushing past the asto-

nished domestic, entered the little parlour; and, telling some concerted story of the cause of their invasion, the self-invited guests asked their landlord if he could let them have some dinner. Their friend gave them a hearty and unembarrassed reception, and, for the matter of dinner, referred them to John. He was summoned accordingly—received his master's orders to get dinner ready for the party who had thus unexpectedly arrived; and, without changing a muscle of his countenance, promised prompt obedience. Great was the speculation of the visitors, and probably of the landlord also, what was to be the issue of John's fair promises. Some of the more curious had taken a peep into the kitchen, and could see nothing there to realize the prospect held out by the *Major-Domo*. But punctual as the dinner hour struck on the village clock, John placed before them a stately rump of boiled beef, with a proper accompaniment of greens, amply sufficient to dine the whole party, and to decide the bet against those among the visitors who expected to take John napping. The explanation was the same as in the case of Caleb Balderstone. John had used the freedom to carry off the *kail-pot* of a rich old chuff in the village, and brought it to his master's house, leaving the proprietor and his friends to dine on bread and cheese; and, as John said, "good enough for them." The fear of giving offence to so many persons of distinction, kept the poor man sufficiently quiet, and he was afterwards remunerated by some indirect patronage, so that the jest was admitted a good one on all sides. In England, at any period, or in some parts of Scotland at the present day, it might not have passed off so well.

ANCIENT HOSPITALITY.—P. 353, l. 22.

It was once the universal custom to place ale, wine, or some strong liquor, in the chamber of an honoured guest, to assuage his thirst should he feel any on awakening in the night, which, considering that the hospitality of that

period often reached excess, was by no means unlikely. The author has met some instances of it in former days, and in old-fashioned families. It was, perhaps, no poetic fiction that records how

" My cummer and I lay down to sleep,
With two pint stoups at our bed-feet ;
And aye when we waken'd we drank them dry :
What think you o' my wee cummer and I ? "

It is a current story in Teviotdale, that in the house of an ancient family of distinction, much addicted to the Presbyterian cause, a Bible was always put into the sleeping apartment of the guests, along with a bottle of strong ale. On some occasion there was a meeting of clergymen in the vicinity of the castle, all of whom were invited to dinner by the worthy Baronet, and several abode all night. According to the fashion of the times, seven of the reverend guests were allotted to one large barrack-room, which was used on such occasions of extended hospitality. The butler took care that the divines were presented, according to custom, each with a Bible and a bottle of ale. But after a little consultation among themselves, they are said to have recalled the domestic as he was leaving the apartment. " My friend," said one of the venerable guests, " you must know, when we meet together as brethren, the youngest minister reads aloud a portion of Scripture to the rest ;—only one Bible, therefore, is necessary ; take away the other six, and in their place bring six more bottles of ale."

This synod would have suited the " hermit sage " of Johnson, who answered a pupil who enquired for the real road to happiness, with the celebrated line,

" Come, my lad, and drink some beer ! "

NOVELS AND TALES. VOL. XV.

THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.

APPEAL TO PARLIAMENT.—P. 9, l. 5.

The power of appeal from the Court of Session, the supreme Judges of Scotland, to the Scottish Parliament, in cases of civil right, was fiercely debated before the Union. It was a privilege highly desirable for the subject, as the examination and occasional reversal of their sentences in Parliament, might serve as a check upon the judges, which they greatly required at a time when they were much more distinguished for legal knowledge than for uprightness and integrity.

The members of the Faculty of Advocates, (so the Scottish barristers are termed,) in the year 1674, incurred the violent displeasure of the Court of Session, on account of their refusal to renounce the right of appeal to Parliament; and, by a very arbitrary procedure, the majority of the number were banished from Edinburgh, and consequently deprived of their professional practice for several sessions, or terms. But, by the articles of the Union, an appeal to the British House of Peers has been secured to the Scottish subject, and that right has, no doubt, had its influence in forming the impartial and independent character which, much contrary to the practice of their predecessors, the Judges of the Court of Session have since displayed.

It is easy to conceive, that an old lawyer like the Lord Keeper in the text, should feel alarm at the judgments given in his favour, upon grounds of strict penal law, being brought to appeal under a new and dreaded procedure in a Court eminently impartial, and peculiarly moved by considerations of equity.

In earlier editions of this Work, this legal distinction was not sufficiently explained.

POOR-MAN-OF-MUTTON.—P. 49, l. 4, (*foot.*)

The blade-bone of a shoulder of mutton is called in Scotland "a poor man," as in some parts of England it is termed "a poor knight of Windsor;" in contrast, it must be presumed, to the baronial Sir Lion. It is said, that in the last age an old Scottish peer, whose conditions (none of the most gentle) were marked by a strange and fierce-looking exaggeration of the Highland countenance, chanced to be indisposed while he was in London attending Parliament. The master of the hotel where he lodged, anxious to show attention to his noble guest, waited on him to enumerate the contents of his well-stocked larder, so as to endeavour to hit on something which might suit his appetite. "I think, landlord," said his lordship, rising up from his couch, and throwing back the tartan plaid with which he had screened his grim and ferocious visage—"I think I could eat a morsel of a *poor man*!" The landlord fled in terror, having no doubt that his guest was a cannibal, who might be in the habit of eating a slice of a tenant, as light food, when he was under regimen.

LINES,—*Old Woman's Charm*.—P. 276, l. 5.

Reginald Scott tells of an old woman who performed so many cures by means of a charm, that she was suspected of witchcraft. Her mode of practice being enquired into, it was found, that the only fee which she

would accept of, was a loaf of bread and a silver penny ; and that the potent charm with which she wrought so many cures, was the doggrel couplet in the text.

THE DUKE'S WALK.—P. 286, l. 5, (*foot.*)

A walk in the vicinity of Holyrood-house, so called, because often frequented by the Duke of York, afterwards James II., during his residence in Scotland. It was for a long time the usual place of rendezvous for settling affairs of honour.

1. THE PROBLEM OF THE FUTURE

The first question that arises in the mind of the reader is: what is the problem of the future? It is the problem of the future of the world, of the future of the human race, of the future of the individual. It is the problem of the future of the world, of the future of the human race, of the future of the individual.

The second question that arises in the mind of the reader is: what is the solution to the problem of the future? It is the solution of the future of the world, of the future of the human race, of the future of the individual. It is the solution of the future of the world, of the future of the human race, of the future of the individual.

INTRODUCTION
AND
NOTES
TO
A LEGEND OF MONTROSE.





INTRODUCTION

TO A

LEGEND OF MONTROSE.

THE LEGEND OF MONTROSE was written chiefly with a view to place before the reader the melancholy fate of John Lord Kilpont, eldest son of William Earl of Airth and Menteith, and the singular circumstances attending the birth and history of James Stewart of Ardvourlich, by whose hand the unfortunate nobleman fell.

Our subject leads us to talk of deadly feuds, and we must begin with one still more ancient than that to which our story relates. During the reign of James IV., a great feud between the powerful families of Drummond and Murray divided Perthshire. The former, being the most numerous and powerful, cooped up eight score of the Murrays in the kirk of Monivaird, and set

fire to it. The wives and the children of the ill-fated men, who had also found shelter in the church, perished by the same conflagration. One man, named David Murray, escaped by the humanity of one of the Drummonds, who received him in his arms as he leaped from amongst the flames. As King James IV. ruled with more activity than most of his predecessors, this cruel deed was severely revenged, and several of the perpetrators were beheaded at Stirling. In consequence of the prosecution against his clan, the Drummond by whose assistance David Murray had escaped, fled to Ireland, until, by means of the person whose life he had saved, he was permitted to return to Scotland, where he and his descendants were distinguished by the name of Drummond-eirnich, or Ernoch, that is, Drummond of Ireland; and the same title was bestowed on their estate.

:: The Drummond-ernoch of James the Sixth's time was a king's forester in the forest of Glenarney, and chanced to be employed there in search of venison about the year 1588, or early in 1589. This forest was adjacent to the chief domains of the MacGregors, or a particular race of them, known by the title of MacEagh, or Children of the Mist. They considered the forester's hunting in their vicinity as an aggression, or perhaps they had him at feud, for the

apprehension or slaughter of some of their own name, or for some similar reason. This tribe of MacGregors were outlawed and persecuted, as the reader may see in the Introduction to Rob Roy; and every man's hand being against them, their hand was of course directed against every man. In short, they surprised and slew Drummond-ernoch, cut off his head, and carried it with them, wrapt in the corner of one of their plaids.

In the full exultation of vengeance, they stopped at the house of Ardvoirlich and demanded refreshment, which the lady, a sister of the murdered Drummond-ernoch, (her husband being absent,) was afraid or unwilling to refuse. She caused bread and cheese to be placed before them, and gave directions for more substantial refreshments to be prepared. While she was absent with this hospitable intention, the barbarians placed the head of her brother on the table, filling the mouth with bread and cheese, and bidding him eat, for many a merry meal he had eaten in that house.

The poor woman returning, and beholding this dreadful sight, shrieked aloud, and fled into the woods, where, as described in the romance, she roamed a raving maniac, and for some time secreted herself from all living society.

Some remaining instinctive feeling brought her at length to steal a glance from a distance at the maidens while they milked the cows, which being observed, her husband, Ardvoirlich, had her conveyed back to her home, and detained her there till she gave birth to a child, of whom she had been pregnant; after which she was observed gradually to recover her mental faculties.

Meanwhile the outlaws had carried to the utmost their insults against the regal authority, which indeed, as exercised, they had little reason for respecting. They bore the same bloody trophy, which they had so savagely exhibited to the Lady of Ardvoirlich, into the old church of Balquidder, nearly in the centre of their country, where the Laird of MacGregor and all his clan being convened for the purpose, laid their hands successively on the dead man's head, and swore in heathenish and barbarous manner to defend the author of the deed. This fierce and vindictive combination gave the author's late and lamented friend, Sir Alexander Boswell, Bart., subject for a spirited poem, entitled "Clan-Alpin's Vow," which was printed, but not, I believe, published, in 1811.*

The fact is ascertained by a proclamation from the Privy Council, dated 4th February 1589, directing letters of fire and sword against

* See Appendix, No. I.

the MacGregors.* This fearful commission was executed with uncommon fury. The late excellent John Buchanan of Cambusmore showed the author some correspondence between his ancestor, the Laird of Buchanan, and Lord Drummond, about sweeping certain valleys with their followers, on a fixed time and rendezvous, and "taking sweet revenge for the death of their cousin, Drummond-ernoch." In spite of all, however, that could be done, the devoted tribe of MacGregor still bred up survivors to sustain and to inflict new cruelties and injuries. †

* See Appendix, No. II.

† I embrace the opportunity given me by a second mention of this tribe, to notice an error, which imputes to an individual named Ciar Mohr MacGregor, the slaughter of the students at the battle of Glenfruin. I am informed from the authority of John Gregorson, Esq., that the chieftain so named was dead nearly a century before the battle in question, and could not, therefore, have done the cruel action mentioned. The mistake does not rest with me, as I disclaimed being responsible for the tradition while I quoted it, but with vulgar fame, which is always disposed to ascribe remarkable actions to a remarkable name.—See the erroneous passage, Introduction to Rob Roy, page 208; and so *soft sleep the offended phantoms of Dugald Ciar Mohr*.

It is with mingled pleasure and shame that I record the more important error, of having announced as deceased my learned acquaintance, the Rev. Dr Grahame, minister of Aberfoil.—See Rob Roy, vol. II. p. 203. I cannot now recollect the precise ground of my depriving my learned and excellent friend of his existence, unless, like Mr Kirke, his predecessor in the parish, the excellent Doctor had made a short trip to Fairyland, with whose wonders he is so well acquainted. But however I may have been misled, my regret

Meanwhile young James Stewart of Ardvoirlich grew up to manhood, uncommonly tall, strong, and active, with such power in the grasp of his hand in particular, as could force the blood from beneath the nails of the persons who contended with him in this feat of strength. His temper was moody, fierce, and irascible: yet he must have had some ostensible good qualities, as he was greatly beloved by Lord Kilpont, the eldest son of the Earl of Airth and Menteith.

This gallant young nobleman joined Montrose in the setting up his standard in 1644, just before the decisive battle at Tippermuir, on the 1st September in that year. At that time, Stewart of Ardvoirlich shared the confidence of the young Lord by day, and his bed by night, when, about four or five days after the battle, Ardvoirlich, either from a fit of sudden fury, or deep malice long entertained against his unsuspecting friend, stabbed Lord Kilpont to the heart, and escaped from the camp of Montrose, having killed a sentinel who attempted to detain him. Bishop Guthrie gives as a reason for this villanous action, that Lord Kilpont had reject-

is most sincere for having spread such a rumour; and no one can be more gratified than I that the report, however I have been induced to credit and give it currency, is a false one, and that Dr Grahame *is still the living pastor of Aberfoil*, for the delight and instruction *of his brother antiquaries.*

ed with abhorrence a proposal of Ardvoirlich to assassinate Montrose. But it does not appear that there is any authority for this charge, which rests on mere suspicion. Ardvoirlich, the assassin, certainly did fly to the Covenanters and was employed and promoted by them. He obtained a pardon for the slaughter of Lord Kilpont, confirmed by Parliament in 1644, and was made Major of Argyle's regiment in 1648. Such are the facts of the tale, here given as a Legend of Montrose's wars. The reader will find they are considerably altered in the fictitious narrative.

The author has endeavoured to enliven the tragedy of the tale by the introduction of a personage proper to the time and country. In this he has been held by excellent judges to have been in some degree successful. The contempt of commerce entertained by young men having some pretence to gentility, the poverty of the country of Scotland, the national disposition to wandering and to adventure, all conduced to lead the Scots abroad into the military service of countries which were at war with each other. They were distinguished on the Continent by their bravery; but in adopting the trade of mercenary soldiers, they necessarily injured their national character. The tincture of learning, which most of them possessed, degenerated

into pedantry; their good-breeding became mere ceremonial; their fear of dishonour no longer kept them aloof from that which was really unworthy, but was made to depend on certain punctilious observances totally apart from that which was in itself deserving of praise. A cavalier of honour, in search of his fortune, might, for example, change his services as he would his shirt, fight like the doughty Captain Dalgetty, in one cause after another, without regard to the justice of the quarrel, and might plunder the peasantry subjected to him by the fate of war with the most unrelenting rapacity; but he must beware how he sustained the slightest reproach, even from a clergyman, if it had regard to neglect on the score of duty. The following occurrence will prove the truth of what I mean:—

“ Here I must not forget the memory of one preacher, Master William Forbese, a preacher for souldiers, yea, and a captaine in neede to leade souldiers on a good occasion, being full of courage, with discretion and good conduct, beyond some captaines I have knowne, that were not so capable as he. At this time he not onely prayed for us, but went on with us, to remarke, as I thinke, men’s carriage; and having found a sergeant neglecting his dutie and his honour at such a time, (whose name I

will not expresse,) having childen him, did promise to reveale him unto me, as he did after their service. The sergeant being called before me, and accused, did deny his accusation, alleaging, if he were no pastour that had alleaged it, he would not lie under the injury. The preacher offered to fight with him, [in proof] that it was truth he had spoken of him; whereupon I cashiered the sergeant, and gave his place to a worthier, called Mungo Gray, a gentleman of good worth, and of much courage. The sergeant being cashiered, never called Master William to account, for which he was evill thought of; so that he retired home, and quit the warres."

The above quotation is taken from a work which the author repeatedly consulted while composing the following sheets, and which is in great measure written in the humour of Captain Dugald Dalgetty. It bears the following formidable title:—"MONRO his Expedition with the worthy Scots Regiment, called MacKeye's Regiment, levied in August 1626, by Sir Donald MacKeye Lord Rees Colonel, for his Majestie's service of Denmark, and reduced after the battle of Nerling, in September 1634, at Wormes, in the Palz: Discharged in several duties and observations of service, first, under the magnanimous King of Denmark,

during his wars against the Empire ; afterwards under the invincible King of Sweden, during his Majestie's lifetime ; and since under the Director-General, the Rex-Chancellor Oxensterne, and his Generals : Collected and gathered together, at spare hours, by Colonel Robert Monro, as First Lieutenant under the said Regiment, to the noble and worthy Captain Thomas MacKenzie of Kildon, brother to the noble Lord, the Lord Earl of Seaforth, for the use of all noble Cavaliers favouring the laudable profession of arms. To which is annexed, the Abridgment of Exercise, and divers Practical Observations for the Younger Officer, his consideration. Ending with the Soldier's Meditations on going on Service."—London, 1637.

Another worthy of the same school, and nearly the same views of the military character, is Sir James Turner, a soldier of fortune, who rose to considerable rank in the reign of Charles II., had a command in Galloway and Dumfriesshire, for the suppression of conventicles, and was made prisoner by the insurgent Covenanters in that rising which was followed by the battle of Pentland. Sir James is a person even of superior pretensions to Lieutenant-Colonel Monro, having written a Military Treatise on the Pike-Exercise, called "*Pallas Armata.*" *Moreover*, he was educated at Glasgow College,

though he escaped to become an Ensign in the German wars, instead of taking his degree of Master of Arts at that learned seminary.

In latter times, he was author of several discourses on historical and literary subjects, from which the Bannatyne Club have extracted and printed such passages as concern his Life and Times, under the title of "Sir James Turner's Memoirs." From this curious book I extract the following passage, as an example of how Captain Dalgetty might have recorded such an incident had he kept a journal, or, to give it a more just character, it is such as the genius of De Foe would have devised, to give the minute and distinguishing features of truth to fictitious narrative :—

"Heere I will set down ane accident befell me ; for thogh it was not a very strange one, yet it was a very od one in all its parts. My tuo brigads lay in a village within halfe a mile of Applebie ; my own quarter was in a gentleman's house, who was a Ritmaster, and at that time with Sir Marmaduke ; his wife keeped her chamber readie to be brought to bed. The castle being over, and Lambert farre enough, I resolved to goe to bed everie night, having had fatigue enough before. The first night I sleepd well enough ; and riseing nixt morning, I misd one linnen stockine, one half silke one, and one

boothose, the accoustrement under a boote for one leg; neither could they be found for any search. Being provided of more of the same kind, I made myselfe reddie, and rode to the head-quarters. At my returne, I could hear no news of my stockins. That night I went to bed, and next morning found myselfe just so used; missing the three stockins for one leg onlie, the other three being left intire as they were the day before. A narrower search then the first was made, bot without successe. I had yet in reserve one paire of whole stockings, and a paire of boothose, greater than the former. These I put on my legs. The third morning I found the same usage, the stockins for one leg onlie left me. It was time for me then, and my servants too, to imagine it must be rats that had shard my stockins so inequallie with me; and this the mistress of the house knew well enough, but wold not tell it me. The roome, which was a low parlour, being well searched with candles, the top of my great boothose was found at a hole, in which they had drawne all the rest. I went abroad and ordered the boards to be raised, to see how the rats had disposed of my moveables. The mistress sent a servant of her own to be present at this action, which she knew concerned her. One board being bot a little opened, a little

boy of mine thrust in his hand, and fetched with him foure and tuentie old peeces of gold, and one angell. The servant of the house affirmed it appertained to his mistres. The boy bringing the gold to me, I went immediatlie to the gentlewoman's chamber, and told her, it was probable Lambert haveing quarterd in that house, as indeed he had, some of his servants might have hid that gold; and if so, it was lawfullie mine; bot if she could make it appeare it belonged to her, I sould immediatlie give it her. The poore gentlewoman told me with many teares, that her husband being none of the frugallest men, (and indeed he was a spendthrift,) she had hid that gold without his knowledge, to make use of it as she had occasion, especiallie when she lay in; and conjured me, as I lovd the King, (for whom her husband and she had sufferd much,) not to detaine her gold. She said, if there was either more or lesse then foure and tuentie whole peeces, and two halfe ones, it sould be none of hers; and that they were put by her in a red velvet purse. After I had given her assurance of her gold, a new search is made, the other angell is found, the velvet purse all gnawed in bits, as my stockings were, and the gold instantlie restored to the gentlewoman. I have often heard that the eating or gnawing of cloths by rats is ominous, and

portends some mischance to fall on those to whom the cloths belong. I thank God I was never addicted to such divinations, or heeded them. It is true, that more misfortunes than one fell on me shortly after ; bot I am sure I could have better forseene them myselfe then rats or any such vermine, and yet did it not. I have heard indeed many fine stories told of rats, how they abandon houses and ships, when the first are to be burnt, and the second dround. Naturalists say they are very sagacious creatures, and I beleeeve they are so ; bot I shall never be of the opinion they can foresee future contingencies, which I suppose the divell himselfe can neither forknow nor fortell ; these being things which the Almighty hath keepd hidden in the bosom of his divine prescience. And whither the great God hath preordained or predestinated these things, which to us are contingent, to fall out by ane uncontrollable and unavoidable necessitie, is a question not yet decided." *

In quoting these ancient authorities, I must not forget the more modern sketch of a Scottish soldier of the old fashion, by a masterhand, in the character of Lismahago, since the existence of that doughty Captain alone must deprive the present author of all claim to absolute origina-

* Sir James Turner's Memoirs, Bannatyne edition, p. 59.

lity. Still Dalgetty, as the production of his own fancy, has been so far a favourite with its parent, that he has fallen into the error of assigning to the Captain too prominent a part in the story. This is the opinion of a critic who encamps on the highest pinnacles of literature; and the author is so far fortunate in having incurred his censure, that it gives his modesty a decent apology for quoting the praise, which it would have ill-befitted him to bring forward in an unmingled state. The passage occurs in the *Edinburgh Review*, No. 55, containing a criticism on *Ivanhoe*:—

“ There is too much, perhaps, of Dalgetty, —or, rather, he engrosses too great a proportion of the work,—for, in himself, we think he is uniformly entertaining;—and the author has nowhere shown more affinity to that matchless spirit who could bring out his Falstaffs and his Pistols, in act after act, and play after play, and exercise them every time with scenes of unbounded loquacity, without either exhausting their humour, or varying a note from its characteristic tone, than in his large and reiterated specimens of the eloquence of the redoubted Ritt-master. The general idea of the character is familiar to our comic dramatists after the Restoration—and may be said in some measure to be compounded of Captain Fluellen and

Bobadil;—but the ludicrous combination of the *soldado* with the Divinity student of Mareschal-College, is entirely original; and the mixture of talent, selfishness, courage, coarseness, and conceit, was never so happily exemplified. Numerous as his speeches are, there is not one that is not characteristic—and, to our taste, divertingly ludicrous.”

APPENDIX.



No. I.

THE scarcity of my late friend's poem may be an excuse for adding the spirited conclusion of Clan Alpin's vow. The Clan Gregor has met in the ancient church of Balquidder. The head of Drummond-ernoch is placed on the altar, covered for a time with the banner of the tribe. The Chief of the tribe advances to the altar—

“ And pausing, on the banner gazed ;
Then cried in scorn, his finger raised,
‘ This was the boon of Scotland's king ; ’
And, with a quick and angry fling,
Tossing the pageant screen away,
The dead man's head before him lay.
Unmoved he scann'd the visage o'er,
The clotted locks were dark with gore,
The features with convulsion grim,
The eyes contorted, sunk, and dim.
But unappal'd, in angry mood,
With lowering brow, unmoved he stood.
Upon the head his bared right hand
He laid, the other grasp'd his brand :
Then kneeling, cried, ‘ To Heaven I swear
This deed of death I own, and share ;

As truly, fully mine, as though
This my right hand had dealt the blow :
Come then, our foemen, one, come all ;
If to revenge this caitiff's fall
One blade is bared, one bow is drawn,
Mine everlasting peace I pawn,
To claim from them, or claim from him,
In retribution, limb for limb.
In sudden fray, or open strife,
This steel shall render life for life. '

" He ceased ; and at his beckoning nod,
The clansmen to the altar trod ;
And not a whisper breathed around,
And nought was heard of mortal sound,
Save from the clanking arms they bore,
That rattled on the marble floor ;
And each, as he approach'd in haste,
Upon the scalp his right hand placed ;
With livid lip, and gather'd brow,
Each uttered, in his turn, the vow.
Fierce Malcolm watch'd the passing scene,
And search'd them through with glances keen ;
Then dash'd a tear-drop from his eye ;
Unbid it came—he knew not why.
Exulting high, he towering stood :
' Kinsmen,' he cried, ' of Alpin's blood,
And worthy of Clan Alpin's name,
Unstained by cowardice and shame,
E'en do, spare nocht, in time of ill
Shall be Clan Alpin's legend still ! ' "

No. II.

It has been disputed whether the Children of the Mist were actual MacGregors, or whether they were not outlaws named MacDonald, belonging to Ardnamurchan. The following act of the Privy Council seems to decide the question :—

“ Edinburgh, 4th February, 1589.

“ THE same day, the Lords of Secret Council being credible informed of ye cruel and mischeivous proceeding of ye wicked Clangrigor, so lang continuing in blood, slaughters, herships, manifest reifts, and stouths committed upon his Hieness’ peaceable and good subjects inhabiting ye countries west ye brays of ye Highlands, thir money years bygone ; but specially heir after ye cruell murder of umqll. Jo. Drummond of Drumme-neyryuch, his Majesties proper tennant, and ane of his fosters of Glenartney, committed upon ye day of last bypast, be certain of ye said clan, be ye council and determination of ye haill, avow and to defend ye authors yrof goever wald persew for revenge of ye same, qll ye said Jo. was occupied in seeking of venison to his Hieness, at command of Pat. Lord Drummond, stewart of Stratharne, and principal forrester of Glenartney ; the Queen, his Majesties dearest spouse, being yn shortlie looked for to arrive in this realm. Likewise, after ye murder committed, ye authors yrof cutted off ye said umqll. Jo. Drummond’s head, and carried the same to the Laird of M’Grigor, who, and the haill surname of M’Grigors, purposely convained upon the Sunday yrafter, at the Kirk of Buchquidder ; qr they caused ye said umqll John’s head to be pnted to ym,

and yr avowing ye sd murder to have been committed by yr communion, council, and determination, laid yr hands upon the pow, and in eithnik, and barbarous manner, swear to defend ye authors of ye sd murder, in maist proud contempt of our sovrn Lord and his authoritie, and in evil example to others wicked limmaris to do ye like, give ys sall be suffered to remain unpunished."

Then follows a commission to the Earls of Huntly, Argyle, Athole, Montrose, Pat. Lord Drummond, Ja. Commendator of Incheffray, And. Campbel of Lochin- nel, Duncan Campbel of Ardkinglas, Lauchlane M'In- tosh of Dunnaughtane, Sir Jo. Murray of Tullibarden, knt., Geo. Buchanan of that Ilk, and And. M'Farlane of Atriquocher, to search for and apprehend Alaster M'Grigor of Glenstre, (and a number of others nomina- tim,) "and all others of the said Clangrigor, or ye as- sistars, culpable of the said odious murther, or of theft, reset of theft, herships, and sornings, qrever they may be apprehended. And if they refuse to be taken, or flees to strengths and houses, to pursue and assege them with fire and sword; and this commission to endure for the space of three years."

Such was the system of police in 1589; and such the state of Scotland nearly thirty years after the Refor- mation.

POSTSCRIPT.

WHILE these pages were passing through the press, the author received a letter from the present Robert Stewart of Ardvoirlich, favouring him with the account of the unhappy slaughter of Lord Kilpont, differing from,

and more probable than, that given by Bishop Wishart, whose narrative infers either insanity or the blackest treachery on the part of James Stewart of Ardvairlich, the ancestor of the present family of that name. It is but fair to give the entire communication as received from my respected correspondent, which is more minute than the histories of the period.

“Although I have not the honour of being personally known to you, I hope you will excuse the liberty I now take, in addressing you on the subject of a transaction more than once alluded to by you, in which an ancestor of mine was unhappily concerned. I allude to the slaughter of Lord Kilpont, son of the Earl of Airth and Monteith, in 1644, by James Stewart of Ardvairlich. As the cause of this unhappy event, and the quarrel which led to it, have never been correctly stated in any history of the period in which it took place, I am induced, in consequence of your having, in the second series of your admirable Tales on the History of Scotland, adopted Wishart’s version of the transaction, and being aware that your having done so will stamp it with an authenticity which it does not merit, and with a view, as far as possible, to do justice to the memory of my unfortunate ancestor, to send you the account of this affair as it has been handed down in the family.

“James Stewart of Ardvairlich, who lived in the early part of the 17th century, and who was the unlucky cause of the slaughter of Lord Kilpont, as before mentioned, was appointed to the command of one of several independent companies raised in the Highlands at the commencement of the troubles in the reign of Charles I.; another of these companies was under the command of Lord Kilpont, and a strong intimacy, strengthened by a distant relationship, subsisted between them. When Montrose raised the royal standard, Ardvairlich was one of the first to declare for him, and is said to have been a principal means of bringing over Lord Kilpont to the

same cause ; and they accordingly, along with Sir John Drummond and their respective followers, joined Montrose, as recorded by Wishart, at Buchanty. While they served together, so strong was their intimacy that they lived and slept in the same tent.

" In the mean time, Montrose had been joined by the Irish under the command of Alexander Macdonald ; these, on their march to join Montrose, had committed some excesses on the lands belonging to Ardvoirlich, which lay in the line of their march from the west coast. Of this Ardvoirlich complained to Montrose, who, probably wishing as much as possible to conciliate his new allies, treated it in rather an evasive manner. Ardvoirlich, who was a man of violent passions, having failed to receive such satisfaction as he required, challenged Macdonald to single combat. Before they met, however, Montrose, on the information and by advice, as it is said, of Kilpont, laid them both under arrest. Montrose, seeing the evils of such a feud at such a critical time, effected a sort of reconciliation between them, and forced them to shake hands in his presence ; when, it was said, that Ardvoirlich, who was a very powerful man, took such a hold of Macdonald's hand as to make the blood start from his fingers. Still, it would appear, Ardvoirlich was by no means reconciled.

" A few days after the battle of Tippermuir, when Montrose with his army encamped at Collace, an entertainment was given by him to his officers, in honour of the victory he had obtained, and Kilpont and his comrade Ardvoirlich were of the party. After returning to their quarters, Ardvoirlich, who seemed still to brood over his quarrel with Macdonald, and being heated with drink, began to blame Lord Kilpont for the part he had taken in preventing his obtaining redress, and reflecting against Montrose for not allowing him what he considered proper reparation. Kilpont of course defended the conduct of himself and his relative Montrose, till their argument came to high words ; and finally, from the state they

were both in, by an easy transition, to blows, when Ardvoirlich, with his dirk, struck Kilpont dead on the spot. He immediately fled, and under the cover of a thick mist escaped pursuit, leaving his eldest son Henry, who had been mortally wounded at Tippermuir, on his death-bed.

“His followers immediately withdrew from Montrose, and no course remained for him but to throw himself into the arms of the opposite faction, by whom he was well received. His name is frequently mentioned in Leslie's campaigns, and on more than one occasion he is mentioned as having afforded protection to several of his former friends through his interest with Leslie, when the King's cause became desperate.

“The forgoing account of this unfortunate transaction, I am well aware, differs materially from the account given by Wishart, who alleges that Stewart had laid a plot for the assassination of Montrose, and that he murdered Lord Kilpont in consequence of his refusal to participate in his design. Now, I may be allowed to remark, that besides Wishart having always been regarded as a partial historian, and very questionable authority on any subject connected with the motives or conduct of those who differed from him in opinion, that even had Stewart formed such a design, Kilpont, from his name and connexions, was likely to be the very last man of whom Stewart would choose to make a confidant and accomplice. On the other hand, the above account, though never, that I am aware, before hinted at, has been a constant tradition in the family; and, from the comparative recent date of the transaction, and the sources from which the tradition has been derived, I have no reason to doubt its perfect authenticity. It was most circumstantially detailed as above, given to my father, Mr Stewart, now of Ardvoirlich, many years ago, by a man nearly connected with the family, who lived to the age of 100. This man was a great-grandson of James Stewart, by a natural son John of whom many stories are still current in this country

under his appellation of *John dhu Mhor*. This John was with his father at the time, and of course was a witness of the whole transaction ; he lived till a considerable time after the Revolution, and it was from him that my father's informant, who was a man before his grandfather, John dhu Mhor's death, received the information as above stated.

" I have many apologies to offer for trespassing so long on your patience ; but I felt a natural desire, if possible, to correct what I conceive to be a groundless imputation on the memory of my ancestor, before it shall come to be considered as a matter of history. That he was a man of violent passions and singular temper, I do not pretend to deny, as many traditions still current in this country amply verify ; but that he was capable of forming a design to assassinate Montrose, the whole tenor of his former conduct and principles contradict. That he was obliged to join the opposite party, was merely a matter of safety, while Kilpont had so many powerful friends and connexions able and ready to avenge his death.

" I have only to add, that you have my full permission to make what use of this communication you please, and either to reject it altogether, or allow it such credit as you think it deserves ; and I shall be ready at all times to furnish you with any further information on this subject which you may require and which it may be in my power to afford.

" ARDVOIRLICH.

" 15th January, 1830.

The publication of a statement so particular, and probably so correct, is a debt due to the memory of James Stewart ; the victim it would seem, of his own violent passions, but perhaps incapable of an act of premeditated treachery.

ABBOTSFORD.

1st August, 1830.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.



NOVELS AND TALES. VOL. XV.

A LEGEND OF MONTROSE.

HIGHLAND PASS.—P. 326, l. 6.

The beautiful pass of Leny, near Callender, in Monteith, would in some respects answer the description.

THE WAGER.—P. 370, l. 10.

Such a bet as that mentioned in the text is said to have been taken by MacDonald of Keppoch, who extricated himself in the manner there narrated.

NOVELS AND TALES. VOL. XVI.

A LEGEND OF MONTROSE.



CIVILISATION OF THE HIGHLANDS.—P. 80, l. 6.
(foot).

In the reign of James VI., an attempt of rather an extraordinary kind was made to civilize the extreme northern part of the Hebridean Archipelago. That monarch granted the property of the Island of Lewis, as if it had been an unknown and savage country, to a number of Lowland gentlemen, called undertakers, chiefly natives of the shire of Fife, that they might colonize and settle there. The enterprise was at first successful, but the natives of the Island, MacLeods and MacKenzies, rose on the Lowland adventurers, and put most of them to the sword.

INTERPOLATED PASSAGE ; *after the paragraph in the text ending "when the fellow had approached within a few paces of him."*—P. 115, l. 10.

It is very well, thought the Ritt-master to himself; he annuls my parole by putting guards upon me, for, as we used to say at Mareschal-College, *fides et fiducia sunt relativa*; and if he does not trust my word, I do not see how I am bound to keep it, if any motive should occur for my desiring to depart from it. Surely the mo-

ral obligation of the parole is relaxed, in so far as physical force is substituted instead thereof?

Thus comforting himself in the metaphysical immunities which he deduced from the vigilance of his sentinel, Ritt-master Dalgetty retired to his apartment.

NOTE.—The military men of the times argued upon dependencies of honour, as they called them, with all the metaphysical argumentation of civilians, or school divines.

The English officer, to whom Sir James Turner was prisoner after the rout at Uttoxeter, demanded his parole of honour not to go beyond the walls of Hull without liberty. "He brought me the message himself,—I told him, I was ready to do so, provided he removed his guards from me, for *fides et fiducia sunt relativa*; and, if he took my word for my fidelity, he was obliged to trust it, otherwise, it was needless for him to seek it, and in vain for me to give it; and therefore I beseeched him either to give trust to my word, which I would not break, or his own guards, who I supposed would not deceive him. In this manner I dealt with him, because I knew him to be a scholar." *Turner's Memoirs*, p. 80. The English officer allowed the strength of the reasoning; but that concise reasoner, Cromwell, soon put an end to the dilemma; "Sir James Turner must give his parole, or be laid in irons."

SEIZED AND WEDDED.—P. 148, l. 1.

Such a story is told of the heiress of the clan of Calder, who was made prisoner in the manner described, and afterwards wedded to Sir Duncan Campbell, from which union the Campbells of Cawdor have their descent.

DALGETTY'S ESCAPE, END OF CHAP. IX.—P. 160.

The precarious state of the feudal nobles introduced a

great deal of espionage into their castles. Sir Robert Carey mentions his having put on the cloak of one of his own wardens to obtain a confession from the mouth of Geordie Bourne, his prisoner, whom he caused presently to be hanged in return for the frankness of his communication. The fine old Border castle of Naworth contains a private stair from the apartment of the Lord William Howard, by which he could visit the dungeon, as is alleged in the preceding chapter to have been practised by the Marquis of Argyle.

HIGHLAND WEAPONS.—P. 207, l. 1.

In fact, for the admirers of archery it may be stated, not only that many of the Highlanders in Montrose's army used these antique missiles, but even in England the bow and quiver, once the glory of the bold yeoman of that land, were occasionally used during the Great Civil Wars.

WRAITHS.—P. 223, l. 9.

A species of apparition, similar to what the Germans call a Double-Ganger, was believed in by the Celtic tribes, and is still considered as an emblem of misfortune or death. Mr Kirke, (See Note to Rob Roy, p. 206,) the minister of Aberfoil, who will no doubt be able to tell us more of the matter should he ever come back from Fairyland, gives us the following :—

"Some men of that exalted sight, either by art or nature, have told me they have seen at these meetings a double man, or the shape of some man in two places, that is, a superterranean and a subterranean inhabitant perfectly resembling one another in all points, whom he, notwithstanding, could easily distinguish one from another by some secret tokens and operations, and so go speak to the man his neighbour and familiar, passing by the apparition or resemblance of him. They avouch that ~~every~~ *element* and every state of being have animals re-

sembling those of another element, as there be fishes at sea resembling Monks of late order in all their hoods and dresses, so as the Roman invention of good and bad dæmons and guardian angels particularly assigned, is called by them ane ignorant mistake, springing only from this originall. They call this reflex man a Co-Walker, every way like the man, as a twin-brother and companion haunting him as his shadow, as is that seen and known among men resembling the originall, both before and after the originall is dead, and was also often seen of old to enter a hous, by which the people knew that the person of that liknes was to visit them within a few days. This copy, echo, or living picture, goes at last to his own herd. It accompanied that person so long and frequently for ends best known to its selve, whether to guard him from the secret assaults of some of its own folks, or only as an sportfull ape to counterfeit all his actions."—KIRKE'S *Secret Commonwealth*, p. 3.

The two following apparitions, resembling the vision of Allan M'Aulay in the text, occur in Theophilus Insulanus, (Rev. Mr Fraser's *Treatise on the Second Sight, Relations x. and xvii.*)

"Barbara Macpherson, relict of the deceased Mr Alexander M'Leod, late minister of St Kilda, informed me the natives of that island had a particular kind of second sight, which is always a forerunner of their approaching end. Some months before they sicken, they are haunted with an apparition, resembling themselves in all respects as to their person, features, or clothing. This image, seemingly animated, walks with them in the field in broad daylight; and if they are employed in delving, harrowing, seed-sowing, or any other occupation, they are at the same time mimicked by this ghostly visitant. My informer added farther, that having visited a sick person of the inhabitants, she had the curiosity to enquire of him, if at any time he had seen any resemblance of himself as above described; he answered in the affirmative, and told her, that to make farther trial, as he was

going out of his house of a morning, he put on straw-rope garters instead of those he formerly used, and having gone to the fields, his other self appeared in such garters. The conclusion was, the sick man died of that ailment, and she no longer questioned the truth of those remarkable presages."

"Margaret M'Leod, an honest woman advanced in years, informed me, that when she was a young woman in the family of Grishornish, a dairy-maid, who daily used to herd the calves in a park close to the house, observed at different times, a woman resembling herself in shape and attire, walking solitarily at no great distance from her, and being surprised at the apparition, to make further trial, she put the back part of her upper garment foremost, and anon the phantom was dressed in the same manner, which made her uneasy, believing it portended some fatal consequence to herself. In a short time thereafter she was seized with a fever, which brought her to her end, and before her sickness and on her deathbed, declared the second sight to several."

M'ILDUY.—P. 234, l. 1.

Mhic-Connel Dhu, the descendant of Black Donald.

A RIDER.—P. 443, l. 8. *from bottom.*

In German, as in Latin, the original meaning of the word Ritter, corresponding to Eques, is merely a horseman.

INTRODUCTION

AND

NOTES

TO

IVANHOE.

INTRODUCTION

TO

I V A N H O E.

THE Author of the Waverley Novels had hitherto proceeded in an unabated course of popularity, and might, in his peculiar district of literature, have been termed *L'Enfant Gâté* of success. It was plain, however, that frequent publication must finally wear out the public favour, unless some mode could be devised to give an appearance of novelty to subsequent productions. Scottish manners, Scottish dialect, and Scottish characters of note, being those with which the author was most intimately and familiarly acquainted, were the groundwork upon which he had hitherto relied for giving effect to his narrative. It was, however, obvious, that this kind of interest must in the end occasion a degree of sameness and repetition, if exclusively resorted to, and that the reader was

likely at length to adopt the language of Edwin, in Parnell's Tale:—

————— “ ‘ Reverse the spell,’ he cries,
 ‘ And let it fairly now suffice,
 The gambol has been shown.’ ”

Nothing can be more dangerous for the fame of a professor of the fine arts, than to permit (if he can possibly prevent it) the character of a mannerist to be attached to him, or that he should be supposed ~~capable~~ of success only in a particular and limited style. The public are, in general, very ready to adopt the opinion, that he who has pleased them in one peculiar mode of composition, is, by means of that very talent, rendered incapable of venturing upon other subjects. The effect of this disinclination, on the part of the public, towards the artificers of their pleasures, when they attempt to enlarge their means of amusing, may be seen in the censures usually passed by vulgar criticism upon actors or artists who venture to change the character of their efforts, that, in so doing, they may enlarge the scale of their art.

There is some justice in this opinion, as there always is in such as attain general currency. It may often happen on the stage, that an actor, by possessing in a pre-eminent degree the external qualities necessary to give effect to co-

medy, may be deprived of the right to aspire to tragic excellence ; and in painting or literary composition, an artist or poet may be master exclusively of modes of thought, and powers of expression, which confine him to a single course of subjects. But much more frequently the same capacity which carries a man to popularity in one department will obtain for him success in another ; and that must be more particularly the case in literary composition, than either in acting or painting, because the adventurer in that department is not impeded in his exertions by any peculiarity of features, or conformation of person, proper for particular parts, or, by any peculiar mechanical habits of using the pencil, limited to a particular class of subjects.

Whether this reasoning be correct or otherwise, the present author felt, that, in confining himself to subjects purely Scottish, he was not only likely to weary out the indulgence of his readers, but also greatly to limit his own power of affording them pleasure. In a highly polished country, where so much genius is monthly employed in catering for public amusement, a fresh topic, such as he had himself had the happiness to light upon, is the untasted spring of the desert ;—

“ Men bless their stars and call it luxury.”

But when men and horses, cattle, camels, and dromedaries, have poached the spring into mud, it becomes loathsome to those who at first drank of it with rapture; and he who had the merit of discovering it, if he would preserve his reputation with the tribe, must display his talent by a fresh discovery of untasted fountains.

If the author, who finds himself limited to a particular class of subjects, endeavours to sustain his reputation by striving to add a novelty of attraction to themes of the same character which have been formerly successful under his management, there are manifest reasons why, after a certain point, he is likely to fail. If the mine be not wrought out, the strength and capacity of the miner become necessarily exhausted. If he closely imitates the narratives which he has before rendered successful, he is doomed to "wonder that they please no more." If he struggles to take a different view of the same class of subjects, he speedily discovers that what is obvious, graceful, and natural, has been exhausted; and, in order to obtain the indispensable charm of novelty, he is forced upon caricature, and, to avoid being trite, must become extravagant.

It is not, perhaps, necessary to enumerate so many reasons why the author of the *Scottish Novels*, as they were then exclusively termed,

should be desirous to make an experiment on a subject purely English. It was his purpose, at the same time, to have rendered the experiment as complete as possible, by bringing the intended work before the public as the effort of a new candidate for their favour, in order that no degree of prejudice, whether favourable or the reverse, might attach to it, as a new production of the Author of *Waverley*; but this intention was afterwards departed from, for reasons to be hereafter mentioned.

The period of the narrative adopted was the reign of Richard I., not only as abounding with characters whose very names were sure to attract general attention, but as affording a striking contrast betwixt the Saxons, by whom the soil was cultivated, and the Normans, who still reigned in it as conquerors, reluctant to mix with the vanquished, or acknowledge themselves of the same stock. The idea of this contrast was taken from the ingenious and unfortunate Logan's tragedy of *Runnemed*, in which, about the same period of history, the author had seen the Saxon and Norman barons opposed to each other on different sides of the stage. He does not recollect that there was any attempt to contrast the two races in their habits and sentiments; and indeed it was obvious, that history was violated by introducing the Saxons still ex-

isting as a high-minded and martial race of nobles.

They did, however, survive as a people, and some of the ancient Saxon families possessed wealth and power, although they were exceptions to the humble condition of the race in general. It seemed to the author, that the existence of the two races in the same country, the vanquished distinguished by their plain, homely, blunt manners, and the free spirit infused by their ancient institutions and laws; the victors, by the high spirit of military-fame, personal adventure, and whatever could distinguish them as the Flower of Chivalry, might, intermixed with other characters belonging to the same time and country, interest the reader by the contrast, if the author should not fail on his part.

Scotland, however, had been of late used so exclusively as the scene of what is called Historical Romance, that the preliminary letter of Mr Laurence Templeton became in some measure necessary. To this, as to an Introduction, the reader is referred, as expressing the author's purpose and opinions in undertaking this species of composition, under the necessary reservation, that he is far from thinking he has attained the point at which he aimed.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that there was

no idea or wish to pass off the supposed Mr Templeton as a real person. But a kind of continuation of the 'Tales of my Landlord had been recently attempted by a stranger, and it was supposed this Dedicatory Epistle might pass for some imitation of the same kind, and thus putting enquirers upon a false scent, induce them to believe they had before them the work of some new candidate for their favour.

After a considerable part of the work had been finished and printed, the Publishers, who pretended to discern in it a germ of popularity, remonstrated strenuously against its appearing as an absolutely anonymous production, and contended that it should have the advantage of being announced as by the Author of Waverley. The author did not make any obstinate opposition, for he began to be of opinion with Dr Wheeler, in Miss Edgeworth's excellent tale of "Manceuvring," that "trick upon trick" might be too much for the patience of an indulgent public, and might be reasonably considered as trifling with their favour.

The book, therefore, appeared as an avowed continuation of the Waverley Novels; and it would be ungrateful not to acknowledge, that it met with the same favourable reception as its predecessors.

Such annotations as may be useful to assist

the reader in comprehending the characters of the Jew, the Templar, the Captain of the mercenaries, or Free Companions, as they were called, and others proper to the period, are added, but with a sparing hand, since sufficient information on these subjects is to be found in general history.

An incident in the tale, which had the good fortune to find favour in the eyes of many readers, is more directly borrowed from the stores of old romance. I mean the meeting of the King with Friar Tuck at the cell of that buxom hermit. The general tone of the story belongs to all ranks and all countries, which emulate each other in describing the rambles of a disguised sovereign, who, going in search of information or amusement, into the lower ranks of life, meets with adventures diverting to the reader or hearer, from the contrast betwixt the monarch's outward appearance, and his real character. The Eastern tale-teller has for his theme the disguised expeditions of Haroun Al-raschid with his faithful attendants, Mesrour and Giafar, through the midnight streets of Bagdad; and Scottish tradition dwells upon the similar exploits of James V., distinguished during such excursions by the travelling name of the Goodman of Ballengeigh, as the Commander of the Faithful, when he desired to be *incognito*, was known by that of Il Bondocani.

The French minstrels are not silent on so popular a theme. There must have been a Norman original of the Scottish metrical romance of Rauf Colziar, in which Charlemagne is introduced as the unknown guest of a charcoal-man.* It seems to have been the original of other poems of the kind.

In merry England there is no end of popular ballads on this theme. The poem of John the Reeve, or Steward, mentioned by Bishop Percy, in the *Reliques of English Poetry*, † is said to have turned on such an incident; and we have besides, the King and the Tanner of Tamworth, the King and the Miller of Mansfield, and others on the same topic. But the peculiar tale of this nature to which the author of *Ivanhoe* has to acknowledge an obligation, is more ancient by two centuries than any of these last mentioned.

It was first communicated to the public in that curious record of ancient literature, which has been accumulated by the combined exertions of Sir Egerton Brydges and Mr Hazlewood, in the periodical work entitled the *Bri-*

* This very curious poem, long a desideratum in Scottish literature, and given up as irrecoverably lost, was lately brought to light by the researches of Dr Irvine of the Advocates' Library, and has been reprinted by Mr David Laing, Edinburgh.

† Vol. ii. p. 167.

tish Bibliographer. From thence it has been transferred by the Reverend Charles Henry Hartshorne, M. A., editor of a very curious volume, entitled "Ancient Metrical Tales, printed chiefly from original sources, 1829." Mr Hartshorne gives no other authority for the present fragment, except the article in the Bibliographer, where it is entitled the Kyng and the Hermite. A short abstract of its contents will show its similarity to the meeting of King Richard and Friar Tuck.

King Edward (we are not told which among the monarchs of that name, but, from his temper and habits, we may suppose Edward IV.) sets forth with his court to a gallant hunting-match in Sherwood Forest, in which, as is not unusual for princes in romance, he falls in with a deer of extraordinary size and swiftness, and pursues it closely, till he has outstripped his whole retinue, tired out hounds and horse, and finds himself alone under the gloom of an extensive forest, upon which night is descending. Under the apprehensions natural to a situation so uncomfortable, the King recollects that he has heard how poor men, when apprehensive of a bad night's lodging, pray to Saint Julian, who, in the Romish calendar, stands Quarter-Master-General to all forlorn travellers that *render* him due homage. Edward puts up his

orisons accordingly, and by the guidance, doubtless, of the good Saint, reaches a small path, conducting him to a chapel in the forest, having a hermit's cell in its close vicinity. The King hears the reverend man, with a companion of his solitude, telling his beads within, and meekly requests of him quarters for the night. "I have no accommodation for such a lord as ye be," said the Hermit. "I live here in the wilderness upon roots and rinds, and may not receive into my dwelling even the poorest wretch that lives, unless it were to save his life." The King enquires the way to the next town, and understanding it is by a road which he cannot find without difficulty, even if he had daylight to befriend him, he declares, that with or without the Hermit's consent, he is determined to be his guest that night. He is admitted accordingly, not without a hint from the Recluse, that were he himself out of his priestly weeds, he would care little for his threats of using violence, and that he gives way to him not out of intimidation, but simply to avoid scandal.

The King is admitted into the cell—two bundles of straw are shaken down for his accommodation, and he comforts himself that he is now under shelter, and that

"A night will soon be gone."


Other wants, however, arise. The guest becomes clamorous for supper, observing,

“ For certainly, as I you say,
I ne had never so sorry a day,
That I ne had a merry night.”

But this indication of his taste for good cheer, joined to the annunciation of his being a follower of the Court, who had lost himself at the great hunting-match, cannot induce the niggard Hermit to produce better fare than bread and cheese, for which his guest showed little appetite; and “thin drink,” which was even less acceptable. At length the King presses his host on a point to which he had more than once alluded, without obtaining a satisfactory reply:

“ Then said the King, ‘ by Godys grace,
Thou wert in a merry place,
To shoot should thou lere;
When the foresters go to rest,
Sometyme thou might have of the best,
All of the wild deer;
I would hold it for no scathe,
Though thou hadst bow and arrows baith,
Althoff thou best a Frere.’ ”

The Hermit, in return, expresses his apprehension that his guest means to drag him into some confession of offence against the forest laws, which, being betrayed to the King, might



cost him his life. Edward answers by fresh assurances of secrecy, and again urges on him the necessity of procuring some venison. The Hermit replies, by once more insisting on the duties incumbent upon him as a churchman, and continues to affirm himself free from all such breaches of order:—

“ Many day I have here been,
And flesh-meat I eat never,
But milk of the kye;
Warm thee well, and go to sleep,
And I will lap thee with my cope,
Softly to lye.”

It would seem that the manuscript is here imperfect, for we do not find the reasons which finally induce the curtal Friar to amend the King's cheer. But acknowledging his guest to be such a “ good fellow ” as has seldom graced his board, the holy man at length produces the best his cell affords. Two candles are placed on a table, white bread and baked pasties are displayed by the light, besides choice of venison, both salt and fresh, from which they select collops. “ I might have eaten my bread dry,” said the King, “ had I not pressed thee on the score of archery, but now have I dined like a prince—if we had but drink enow.”

This too is afforded by the hospitable anchorite, who dispatches an assistant to fetch a

pot of four gallons from a secret corner near his bed, and the whole three set in to serious drinking. This amusement is superintended by the Friar, according to the recurrence of certain fustian words, to be repeated by every compotator in turn before he drank—a species of High Jinks, as it were, by which they regulated their potations, as toasts were given in latter times. The one toper says *fusty bandias*, to which the other is obliged to reply, *strike pantnere*, and the Friar passes many jests on the King's want of memory, who sometimes forgets the words of action. The night is spent in this jolly pastime. Before his departure in the morning, the King invites his reverend host to Court, promises, at least, to requite his hospitality, and expresses himself much pleased with his entertainment. The jolly Hermit at length agrees to venture thither, and to enquire for Jack Fletcher, which is the name assumed by the King. After the Hermit has shown Edward some feats of archery, the joyous pair separate. The King rides home, and rejoins his retinue. As the romance is imperfect, we are not acquainted how the discovery takes place; but it is probably much in the same manner as in other narratives turning on the same subject, where the host, apprehensive of death for having trespassed on the respect due to his Sove-

reign, while incognito, is agreeably surprised by receiving honours and reward.

In Mr Hartshorne's collection, there is a romance on the same foundation, called King Edward and the Shepherd,* which, considered as illustrating manners, is still more curious than the King and the Hermit; but it is foreign to the present purpose. The reader has here the original legend from which the incident in the romance is derived; and the identifying the irregular Eremit with the Friar Tuck of Robin Hood's story, was an obvious expedient.

The name of Ivanhoe was suggested by an old rhyme. All novelists have had occasion at some time or other to wish with Falstaff, that they knew where a commodity of good names was to be had. On such an occasion the author chanced to call to memory a rhyme recording three names of the manors forfeited by the ancestor of the celebrated Hampden, for striking the Black Prince a blow with his racket, when they quarrelled at tennis;—

* Like the Hermit, the Shepherd makes havoc amongst the King's game; but by means of a sling, not of a bow; like the Hermit, too, he has his peculiar phrases of computation, the sign and countersign being Passelodion and Berafriend. One can scarce conceive what humour our ancestors found in this species of gibberish; but

“ I warrant it proved an excuse for the glass.”

“ Tring, Wing, and Ivanhoe,
For striking of a blow,
Hampden did forego,
And glad he could escape so.”

The word suited the author's purpose in two material respects,—for, first, it had an ancient English sound; and secondly, it conveyed no indication whatever of the nature of the story. He presumes to hold this last quality to be of no small importance. What is called a taking title, serves the direct interest of the bookseller or publisher, who by this means sometimes sells an edition while it is yet passing the press. But if the author permits an over degree of attention to be drawn to his work ere it has appeared, he places himself in the embarrassing condition of having excited a degree of expectation which, if he proves unable to satisfy, is an error fatal to his literary reputation. Besides, when we meet such a title as the Gunpowder Plot, or any other connected with general history, each reader, before he has seen the book, has formed to himself some particular idea of the sort of manner in which the story is to be conducted, and the nature of the amusement which he is to derive from it. In this he is probably disappointed, and in that case may be naturally disposed to visit upon the author or the work, the unpleasant feelings thus excited. In such *a case the literary* adventurer is censured, not

for having missed the mark at which he himself aimed, but for not having shot off his shaft in a direction he never thought of.

On the footing of unreserved communication which the Author has established with the reader, he may here add the trifling circumstance, that a roll of Norman warriors, occurring in the Auchinleck Manuscript, gave him the formidable name of Front-de-Bœuf.

Ivanhoe was highly successful upon its appearance, and may be said to have procured for its author the freedom of the Rules, since he has ever since been permitted to exercise his powers of fictitious composition in England, as well as Scotland.

The character of the fair Jewess found so much favour in the eyes of some fair readers, that the writer was censured, because, when arranging the fates of the characters of the drama, he had not assigned the hand of Wilfred to Rebecca, rather than the less interesting Rowena. But, not to mention that the prejudices of the age rendered such a union almost impossible, the author may, in passing, observe, that he thinks a character of a highly virtuous and lofty stamp, is degraded rather than exalted by an attempt to reward virtue with temporal prosperity. Such is not the recompense which Providence has deemed worthy of suffering merit,

and it is a dangerous and fatal doctrine to teach young persons, the most common readers of romance, that rectitude of conduct and of principle is either naturally allied with, or adequately rewarded by, the gratification of our passions, or attainment of our wishes. In a word, if a virtuous and self-denied character is dismissed with temporal wealth, greatness, rank, or the indulgence of such a rashly formed or ill-assorted passion as that of Rebecca for Ivanhoe, the reader will be apt to say, verily Virtue has had its reward. But a glance on the great picture of life will show, that the duties of self-denial, and the sacrifice of passion to principle, are seldom thus remunerated ; and that the internal consciousness of their high-minded discharge of duty, produces, on their own reflections, a more adequate recompense, in the form of that peace " which the world cannot give or take away."

ABBOTSFORD,
1st September, 1830.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.



HISTORICAL ROMANCES. VOL. I.

IVANHOE.

MOTTO,—*Now fitted the halter, now traversed the cart,
And often took leave, but seem'd loath to depart!*

PRIOR.

The motto alludes to the Author's having returned to his field of labour repeatedly after having taken leave.

QUEEN-HOO-HALL.—*Dedicatory Epistle*, P. xv.
l. 4 *from bottom*.

The author had revised this posthumous work of Mr Strutt. See General Preface, pp. 13, 14, and 50.

SECRETARY TO THE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.
P. xvii, l. 3.

Mr Skene of Rubislaw is here intimated, to whose taste and skill the Author is indebted for a series of etchings, exhibiting the various localities alluded to in these novels.

VOL. II.

F

"THE RANGER OF THE FOREST, THAT CUTS THE
FORECLAWS OFF OUR DOGS."—P. 12, l. 12.

A most sensible grievance of those aggrieved times was the Forest Laws. These oppressive enactments were the produce of the Norman Conquest, for the Saxon laws of the chase were mild and humane; while those of William, enthusiastically attached to the exercise and its rights, were to the last degree tyrannical. The formation of the New Forest bears evidence to his passion for hunting, where he reduced many a happy village to the condition of that one commemorated by my friend Mr William Stewart Rose.

" Amongst the ruins of the church
The midnight raven found a perch,
A melancholy place;
The ruthless Conqueror cast down,
Woe worth the deed, that little town,
To lengthen out his chase."

The disabling dogs, which might be necessary for keeping flocks and herds, from running at the deer, was called *lawing*, and was in general use. The Charter of the Forest, designed to lessen those evils, declares that inquisition, or view, for lawing dogs, shall be made every third year, and shall be then done by the view and testimony of lawful men, not otherwise; and they whose dogs shall be then found unlawed, shall give three shillings for mercy; and for the future, no man's ox shall be taken for lawing. Such lawing also shall be done by the assize commonly used, and which is, that three claws shall be cut off without the ball of the right foot. See on this subject the Historical Essay on the Magna Charta of King John, (a most beautiful volume,) by Richard Thomson.

NEGRO SLAVES.—P. 21, l. 6, (*foot.*)

The severe accuracy of some critics has objected to the complexion of the slaves of Brian de Bois-Guilbert, as being totally out of costume and propriety. I remember the same objection being made to a set of sable functionaries, whom my friend, Mat Lewis, introduced as the guards and mischief-doing satellites of the wicked Baron, in his *Castle Spectre*. Mat treated the objection with great contempt, and averred in reply, that he made the slaves black, in order to obtain a striking effect of contrast, and that, could he have derived a similar advantage from making his heroine blue, blue she should have been.

I do not pretend to plead the immunities of my order so highly as this; but neither will I allow that the author of a modern antique romance is obliged to confine himself to the introduction of those manners only which can be proved to have absolutely existed in the times he is depicting, so that he restrain himself to such as are plausible and natural, and contain no obvious anachronism. In this point of view, what can be more natural, than that the Templars, who, we know, copied closely the luxuries of the Asiatic warriors with whom they fought, should use the service of the enslaved Africans, whom the fate of war transferred to new masters? I am sure, if there are no precise proofs of their having done so, there is nothing, on the other hand, that can entitle us positively to conclude that they never did. Besides, there is an instance in romance.

John of Rampayne, an excellent juggler and minstrel, undertook to effect the escape of one Audulf de Bracy, by presenting himself in disguise at the court of the king, where he was confined. For this purpose, "he stained his hair and his whole body entirely as black as jet, so that nothing was white but his teeth," and succeeded in imposing himself on the king, as an Ethiopian minstrel.

He effected, by stratagem, the escape of the prisoner. Negroes, therefore, must have been known in England in the dark ages.*

HUNTING JARGON OF THE NORMANS.—P. 70, l. 16.

There was no language which the Normans more formally separated from that of common life than the terms of the chase. The objects of their pursuit, whether bird or animal, changed their name each year, and there were a hundred conventional terms, to be ignorant of which was to be without one of the distinguishing marks of a gentleman. The reader may consult Dame Juliana Berners' book on the subject. The origin of this science was imputed to the celebrated Sir Tristrem, famous for his tragic intrigue with the beautiful Ysolte. As the Normans reserved the amusement of hunting strictly to themselves, the terms of this formal jargon were all taken from the French language.

THE PASSAGE OF ARMS (DESCRIPTION OF).—P. 108, l. 14, &c.

This sort of masquerade is supposed to have occasioned the introduction of supporters into the science of heraldry.

LINES—*The Knights are dust,
And their good swords are rust ;
Their souls are with the saints, we trust.—*
P. 132.

These lines are part of an unpublished poem by Coleridge, whose muse so often tantalises with fragments which indicate her powers, while the manner in which she flings them from her betrays her caprice, yet whose

* Dissertation on Romance and Minstrelsy, prefixed to Ritson's Ancient Metrical Romances, p. cxxxvii.

unfinished sketches display more talent than the laboured masterpieces of others.

ATTAINT.—P. 135, l. 3, (*foot*).

This term of chivalry transferred to the law, gives the phrase of being attainted of treason.

THE JOLLY HERMIT. END OF CHAP. XVI.—
P. 272.

All readers, however slightly acquainted with black letter, must recognise in the Clerk of Copmanhurst, Friar Tuck, the buxom Confessor of Robin Hood's gang, the Curtal Friar of Fountain's Abbey.

MINSTRELSY.—P. 274, l. 8.

The realm of France, it is well known, was divided betwixt the Norman and Teutonic race, who spoke the language in which the word Yes is pronounced as *oui*, and the inhabitants of the southern regions, whose speech, bearing some affinity to the Italian, pronounced the same word *oc*. The poets of the former race were called *Minstrels*, and their poems *Lays*: those of the latter were termed *Troubadours*, and their compositions called *serventes*, and other names. Richard, a professed admirer of the joyous science in all its branches, could imitate either the minstrel or troubadour. It is less likely that he should have been able to compose or sing an English ballad; yet so much do we wish to assimilate Him of the Lion Heart to the band of warriors whom he led, that the anachronism, if there be one, may readily be forgiven.

BATTLE OF STAMFORD.—P. 390, l. 2.

A great topographical blunder occurred here in former editions. The bloody battle alluded to in the text, fought and won by King Harold, over his brother the rebellious

Tosti, and an auxiliary force of Danes or Norsemen, was said, in the text, and a corresponding note, to have taken place at Stamford, in Leicestershire, and upon the river Welland. This is a mistake, into which the author has been led by trusting to his memory, and so confounding two places of the same name. The Stamford, Strangford, or Staneford, at which the battle really was fought, is a ford upon the river Derwent, at the distance of about seven miles from York, and situated in that large and opulent county. A long wooden bridge over the Derwent, the site of which, with one remaining buttress, is still shown to the curious traveller, was furiously contested. One Norwegian long defended it by his single arm, and was at length pierced with a spear thrust through the planks of the bridge from a boat beneath.

The neighbourhood of Stamford, on the Derwent, contains some memorials of the battle. Horseshoes, swords, and the heads of halberds, or bills, are often found there; one place is called the "Danes' well," another the "Battle flats." From a tradition that the weapon with which the Norwegian champion was slain, resembled a pear, or, as others say, that the trough or boat in which the soldier floated under the bridge to strike the blow, had such a shape, the country people usually begin a great market, which is held at Stamford, with an entertainment called the Pear-pie feast, which after all may be a corruption of the Spear-pie feast. For more particulars, Drake's History of York may be referred to. The author's mistake was pointed out to him, in the most obliging manner, by Robert Belt, Esq. of Bossal House. The battle was fought in 1066.

"THE RANGE OF IRON BARS ABOVE THAT GLOWING CHARCOAL."—P. 343, l. 8.

This horrid species of torture may remind the reader of that to which the Spaniards subjected Guatimozin, in order to extort a discovery of his concealed wealth. But,

in fact, an instance of similar barbarity, is to be found nearer home, and occurs in the annals of Queen Mary's time, containing so many other examples of atrocity. Every reader must recollect, that, after the fall of the Catholic Church, and the Presbyterian Church Government had been established by law, the rank, and especially the wealth, of the Bishops, Abbots, Priors, and so forth, were no longer vested in ecclesiastics, but in lay appropriators of the church revenues, or, as the Scottish lawyers called them, *titulars* of the temporalities of the benefice, though having no claim to the spiritual character of their predecessors in office.

Of these laymen, who were thus invested with ecclesiastical revenues, some were men of high birth and rank, like the famous Lord James Stewart, the Prior of St Andrews, who did not fail to keep for their own use the rents, lands, and revenues of the Church. But if, on the other hand, the titulars were men of inferior importance, who had been inducted into the office by the interest of some powerful person, it was generally understood that the new Abbot should grant for his patron's benefit such leases and conveyances of the church lands and tithes as might afford their protector the lion's share of the booty. This was the origin of those who were wittily termed Tulchan * Bishops, being a sort of imaginary prelate, whose image was set up to enable his patron and principal to plunder the benefice under his name.

There were other cases, however, in which men who had got grants of these secularized benefices were desirous of retaining them for their own use, without having the influence sufficient to establish their purpose; and these became frequently unable to protect themselves,

* A *Tulchan* is a calf's skin stuffed, and placed before a cow who has lost its calf, to induce the animal to part with its milk. The resemblance between such a Tulchan and a Bishop named to transmit the temporalities of a benefice to some powerful patron, is easily understood.

however unwilling to submit to the exactions of the feudal tyrant of the district.

Bannatyne, secretary to John Knox, recounts a singular course of oppression practised on one of those titular abbots, by the Earl of Cassilis in Ayrshire, whose extent of feudal influence was so wide that he was usually termed the King of Carrick. We give the fact as it occurs in Bannatyne's Journal, only premising that the Journalist held his master's opinions, both with respect to the Earl of Cassilis as an opposer of the king's party, and as being a detester of the practice of granting church revenues to titulars, instead of their being devoted to pious uses, such as the support of the clergy, expense of schools, and the relief of the national poor. He mingles in the narrative, therefore, a well-deserved feeling of execration against the tyrant who employed the torture, with a tone of ridicule towards the patient, as if, after all, it had not been ill bestowed on such an equivocal and amphibious character as a titular abbot. He entitles his narrative,

THE EARL OF CASSILIS' TYRANNY AGAINST A
QUICK (*i. e.* LIVING) MAN.

" Master Allan Stewart, friend to Captain James Stewart of Cardonall, by means of the Queen's corrupted court, obtained the Abbey of Crossraguel. The said Earl thinking himself greater than any king in those quarters, determined to have that whole benefice (as he hath divers others) to pay at his pleasure ; and because he could not find sic security as his insatiable appetite required, this shift was devised. The said Mr Allan being in company with the Laird of Bargany, (also a Kennedy,) was, by the Earl and his friends, enticed to leave the safeguard which he had with the Laird, and come to make good cheer with the said Earl. The simplicity of the imprudent man was suddenly abused ; and so he passed his time with them certain days, which he *did in Maybole with Thomas Kennedie, uncle to the*

said Earl ; after which the said Mr Allan passed, with quiet company, to visit the place and bounds of Crossraguel, [his abbacy,] of which the said Earl being surely advertised, determined to put in practice the tyranny which long before he had conceived. And so, as King of the country, apprehended the said Mr Allan, and carried him to the house of Denure, where for a season he was honourably treated, (gif a prisoner can think any entertainment pleasing;) but after that certain days were spent, and that the Earl could not obtain the feus of Crossraguel according to his awin appetite, he determined to prove gif a collation could work that which neither dinner nor supper could do for a long time. And so the said Mr Allan was carried to a secret chamber : with him passed the Honourable Earl, his worshipful brother, and such as were appointed to be servants at that banquet. In the chamber there was a grit iron chimlay, under it a fire ; other grit provision was not seen. The first course was,—‘ My Lord Abbot,’ (said the Earl,) ‘ it will please you confess here, that with your own consent you remain in my company, because ye durst not commit yourself to the hands of others.’ The Abbot answered, ‘ Would you, my lord, that I should make a manifest lie for your pleasure ? The truth is, my lord, it is against my will that I am here ; neither yet have I any pleasure in your company.’ ‘ But ye shall remain with me, nevertheless, at this time,’ said the Earl. ‘ I am not able to resist your will and pleasure,’ said the Abbot, ‘ in this place.’ ‘ Ye must then obey me,’ said the Earl,—and with that were presented unto him certain letters to subscribe, amongst which there was a five years’ tack, and a nineteen years’ tack, and a charter of feu of all the lands of Crossraguel, with all the clauses necessary for the Earl to haste him to hell. For gif adultery, sacrilege, oppression, barbarous cruelty, and theft heaped upon theft, deserve hell, the great King of Carrick can no more escape hell for ever, than the imprudent Abbot escaped the fire for a season as follows.

“ After that the Earl spied repugnance, and saw that he could not come to his purpose by fair means, he commanded his cooks to prepare the banquet: and so first they flayed the sheep, that is, they took off the Abbot's cloathes even to his skin, and next they bound him to the chimney—his legs to the one end, and his arms to the other; and so they began to beet [*i. e.* feed] the fire sometimes to his buttocks; sometimes to his legs, sometimes to his shoulders and arms; and that the roast might not burn, but that it might rest in soppe, they spared not flambing with oil, (basting as a cook bastes roasted meat;) Lord, look thou to sic cruelty! And that the crying of the miserable man should not be heard, they closed his mouth that the voice might be stopped. It may be suspected that some partisan of the King's [Darnley's] murder was there. In that torment they held the poor man, til that often he cried for God's sake to dispatch him; for he had as meikle gold in his awin purse as would buy powder enough to shorten his pain. The famous King of Carrick and his cooks perceiving the roast to be aneuch, commanded it to be tane fra the fire, and the Earl himself began the grace in this manner:—‘ *Benedicite, Jesus Maria*, you are the most obstinate man that ever I saw; gif I had known that ye had been so stubborn, I would not for a thousand crowns have handled you so; I never did so to man before you.’ And yet he returned to the same practice within two days, and ceased not till that he obtained his foremost purpose, that is, that he had got all his pieces subscrivit alsweill as ane half-roasted hand could do it. The Earl thinking himself sure enough so long as he had the half-roasted Abbot in his awin keeping, and yet being ashamed of his presence by reason of his former cruelty, left the place of Denure in the hands of certain of his servants, and the half-roasted Abbot to be kept there as a prisoner. The Laird of Bargany, out of whose company the said Abbot had been enticed, understanding, (not the extremity,) but the retaining of the man, sent to the court,

and raised letters of deliverance of the person of the man according to the order, which being disobeyed, the said Earl for his contempt was denounced rebel, and put to the horne. But yet hope was there none, neither to the afflicted to be delivered, neither yet to the purchaser [*i. e.* procurer] of the letters to obtain any comfort thereby; for in that time God was despised, and the lawful authority was contemned in Scotland, in hope of the sudden return and regiment of that cruel murderer of her awin husband, of whose Lords the said Earl was called one; and yet, oftener than once, he was solemnly sworn to the King and to his Regent."

The Journalist then recites the complaint of the injured Allan Stewart, Commendator of Crossraguel, to the Regent and Privy Council, averring his having been carried, partly by flattery, partly by force, to the black vault of Denure, a strong fortalice, built on a rock overhanging the Irish Channel, where its ruins are still visible. Here he stated he had been required to execute leases and conveyances of the whole churches and parsonages belonging to the Abbey of Crossraguel, which he utterly refused as an unreasonable demand, and the more so that he had already conveyed them to John Stewart of Cardonall, by whose interest he had been made Commendator. The complainant proceeds to state, that he was, after many menaces, stript, bound, and his limbs exposed to fire in the manner already described, till, compelled by excess of agony, he subscribed the charter and leases presented to him, of the contents of which he was totally ignorant. A few days afterwards, being again required to execute a ratification of these deeds before a notary and witnesses, and refusing to do so, he was once more subjected to the same torture, until his agony was so excessive that he exclaimed, "Fye on you, why do you not strike your whingers into me, or blow me up with a barrel of powder, rather than torture me thus unmercifully?" upon which the Earl commanded Alexander Richard, one of his attendants, to

stop the patient's mouth with a napkin, which was done accordingly. Thus he was once more compelled to submit to their tyranny. The petition concluded with stating, that the Earl, under pretence of the deeds thus iniquitously obtained, had taken possession of the whole place and living of Crossraguel, and enjoyed the profits thereof for three years.

The doom of the Regent and Council shows singularly the total interruption of justice at this calamitous period, even in the most clamant cases of oppression. The Council declined interference with the course of the ordinary justice of the county, (which was completely under the said Earl of Cassilis' control), and only enacted, that he should forbear molestation of the unfortunate Commendator, under the surety of two thousand pounds Scots. The Earl was appointed also to keep the peace towards the celebrated George Buchanan, who had a pension out of the same Abbacy, to a similar extent, and under the like penalty.

The consequences are thus described by the Journalist already quoted.

"The said Laird of Bargany perceiving that the ordiner justice could neither help the oppressed, nor yet the afflicted, applied his mind to the next remedy, and in the end, by his servants, took the house of Denure, where the poor Abbot was kept prisoner. The bruit flew fra Carrick to Galloway, and so suddenly assembled herd and hyre-man that pertained to the band of the Kennedies; and so within a few hours was the house of Denure environed again. The master of Cassilis was the frackast [*i. e.* the readiest or boldest] and would not stay, but in his heat would lay fire to the dungeon, with no small boasting that all enemies within the house should die.

"He was required and admonished by those that were within to be more moderate, and not to hazard himself so foolishly. But no admonition would help, till that ~~the~~ wind of an hacquebute blasted his shoulder, and then

ceased he from further pursuit in fury. The Laird of Bargany had before purchest [obtained] of the authorities, letters cherging all faithfull subjects to the King's Majesty, to assist him against that cruel tyrant and man-sworn traitor, the Earl of Cassilis; which letters, with his private writings, he published, and shortly found sic concurrence of Kyle and Cunynghame with his other friends, that the Carrick company drew back fra the house: and so the other approached, furnished the house with more men, delivered the said Mr Allan, and carried him to Ayr, where publicly at the market cross of the said town, he declared how cruelly he was entreated, and how the murdered King suffered not sic torment as he did, excepting only he escaped the death; and, therefore, publicly did revoke all things that were done in that extremity, and especially he revoked the subscription of the three writings, to wit, of a fyve yeir tack, and nineteen year tack, and of a charter of feu. And so the house remained, and remains (till this day, the 7th of February, 1571,) in the custody of the said Laird of Bargany and of his servants. And so cruelty was disappointed of proffeit present, and shall be eternallie punished, unless he earnestly repent. And this far for the cruelty committed, to give occasion unto others, and to such as hate the monstrous dealing of degenerate nobility, to look more diligently upon their behaviours, and to paint them forth unto the world, that they themselves may be ashamed of their own beastliness, and that the world may be advertised and admonished to abhor, detest, and avoid the company of all sic tyrants, who are not worthy of the society of men, but ought to be sent suddenly to the devil, with whom they must burn without end, for their contempt of God, and cruelty committed against his creatures. Let Cassilis and his brother be the first to be the example unto others. Amen. Amen."*

This extract has been somewhat amended or modern-

* Bannatyne's Journal.

ized in orthography, to render it more intelligible to the general reader. I have to add, that the Kennedies of Bargany, who interfered in behalf of the oppressed Abbot, were themselves a younger branch of the Cassilis family, but held different politics, and were powerful enough in this, and other instances, to bid them defiance.

The ultimate issue of this affair does not appear; but as the house of Cassilis are still in possession of the greater part of the feus and leases which belonged to Crossraguel Abbey, it is probable the talons of the King of Carrick were strong enough, in those disorderly times, to retain the prey which they had so mercilessly fixed upon.

I may also add, that it appears by some papers in my possession, that the officers or Country Keepers on the Border, were accustomed to torment their prisoners by binding them to the iron bars of their chimneys, to extort confession.

HISTORICAL ROMANCES. VOL. II.

IVANHOE.



“SOMETHING RESEMBLING A BAR OF IRON, AND A PADLOCK PAINTED BLUE ON THE BLACK SHIELD.”—P. 90, l. 16.

The author has been here upbraided with false heraldry, as having charged metal upon metal. It should be remembered, however, that heraldry had only its first rude origin during the Crusades, and that all the minutiae of its fantastic science were the work of time, and introduced at a much later period. Those who think otherwise must suppose that the Goddess of *Armoirers*, like the Goddess of Arms, sprung into the world completely equipped in all the gaudy trappings of the department she presides over.

ADDITIONAL NOTE.

In corroboration of what is above stated, it may be observed, that the arms, which were assumed by Godfrey of Boulogne himself, after the conquest of Jerusalem, was a cross counter patent cantoned with four little crosses or, upon a field azure, displaying thus metal upon metal. The heralds have tried to explain this undeniable fact in different modes—but Ferne gallantly contends, that a prince of Godfrey's qualities should not be

bound by the ordinary rules. The Scottish Nisbet, and the same Ferne, insist that the chiefs of the Crusade must have assigned to Godfrey this extraordinary and unwonted coat-of-arms, in order to induce those who should behold them to make enquiries; and hence give them the name of *arma inquirenda*. But with reverence to these grave authorities, it seems unlikely that the assembled princes of Europe should have adjudged to Godfrey a coat armorial so much contrary to the general rule, if such rule had then existed; at any rate, it proves that metal upon metal, now accounted a solecism in heraldry, was admitted in other cases similar to that in the text. See Ferne's *Blazon of Gentry*, p. 238. Edition 1586. Nisbet's *Heraldry*, vol. i. p. 113. Second Edition.

REBECCA AND THE TEMPLAR.—P. 131-2.

The author has some idea that this passage is imitated from the appearance of Philidaspes, before the divine Mandane, when the city of Babylon is on fire, and he proposes to carry her from the flames. But the theft, if there be one, would be rather too severely punished by the penance of searching for the original passage through the interminable volumes of the Grand Cyrus.

ULRICA'S DEATH SONG.—P. 140-1.

It will readily occur to the antiquary, that these verses are intended to imitate the antique poetry of the Scalds—the minstrels of the old Scandinavians—the race, as the Laureate so happily terms them,

“ Stern to inflict, and stubborn to endure,
Who smiled in death.”

The poetry of the Anglo-Saxons, after their civilisation and conversion, was of a different and softer character; but in the circumstances of Ulrica, she may be not unnaturally supposed to return to the wild strains which

animated her forefathers during the time of Paganism and untamed ferocity.

RICHARD CŒUR-DE-LION.—P. 163, l. 16.

The interchange of a cuff with the jolly priest is not entirely out of character with Richard I., if romances read him aright. In the very curious romance on the subject of his adventures in the Holy Land, and his return from thence, it is recorded how he exchanged a pugilistic favour of this nature, while a prisoner in Germany. His opponent was the son of his principal warder, and was so imprudent as to give the challenge to this barker of buffets. The King stood forth like a true man, and received a blow which staggered him. In requital, having previously waxed his hand, a practice unknown, I believe, to the gentlemen of the modern fancy, he returned the box on the ear with such interest as to kill his antagonist on the spot—*See, in Ellis's Specimens of English Romance, that of Cœur-de-Lion.*

ALLAN-A-DALE.—P. 167, l. 8, (foot.)

A commissary is said to have received similar consolation from a certain Commander-in-Chief, to whom he complained that a general officer had used some such threat towards him as that in the text.

HEDGE-PRIESTS.—P. 185, l. 10.

It is curious to observe, that in every state of society, some sort of ghostly consolation is provided for the members of the community, though assembled for purposes diametrically opposite to religion. A gang of beggars have their Patrico, and the banditti of the Appenines have among them persons acting as monks and priests, by whom they are confessed, and who perform mass before them. Unquestionably, such reverend persons, in

such a society, must accommodate their manners and their morals to the community in which they live; and if they can occasionally obtain a degree of reverence for their supposed spiritual gifts, are, on most occasions, loaded with unmerciful ridicule, as possessing a character inconsistent with all around them.

Hence the fighting parson in the old play of Sir John Oldcastle, and the famous friar of Robin Hood's band. Nor were such characters ideal. There exists a monition of the Bishop of Durham against irregular churchmen of this class, who associated themselves with Border robbers, and desecrated the holiest offices of the priestly function, by celebrating them for the benefit of thieves, robbers, and murderers, amongst ruins and in caverns of the earth, without regard to canonical form, and with torn and dirty attire, and maimed rites, altogether improper for the occasion.

Ut Leo semper feriat.—P. 213, l. 10.

In the ordinances of the Knights of the Temple, this phrase is repeated in a variety of forms, and occurs in almost every chapter, as if it were the signal-word of the Order; which may account for its being so frequently put in the Grand Master's mouth.

“OUR HOLY RULE, ‘DE COMMILITONIBUS
TEMPLI,’” &c.—P. 228, l. 20.

The edict which he quotes, is against Communion with women of light character.

ROBIN HOOD.—P. 325, l. 6.

From the ballads of Robin Hood, we learn that this celebrated outlaw, when in disguise, sometimes assumed the name of Locksley, from a village where he was born, but where situated we are not distinctly told.

CASTLE OF CONINGSBURGH.—P. 341-2.

When I last saw this interesting ruin of ancient days, one of the very few remaining examples of Saxon fortification, I was strongly impressed with the desire of tracing out a sort of theory on the subject, which, from some recent acquaintance with the architecture of the ancient Scandinavians, seemed to me peculiarly interesting. I was, however, obliged by circumstances to proceed on my journey, without leisure to take more than a transient view of Coningsburgh. Yet the idea dwells so strongly in my mind, that I feel considerably tempted to write a page or two in detailing at least the outline of my hypothesis, leaving better antiquaries to correct or refute conclusions which are perhaps too hastily drawn.

Those who have visited the Zetland Islands, are familiar with the description of castles called by the inhabitants Burghs; and by the Highlanders—for they are also to be found both in the Western Isles and on the mainland—Duns. Pennant has engraved a view of the famous Dun-Dornadilla in Glenelg; and there are many others, all of them built after a peculiar mode of architecture, which argues a people in the most primitive state of society. The most perfect specimen is that upon the island of Mousa, near to the mainland of Zetland, which is probably in the same state as when inhabited.

It is a single round tower, the wall curving in slightly, and then turning outward again in the form of a dice-box, so that the defenders on the top might the better protect the base. It is formed of rough stones, selected with care, and laid in courses or circles, with much compactness, but without cement of any kind. The tower has never, to appearance, had roofing of any sort; a fire was made in the centre of the space which it encloses, and originally the building was probably little more than a wall drawn as a sort of screen around the great council fire of the tribe. But, although the means or inge-

nulty of the builders did not extend so far as to provide a roof, they supplied the want by constructing apartments in the interior of the walls of the tower itself. The circumvallation formed a double enclosure, the inner side of which was, in fact, two feet or three distant from the other, and connected by a concentric range of long flat stones, thus forming a series of concentric rings or stories of various heights, rising to the top of the tower. Each of these stories or galleries has four windows, facing directly to the points of the compass, and rising of course regularly above each other. These four perpendicular ranges of windows admitted air, and, the fire being kindled, heat, or smoke at least, to each of the galleries. The access from gallery to gallery is equally primitive. A path, on the principle of an inclined plane, turns round and round the building like a screw, and gives access to the different stories, intersecting each of them in its turn, and thus gradually rising to the top of the wall of the tower. On the outside there are no windows; and I may add, that an enclosure of a square, or sometimes a round form, gave the inhabitants of the Burgh an opportunity to secure any sheep or cattle which they might possess.

Such is the general architecture of that very early period, when the Northmen swept the seas, and brought to their rude houses, such as I have described them, the plunder of polished nations. In Zetland there are several scores of these Burghs, occupying in every case, capes, headlands, islets, and similar places of advantage singularly well chosen. I remember the remains of one upon an island in a small lake near Lerwick, which at high tide communicates with the sea, the access to which is very ingenious, by means of a causeway or dike, about three or four inches under the surface of the water. This causeway makes a sharp angle in its approach to the Burgh. The inhabitants, doubtless, were well acquainted with this, but strangers, who might approach in a *hostile manner*, and were ignorant of the curve of the cause-

way, would probably plunge into the lake, which is six or seven feet in depth at the least. This must have been the device of some Vauban or Cohorn of those early times.

The style of these buildings evinces that the architect possessed neither the art of using lime or cement of any kind, nor the skill to throw an arch, construct a roof, or erect a stair; and yet, with all this ignorance, showed great ingenuity in selecting the situation of Burghs, and regulating the access to them, as well as neatness and regularity in the erection, since the buildings themselves show a style of advance in the arts scarcely consistent with the ignorance of so many of the principal branches of architectural knowledge.

I have always thought, that one of the most curious and valuable objects of antiquaries has been to trace the progress of society, by the efforts made in early ages to improve the rudeness of their first expedients, until they either approach excellence, or, as is most frequently the case, are supplied by new and fundamental discoveries, which supersede both the earlier and ruder system, and the improvements which have been ingrafted upon it. For example, if we conceive the recent discovery of gas to be so much improved and adapted to domestic use as to supersede all other modes of producing domestic light; we can readily suppose, some centuries afterwards, the heads of a whole Society of Antiquaries half turned by the discovery of a pair of patent snuffers, and by the learned theories which would be brought forward to account for the form and purpose of so singular an implement.

Following some such principle, I am inclined to regard the singular Castle of Coningsburgh—I mean the Saxon part of it—as a step in advance from the rude architecture, if it deserves the name, which must have been common to the Saxons as to other Northmen. The builders had attained the art of using cement, and of roofing a building,—great improvements on the original Burgh. But in the round keep, a shape only seen in

the most ancient castles—the chambers excavated in the thickness of the walls and buttresses—the difficulty by which access is gained from one story to those above it, Coningsburgh still retains the simplicity of its origin, and shows by what slow degrees man proceeded from occupying such rude and inconvenient lodgings, as were afforded by the galleries of the Castle of Mousa, to the more splendid accommodations of the Norman castles, with all their stern and Gothic graces.

I am ignorant if these remarks are new, or if they will be confirmed by closer examination; but I think, that, on a hasty observation, Coningsburgh offers means of curious study to those who may wish to trace the history of architecture back to the times preceding the Norman conquest.

It would be highly desirable that a cork model should be taken of the Castle of Mousa, as it cannot be well understood by a plan.

The Castle of Coningsburgh is thus described :

“ The castle is large, the outer walls standing on a pleasant ascent from the river, but much overtopped by a high hill, on which the town stands, situated at the head of a rich and magnificent vale, formed by an amphitheatre of woody hills, in which flows the gentle Don. Near the castle is a barrow, said to be Hengist’s tomb. The entrance is flanked to the left by a round tower, with a sloping base, and there are several similar in the outer wall; the entrance has piers of a gate, and on the east side the ditch and bank are double and very steep. On the top of the churchyard wall is a tombstone on which are cut in high relief, two ravens, or such-like birds. On the south side of the churchyard lies an ancient stone, ridged like a coffin, on which is carved a man on horseback; and another man with a shield encountering a vast winged serpent, and a man bearing a shield behind him. It was probably one of the rude crosses not uncommon in churchyards in this county. See it engraved on the plate of crosses for this volume, plate 14. fig. 1. The

name of Coningsburgh, by which this castle goes in the old editions of the *Britannia*, would lead one to suppose it the residence of the Saxon kings. It afterwards belonged to King Harold. The Conqueror bestowed it on William de Warren, with all its privileges and jurisdiction, which are said to have extended over twenty-eight towns. At the corner of the area, which is of an irregular form, stands the great tower, or keep, placed on a small hill of its own dimensions, on which lie six vast projecting buttresses, ascending in a steep direction to prop and support the building, and continued upwards up the side as turrets. The tower within forms a complete circle, twenty-one feet in diameter, the walls fourteen feet thick. The ascent into the tower is by an exceeding deep flight of steep steps, four feet and a half wide, on the south side leading to a low doorway, over which is a circular arch crossed by a great transom stone. Within this door is the staircase, which ascends straight through the thickness of the wall, not communicating with the room on the first floor, in whose centre is the opening to the dungeon. Neither of these lower rooms is lighted except from a hole in the floor of the third story; the room in which, as well as in that above it, is finished with compact smooth stonework, both having chimney-pieces, with an arch resting on triple clustered pillars. In the third story, or guard-chamber, is a small recess with a loop-hole, probably a bedchamber, and in that floor above a niche for a saint or holy water-pot. Mr King imagines this a Saxon castle of the first ages of the Heptarchy. Mr Watson thus describes it. From the first floor to the second story, (third from the ground,) is a way by a stair in the wall five feet wide. The next staircase is approached by a ladder, and ends at the fourth story from the ground. Two yards from the door, at the head of this stair, is an opening nearly east, accessible by treading on the ledge of the wall, which diminishes eight inches each story; and this last opening leads into a room or chapel ten feet by twelve, and

fifteen or sixteen high, arched with freestone, and supported by small circular columns of the same, the capitals and arches Saxon. It has an east window, and on each side in the wall, about four feet from the ground, a stone basin, with a hole and iron pipe to convey the water into or through the wall. This chapel is one of the buttresses, but no sign of it without, for even the window, though large within, is only a long narrow loop-hole, scarcely to be seen without. On the left side of this chapel is a small oratory, eight by six in the thickness of the wall, with a niche in the wall, and enlightened by a like loop-hole. The fourth stair from the ground, ten feet west from the chapel door, leads to the top of the tower through the thickness of the wall, which at top is but three yards. Each story is about fifteen feet high, so that the tower will be seventy-five feet from the ground. The inside forms a circle, whose diameter may be about twelve feet. The well at the bottom of the dungeon is piled with stones."—Gough's *Edition of Camden's Britannia*. Second edition, vol. iii. p. 267.

REAPPEARANCE OF ATHELSTANE.—P. 357, l. 3,
(*foot.*)

The resuscitation of Athelstane has been much criticised, as too violent a breach of probability, even for a work of such fantastic character. It was a *tour-de-force*, to which the author was compelled to have recourse, by the vehement entreaties of his friend and printer, who was inconsolable on the Saxon being conveyed to the tomb.

INTRODUCTION
AND
NOTES
TO
THE MONASTERY.

INTRODUCTION

TO

THE MONASTERY.

It would be difficult to assign any good reason why the author of *Ivanhoe*, after using, in that work, all the art he possessed to remove the personages, action, and manners of the tale, to a distance from his own country, should choose for the scene of his next attempt the celebrated ruins of Melrose, in the immediate neighbourhood of his own residence. But the reason, or caprice, which dictated his change of system, has entirely escaped his recollection, nor is it worth while to attempt recalling what must be a matter of very little consequence.

The general plan of the story was to conjoin two characters in that bustling and contentious age, who, thrown into situations which gave them different views on the subject of the Re-

formation, should, with the same sincerity and purity of intention, dedicate themselves, the one to the support of the sinking fabric of the Catholic Church, the other to the establishment of the Reformed doctrines. It was supposed that some interesting subjects for narrative might be derived from opposing two such enthusiasts to each other in the path of life, and contrasting the real worth of both with their passions and prejudices. The localities of Melrose suited well the scenery of the proposed story; the ruins themselves form a splendid theatre for any tragic incident which might be brought forward; joined to the vicinity of the fine river, with all its tributary streams, flowing through a country which has been the scene of so much fierce fighting, and is rich with so many recollections of former times, and lying almost under the immediate eye of the author, by whom they were to be used in composition.

The situation possessed farther recommendations. On the opposite bank of the Tweed might be seen the remains of ancient enclosures, surrounded by sycamores and ash-trees of considerable size. These had once formed the crofts or arable ground of a village, now reduced to a single hut, the abode of a fisherman, who also manages a ferry. The cottages, even the church which once existed there, have sunk

into vestiges hardly to be traced without visiting the spot, the inhabitants having gradually withdrawn to the more prosperous town of Gala-shiels, which has risen into consideration, within two miles of their neighbourhood. Superstitious eld, however, has tenanted the deserted groves with aerial beings, to supply the want of the mortal tenants who have deserted it. The ruined and abandoned churchyard of Boldside has been long believed to be hunted by the Fairies, and the deep broad current of the Tweed, wheeling in moonlight round the foot of the steep bank, with the number of trees originally planted for shelter round the fields of the cottagers, but now presenting the effect of the scattered and detached groves, fill up the idea which one would form in imagination for a scene that Oberon and Queen Mab might love to revel in. There are evenings when the spectator might believe, with Father Chaucer, that the

— “ Queen of Faery,
With harp, and pipe, and symphony,
Were dwelling in the place.

Another, and even a more familiar refuge of the elfin race, (if tradition is to be trusted,) is the glen of the river, or rather brook, named the Allen, which falls into the Tweed from the northward, about a quarter of a mile above the

present bridge. As the streamlet finds its way behind Lord Sommerville's hunting-seat, called the Pavilion, its valley has been popularly termed the Fairy Dean, or rather the Nameless Dean, because of the supposed ill luck attached by the popular faith of ancient times, to any one who might name or allude to the race, whom our fathers distinguished as the Good Neighbours, and the Highlanders called Daoine Shie, or Men of Peace; rather by way of compliment, than on account of any particular idea of friendship or pacific relation which either Highlander or Borderer entertained towards the irritable beings whom they thus distinguished, or supposed them to bear to humanity.*

In evidence of the actual operations of the fairy people even at this time, little pieces of calcareous matter are found in the glen after a flood, which either the labours of those tiny artists, or the eddies of the brook among the stones, have formed into a fantastic resemblance of cups, saucers, basins, and the like, in which children who gather them pretend to discern fairy utensils.

Besides these circumstances of romantic locality, *mea paupera regna* (as Captain Dalgetty denominates his territory of Drumthwacket) are

* See Note to Rob Roy, p. 540.

bounded by a small but deep lake, from which eyes that yet look on the light are said to have seen the water-bull ascend, and shake the hills with his roar.

Indeed, the country around Melrose, if possessing less of romantic beauty than some other scenes in Scotland, is connected with so many associations of a fanciful nature, in which the imagination takes delight, as might well induce one even less attached to the spot than the author, to accommodate, after a general manner, the imaginary scenes he was framing to the localities to which he was partial. But it would be a misapprehension to suppose, that, because Melrose may in general pass for Kennaquhair, or because it agrees with scenes of the Monastery in the circumstances of the drawbridge, the milldam, and other points of resemblance, that therefore an accurate or perfect local similitude is to be found in all the particulars of the picture. It was not the purpose of the author to present a landscape copied from nature, but a piece of composition, in which a real scene, with which he is familiar, had afforded him some leading outlines. Thus the resemblance of the imaginary Glendearg with the real vale of the Allen, is far from being minute, nor did the author aim at identifying them. This must appear plain to all who know the actual character

of the Glen of Allen, and have taken the trouble to read the account of the imaginary Glendearg. The stream in the latter case is described as wandering down a romantic little valley, shifting itself, after the fashion of such a brook, from one side to the other, as it can most easily find its passage, and touching nothing in its progress that gives token of cultivation. It rises near a solitary tower, the abode of a supposed church vassal, and the scene of several incidents in the Romance.

The real Allen, on the contrary, after traversing the romantic ravine called the Nameless Dean, thrown off from side to side alternately, like a billiard ball repelled by the sides of the table on which it had been played, and in that part of its course resembling the stream which pours down Glendearg, may be traced upwards into a more open country, where the banks retreat further from each other, and the vale exhibits a good deal of dry ground, which has not been neglected by the active cultivators of the district. It arrives, too, at a sort of termination, striking in itself, but totally irreconcilable with the narrative of the Romance. Instead of a single peel-house, or border tower of defence, such as Dame Glendinning is supposed to have inhabited, the head of the Allen, about five *miles* above its junction with the Tweed, shows

three ruins of Border houses, belonging to different proprietors, and each, from the desire of mutual support so natural to troublesome times, situated at the extremity of the property of which it is the principal messuage. One of these is the ruinous mansion-house of Hillslap, formerly the property of the Cairncrosses, and now of Mr Innes of Stow ; a second, the tower of Colmslie, an ancient inheritance of the Borthwick family, as is testified by their crest, the Goat's Head, which exists on the ruin ; a third, the house of Langshaw, also ruinous, but near which the proprietor, Mr Baillie of Jerviswood and Mellerstain, has built a small shooting box.

All these ruins, so strangely huddled together in a very solitary spot, have recollections and traditions of their own, but none of them bear the most distant resemblance to the descriptions in the Romance of the Monastery ; and as the author could hardly have erred so grossly regarding a spot within a morning's ride of his own house, the inference is, that no resemblance was intended. Hillslap is remembered by the humours of the last inhabitants, two or three elderly ladies, of the class of Miss Raylands, in the Old Manor House, though less important by birth and fortune. Colmslie is commemorated in song :—

Colmalie stands on Colmalie hill,
The water it flows round Colmalie mill;
The mill and the kiln gang bonnily,
And its up with the whippers of Colmalie!

Langshaw, although larger than the other mansions assembled at the head of the supposed Glendearg, has nothing about it more remarkable than the inscription of the present proprietor over his shooting lodge—*Utinam hanc etiam viris impleam amicis*—a modest wish, which I know no one more capable of attaining upon an extended scale, than the gentleman who has expressed it upon a limited one.

Having thus shown that I should say something of these desolated towers, which the desire of social intercourse, or the facility of mutual defence, had drawn together at the head of this Glen, I need not add any farther reason to show, that there is no resemblance between them and the solitary habitation of Dame Elspeth Glendinning. Beyond these dwellings are some remains of natural wood, and a considerable portion of morass and bog; but I would not advise any who may be curious in localities, to spend time in looking for the fountain and holly-tree of the White Lady.

While I am on the subject I may add, that Captain Clutterbuck, the imaginary editor of the Monastery, has no real prototype in the

village of Melrose or neighbourhood, that ever I saw or heard of. To give some individuality to this personage, he is described as a character which sometimes occurs in actual society—a person who, having spent his life within the necessary duties of a technical profession, from which he has been at length emancipated, finds himself without any occupation whatever, and is apt to become the prey of ennui, until he discerns some petty subject of investigation commensurate to his talents, the study of which gives him employment in solitude; while the conscious possession of information peculiar to himself, adds to his consequence in society. I have often observed, that the lighter and trivial branches of antiquarian study, are singularly useful in relieving vacuity of such a kind, and have known them serve many a Captain Clutterbuck to retreat upon; I was therefore a good deal surprised, when I found the antiquarian Captain identified with a neighbour and a friend of my own, who could never have been confounded with him by any one who had read the book, and seen the party alluded to. This erroneous identification occurs in a work entitled, “Illustrations of the Author of Waverley, being Notices and Anecdotes of real Characters, Scenes, and Incidents, supposed to be describ-

ed in his works, by Robert Chambers." This work was, of course, liable to many errors, as any one of the kind must be, whatever may be the ingenuity of the author, which takes the task of explaining what can be only known to another person. Mistakes of place or inanimate things referred to, are of very little moment; but the ingenious author ought to have been more cautious of attaching real names to fictitious characters. I think it is in the *Spectator* we read of a rustic wag, who, in a copy of "The Whole Duty of Man," wrote opposite to every vice the name of some individual in the neighbourhood, and thus converted that excellent work into a libel on a whole parish.

The scenery being thus ready at the author's hand, the reminiscences of the country were equally favourable. In a land where the horses remained almost constantly saddled, and the sword seldom quitted the warrior's side—where war was the natural and constant state of the inhabitants, and peace only existed in the shape of brief and feverish truces—there could be no want of the means to complicate and extricate the incidents of his narrative at pleasure. There was a disadvantage, notwithstanding, in treading this Border district, for it had been already ransacked by the author himself, as well as

others; and unless presented under a new light, was likely to afford ground to the objection of *Crambe bis cocta*.

To attain the indispensable quality of novelty, something, it was thought, might be gained by contrasting the character of the vassals of the church with those of the dependents of the lay barons, by whom they were surrounded. But much advantage could not be derived from this. There were, indeed, differences betwixt the two classes, but, like tribes in the mineral and vegetable world, which, resembling each other to common eyes, can be sufficiently well discriminated by naturalists, they were yet too similar, upon the whole, to be placed in marked contrast with each other.

Machinery remained—the introduction of the supernatural and marvellous; the resort of distressed authors since the days of Horace, but whose privileges as a sanctuary have been disputed in the present age, and wellnigh exploded. The popular belief no longer allows the possibility of existence to the race of mysterious beings which hovered betwixt this world and that which is invisible. The fairies have abandoned their moonlight turf; the witch no longer holds her black orgies in the hemlock dell; and

“ Even the last lingering phantom of the brain,
The churchyard ghost, is now at rest again.”

From the discredit attached to the vulgar and more common modes in which the Scottish superstition displays itself, the author was induced to have recourse to the beautiful, though almost forgotten, theory of astral spirits, or creatures of the elements, surpassing human beings in knowledge and power, but inferior to them, as being subject, after a certain space of years, to a death which is to them annihilation, as they have no share in the promise made to the sons of Adam. These spirits are supposed to be of four distinct kinds, as the elements from which they have their origin, and are known, to those who have studied the cabalistical philosophy, by the names of Sylphs, Gnomes, Salamanders, and Naiads, as they belong to the elements of Air, Earth, Fire, or Water. The general reader will find an entertaining account of these elementary spirits in the French book, entitled, "Entretiens de Compte du Gabalis." The ingenious *Compte de la Motte Fouqué* composed, in German, one of the most successful productions of his fertile brain, where a beautiful and even afflicting effect is produced by the introduction of a water-nymph, who loses the privilege of immortality, by consenting to become accessible to human feelings, and uniting her lot with that of a mortal, who treats her with *ingratitude*.

In imitation of an example so successful, the White Lady of Avenel was introduced into the following sheets. She is represented as connected with the family of Avenel by one of those mystic ties, which, in ancient times, were supposed to exist, in certain circumstances, between the creatures of the elements and the children of men. Such instances of mysterious union are recognised in Ireland, in the real Milesian families, who are possessed of a Banshie; and they are known among the traditions of the Highlanders, which, in many cases, attached an immortal being or spirit to the service of particular families or tribes. These demons, if they are to be called so, announced good or evil fortune to the families connected with them; and though some only condescended to meddle with matters of importance, others, like the May Mollach, or Maid of the Hairy Arms, condescended to mingle in ordinary sports, and even to direct the Chief how to play at draughts.

There was, therefore, no great violence in supposing such a being as this to have existed, while the elementary spirits were believed in; but it was more difficult to describe or imagine its attributes and principles of action. Shakespeare, the first of authorities in such a case, has painted Ariel, that beautiful creature of his fancy, as only approaching so near to humanity

as to know the nature of that sympathy which the creatures of clay felt for each other, as we learn from the expression—" Mine would if I were human." The inferences from this are singular, but seem capable of regular deduction. A being, however superior to man in length of life—in power over the elements—in certain perceptions respecting the present, the past, and the future, yet still incapable of human passions; of sentiments of moral good and evil, of meriting future rewards or punishments, belongs rather to the class of animals than of human creatures, and must therefore be presumed to act more from temporary benevolence or caprice, than from any thing approaching to feeling or reasoning. Such a being's superiority in power can only be compared to that of the elephant or lion, who are greater in strength than man, though inferior in the scale of creation. The partialities which we suppose such spirits to entertain must be like those of the dog; their sudden starts of passion, or the indulgence of a frolic, or mischief, may be compared to those of the numerous varieties of the cat. All these propensities are, however, controlled by the laws which render the elementary race subordinate to the command of man—liable to be subjected by his science, (so the sect of Gnostics believed, and on this turned the

Rosicrucian philosophy,) or to be overpowered by his superior courage and daring, when it set their allusions at defiance.

It is with reference to this idea of the supposed spirits of the elements, that the White Lady of Avenel is represented as acting a varying, capricious, and inconsistent part in the pages assigned to her in the narrative; manifesting interest and attachment to the family with whom her destinies are associated, but evincing whim, and even a species of malevolence, towards other mortals, as the Sacristan and the Border robber, whose incorrect life subjected them to receive petty mortifications at her hand. The White Lady is scarcely supposed, however, to have possessed either the power or the inclination to do more than inflict terror or create embarrassment, and is always subjected by those mortals, who, by virtuous resolution, and mental energy, could assert superiority over her. In these particulars she seems to constitute a being of a middle class, between the *esprit follet*, who places its pleasure in misleading and tormenting mortals, and the benevolent Fairy of the East, who uniformly guides, aids, and supports them.

Either, however, the author executed his purpose indifferently, or the public did not approve of it; for the White Lady of Avenel was far

from being popular. He does not now make the present statement, in the view of arguing readers into a more favourable opinion on the subject, but merely with the purpose of exculpating himself from the charge of having wantonly intruded into the narrative a being of inconsistent powers and propensities.

In the delineation of another character, the author of the *Monastery* failed, where he hoped for some success. As nothing is so successful a subject of ridicule as the fashionable follies of the time, it occurred to him that the more serious scenes of his narrative might be relieved by the humour of a cavaliero of the age of Queen Elizabeth. In every period, the attempt to gain and maintain the highest rank of society, has depended on the power of assuming and supporting a certain fashionable kind of affectation, usually connected with some vivacity of talent and energy of character, but distinguished at the same time by a transcendent flight, beyond sound reason and common sense ; both faculties too vulgar to be admitted into the estimate of one who claims to be esteemed " a choice spirit of the age." These, in their different phases, constitute the gallants of the day, whose boast it is to drive the whims of fashion to extremity.

On all occasions, the manners of the sovereign, the court, and the time, must give the

tone to the peculiar description of qualities by which those who would attain the height of fashion must seek to distinguish themselves. The reign of Elizabeth, being that of a maiden queen, was distinguished by the decorum of the courtiers, and especially the affectation of the deepest deference to the sovereign. After the acknowledgment of the Queen's matchless perfections, the same devotion was extended to beauty as it existed among the lesser stars in her court, who sparkled, as it was the mode to say, by her reflected lustre. It is true, that gallant knights no longer vowed to Heaven, the peacock, and the ladies, to perform some feat of extravagant chivalry, in which they endangered the lives of others as well as their own ; but although their chivalrous displays of personal gallantry seldom went further in Elizabeth's days than the tiltyard, where barricades, called barriers, prevented the shock of the horses, and limited the display of the cavalier's skill to the comparatively safe encounter of their lances, the language of the lovers to their ladies was still in the exalted terms which Amadis would have addressed to Oriana, before encountering a dragon for her sake. This tone of romantic gallantry found a clever but conceited author, to reduce it to a species of constitution and form, and lay down the courtly manner of

conversation, in a pedantic book, called Euphuus and his England. Of this, a brief account is given in the text, to which it may now be proper to make some additions.

The extravagance of Euphuism, or a symbolical jargon of the same class, predominates in the romances of Calprenade and Scuderi, which were read for the amusement of the fair sex of France during the long reign of Louis XIV., and were supposed to contain the only legitimate language of love and gallantry. In this reign they encountered the satire of Molière and Boileau. A similar disorder, spreading into private society, formed the ground of the affected dialogue of the *Précieuses*, as they were styled, who formed the coterie of the Hotel de Rambouillet, and afforded Molière matter for his admirable comedy, *Les Précieuses Ridicules*. In England, the humour does not seem to have long survived the accession of James I.

The author had the vanity to think that a character, whose peculiarities should turn on extravagances which were once universally fashionable, might be read in a fictitious story with a good chance of affording amusement to the existing generation, who, fond as they are of looking back on the actions and manners of their ancestors, might be also supposed to be sensible of their absurdities. He must fairly

acknowledge that he was disappointed, and that the Euphuist, far from being accounted a well-drawn and humorous character of the period, was condemned as unnatural and absurd.

It would be easy to account for this failure, by supposing the defect to arise from the author's want of skill, and, probably, many readers may not be inclined to look further. But, as the author himself can scarcely be supposed willing to acquiesce in this final cause, if any other can be alleged, he has been led to suspect, that, contrary to what he originally supposed, his subject was injudiciously chosen, in which, and not in his mode of treating it, lay the source of the want of success.

The manners of a rude people are always founded on nature, and therefore the feelings of a more polished generation immediately sympathize with them. We need no numerous notes, no antiquarian dissertations, to enable the most ignorant to recognise the sentiments and diction of the characters of Homer; we have but, as Lear says, to strip off our lendings—to set aside the factitious principles and adornments which we have received from our comparatively artificial system of society, and our natural feelings are in unison with those of the bard of Chios and the heroes who live in his verses. It is the same with a great part of the narratives of my

friend Mr Cooper. We sympathize with his Indian chiefs and back-woodsmen, and acknowledge, in the characters which he presents to us, the same truth of human nature by which we should feel ourselves influenced if placed in the same condition. So much is this the case, that though it is difficult, or almost impossible, to reclaim a savage, bred from his youth to war and the chase, to the restraints and the duties of civilized life, nothing is more easy or common, than to find men who have been educated in all the habits and comforts of improved society, willing to exchange them for the wild labours of the hunter and the fisher. The very amusements most pursued and relished by men of all ranks, whose constitutions permit active exercise, are hunting, fishing, and in some instances, war, the natural and necessary business of the savage of Dryden, where his hero talks of being

——“ As free as nature first made man,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran. ”

But although the occupations, and even the sentiments, of human beings in a primitive state, find access and interest in the minds of the more civilized part of the species, it does not therefore follow, that the national tastes, opinions, and follies, of one civilized period, should afford either the same interest or the same amusement

to those of another. These generally, when driven to extravagance, are founded not upon any natural taste proper to the species, but upon the growth of some peculiar cast of affectation, with which mankind in general, and succeeding generations in particular, feel no common interest or sympathy. The extravagances of coxcombry in manners and apparel are indeed the legitimate, and often the successful objects of satire, during the time when they exist. In evidence of this, theatrical critics may observe how many dramatic *jeux d'esprit* are well received every season, because the satirist levels at some well-known or fashionable absurdity; or, in the dramatic phrase, "shoots folly as it flies." But when the peculiar kind of folly keeps the wing no longer, it is reckoned but waste of powder to pour a discharge of ridicule on what has ceased to exist; and the pieces in which such forgotten absurdities are made the subject of ridicule, fall quietly into oblivion with the follies which gave them fashion, or only continue to exist on the scene, because they contain some other more permanent interest than that which connects them with manners and follies of a temporary character.

This, perhaps, affords a reason why the comedies of Ben Jonson, founded upon system, or what the age termed humours,—by which

was meant factitious and affected characters, superinduced on that which was common to the rest of their race,—in spite of acute satire, deep scholarship, and strong sense, do not now afford general pleasure, but are confined to the closet of the antiquary, whose studies have assured him that the personages of the dramatist were once, though they are now no longer, portraits of existing nature.

Let us take another example of our hypothesis from Shakspeare himself, who, of all authors, drew his portraits for all ages. With the whole sum of the idolatry which affects us at his name, the mass of readers peruse, without amusement, the characters formed on the extravagances of temporary fashion ; and the Euphuist Don Armado, the pedant Holofernes, even Nym and Pistol, are read with little pleasure by the mass of the public, being portraits of which we cannot recognise the humour, because the originals no longer exist. In like manner, while the distresses of Romeo and Juliet continue to interest every bosom, Mercutio, drawn as an accurate representation of the finished fine gentleman of the period, and as such received by the unanimous approbation of contemporaries, has so little to interest the present age, that, stripped of all his puns and quirks of verbal wit, he only retains his place in the scene, in virtue of his

fine and fanciful speech upon dreaming, which belongs to no particular age, and because he is a personage whose presence is indispensable to the plot.

We have already prosecuted, perhaps too far, an argument, the tendency of which is to prove, that the introduction of an humorist, acting, like Sir Piercie Shafton, upon some forgotten and obsolete model of folly, once fashionable, is rather likely to awaken the disgust of the reader, as unnatural, than find him food for laughter. Whether owing to this theory, or whether to the more simple and probable cause of the author's failure in the delineation of the subject he had proposed to himself, the formidable objection of *incredulus odi* was applied to the Euphuist, as well as to the White Lady of Avenel; and the one was denounced as unnatural, while the other was rejected as impossible.

There was little in the story to atone for these failures in two principal points. The incidents were inartificially huddled together. There was no part of the intrigue to which deep interest was found to apply; and the conclusion was brought about, not by incidents arising out of the story itself, but in consequence of public transactions, with which the narrative has little

connexion, and which the reader had little opportunity to become acquainted with.

This, if not a positive fault, was yet a great defect in the Romance. It is true, that not only the practice of some great authors in this department, but even the general course of human life itself, may be quoted in favour of this more obvious, and less artificial practice, of arranging a narrative. It is seldom that the same circle of personages who have surrounded an individual at his first outset in life, continue to have an interest in his career till his fate comes to a crisis. On the contrary, and more especially if the events of his life be of a varied character, and worth communicating to others, or to the world, the hero's later connexions are usually totally separated from those with whom he began the voyage, but whom the individual has outsailed, or who have drifted astray, or foundered on the passage. This hackneyed comparison holds good in another point. The numerous vessels of so many different sorts, and destined for such different purposes, which are launched in the same mighty ocean, although each endeavours to pursue its own course, are in every case more influenced by the winds and tides, which are common to the element which they all navigate, than by their own separate exertions. And it is thus in the world, that,

when human prudence has done its best, some general, perhaps national event, destroys the schemes of the individual, as the casual touch of a more powerful being sweeps away the web of the spider.

Many excellent romances have been composed in this view of human life, where the hero is conducted through a variety of detached scenes, in which various agents appear and disappear, without, perhaps, having any permanent influence on the progress of the story. Such is the structure of *Gil Blas*, *Roderick Random*, and the lives and adventures of many other heroes, who are described as running through different stations of life, and encountering various adventures, which are only connected with each other by having happened to be witnessed by the same individual, whose identity unites them together, as the string of a necklace links the beads, which are otherwise detached.

But though such an unconnected course of adventures is what most frequently occurs in nature, yet the province of the romance-writer being artificial, there is more required from him than a mere compliance with the simplicity of reality,—just as we demand from the scientific gardener, that he shall arrange, in curious knots and artificial parterres, the flowers which “nature boon” distributes freely on hill and dale.

Fielding, accordingly, in most of his novels, but especially in *Tom Jones*, his *chef-d'œuvre*, has set the distinguished example of a story regularly built and consistent in all its parts, in which nothing occurs, and scarce a personage is introduced, that has not some share in tending to advance the catastrophe.

To demand equal correctness and felicity in those who may follow in the track of that illustrious novelist, would be to fetter too much the power of giving pleasure, by surrounding it with penal rules; since of this sort of light literature it may be especially said—*tout genre est permis, hors le genre ennuyeux*. Still, however, the more closely and happily the story is combined, and the more natural and felicitous the catastrophe, the nearer such a composition will approach the perfection of the novelist's art; nor can an author neglect this branch of his profession, without incurring proportional censure.

For such censure the Monastery gave but too much occasion. The intrigue of the Romance, neither very interesting in itself, nor very happily detailed, is at length finally disentangled by the breaking out of national hostilities between England and Scotland, and the as sudden renewal of the truce. Instances of this kind, it is true, cannot in reality have been uncommon;

but the resorting to such, in order to accomplish the catastrophe, as by a *tour de force*, was objected to as inartificial, and not perfectly intelligible to the general reader.

Still the Monastery, though exposed to severe and just criticism, did not fail, judging from the extent of its circulation, to have some interest for the public. And this, too, was according to the ordinary course of such matters; for it very seldom happens that literary reputation is gained by a single effort, and still more rarely is it lost by a solitary miscarriage.

The author, therefore, had his days of grace allowed him, and time if he pleased, to comfort himself with the burden of the old Scots song,

“ If it isna weel hobbie,
We’ll bob it again.”

ABBOTSFORD,
1st November, 1830.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

HISTORICAL ROMANCES. VOL. III.

THE MONASTERY.

INTRODUCTORY EPISTLE.—LANDLORD OF THE GEORGE.—P. 14, l. 16.

The George was, and is, the principal inn in the village of Kennaquhair, or Melrose. But the landlord of the period was not the same civil and quiet person by whom the inn is now kept. David Kyle, a Melrose proprietor of no little importance, a first-rate person of consequence in whatever belonged to the business of the town, was the original owner and landlord of the inn. Poor David! like many other busy men, took so much care of public affairs as in some degree to neglect his own. There are persons still alive at Kennaquhair who can recognise him and his peculiarities in the following sketch of mine Host of the George.

MY LORD'S BOATS.—P. 18, l. 9.

The nobleman whose boats are mentioned in the text, is the late kind and amiable Lord Sommerville, an intimate friend of the author. David Kyle was a constant and privileged attendant when Lord Sommerville had a party for spearing salmon. On such occasions, eighty

or a hundred fish were often killed between Gleamer and Leaderfoot.

MR DEPUTY REGISTER OF SCOTLAND.—P. 20, l. 10.

Thomas Thomson, Esq., whose well-deserved panegyric ought to be found on another page than one written by an intimate friend of thirty years' standing.

DE HAGA.—P. 21, l. 18.

The family of De Haga, modernized into Haig, of Bemerside, is of the highest antiquity, and is the subject of one of the prophecies of Thomas the Rhymer:—

Betide, betide, whate'er betide,
Haig shall be Haig of Bemerside.

ANCIENT FABLIAU.—P. 23, l. 1.

It is curious to remark at how little expense of invention successive ages are content to receive amusement. The same story which Ramsay and Dunbar have successively handled, forms also the subject of the modern farce, *No Song, No Supper*.

MICHAEL SCOTT.—P. 35, l. 8 *from bottom*.

This is one of those passages which must now read awkwardly, since every one knows that the Novelist and the author of the *Lay of the Minstrel* is the same person. But before the avowal was made, the author was forced into this and similar offences against good taste, to meet an argument, often repeated, that there was something very mysterious in the Author of *Waverley's* reserve concerning Sir Walter Scott, an author sufficiently voluminous at least. I had a great mind to remove the passages from this edition, but the more candid way is to explain how they came there.

NOTE.—MR CLEISHBOTHAM.—P. 58.

This note, and the passages in the text, were occasioned by a London bookseller having printed, as a speculation, an additional collection of *Tales of My Landlord*, which was not so fortunate as to succeed in passing on the world as genuine.

MR JOHN BALLANTYNE.—P. 60, l. 13.

In consequence of the pseudo *Tales of My Landlord* printed in London, as already mentioned, the late Mr John Ballantyne, the author's publisher, had a controversy with the interloping bibliopolist, each insisting that his Jedediah Cleishbotham was the real Simon Pure.

NOTE TO CHAP. II.—P. 82, l. 9, &c.

Stawarth Bolton took his embroidered red cross from his barret-cap, and putting it into the loop of the boy's bonnet, said, "By this token, which all my people will respect, you will be freed from any importunity on the part of our forayers."

As gallantry of all times and nations has the same mode of thinking and acting, so it often expresses itself by the same symbols. In the civil war, 1745-6, a party of Highlanders, under a Chieftain of rank, came to Rose Castle, the seat of the Bishop of Carlisle, but then occupied by the family of Squire Dacre of Cumberland. They demanded quarters, which of course were not to be refused to armed men of a strange attire and unknown language. But the domestic represented to the captain of the mountaineers, that the lady of the mansion had been just delivered of a daughter, and expressed her hope that, under these circumstances, his party would give as little trouble as possible. "God forbid," said the gallant chief, "that I or mine should be the means of adding to a lady's inconvenience at such a time. May I

request to see the infant ? ” The child was brought, and the Highlander, taking his cockade out of his bonnet, and pinning it on the child's breast, “ That will be a token,” he said, “ to any of our people who may come hither, that Donald M'Donald of Kinloch-Moidart has taken the family of Rose Castle under his protection.” The lady who received in infancy this gage of Highland protection, is now Mary, Lady Clerk of Pennycuik ; and on the 10th of June still wears the cockade which was pinned on her breast, with a white rose as a kindred decoration.

NOTE TO CHAP. III.—P. 93, l. 14.

“ It was deemed highly imprudent to speak of the fairies, when about to pass the places which they were supposed to haunt.”

This superstition continues to prevail, though one would suppose it must now be antiquated. It is only a year or two since an itinerant puppet-showman, who, disdaining to acknowledge the profession of Gines de Passamonte, called himself an artist from Vauxhall, brought a complaint of a singular nature before the author, as Sheriff of Selkirkshire. The remarkable dexterity with which the showman had exhibited the machinery of his little stage, had, upon a Selkirk fair day, excited the eager curiosity of some mechanics of Galashiels. These men, from no worse motive that could be discovered, than a thirst after knowledge beyond their sphere, committed a burglary upon the barn in which the puppets had been consigned to repose, and carried them off in the nook of their plaids, when returning from Selkirk to their own village.

“ But with the morning cool reflection came.”

The party found, however, they could not make Punch dance, and that the whole troop were equally intractable.

they had also, perhaps, some apprehensions of the Rhadamanth of the district ; and, willing to be quit of their booty, they left the puppets seated in a grove by the side of the Ettrick, where they were sure to be touched by the first beams of the rising sun. Here a shepherd, who was on foot with sunrise to pen his master's sheep on a field of turnips, to his utter astonishment, saw this train, profusely gay, sitting in the little grotto. His examination proceeded thus :—

Sheriff. You saw these gay-looking things? What did you think they were?

Shepherd. Ou, I am no that free to say what I might think they were.

Sheriff. Come, lad, I must have a direct answer—who did you think they were?

Shepherd. Ou, sir, troth I am no that free to say that I mind wha I might think they were.

Sheriff. Come, come, sir! I ask you distinctly did you think they were the fairies you saw?

Shepherd. Indeed, sir, and I winna say but I might think it was the Good Neighbours.

Thus unwillingly he was brought to allude to the irritable and captious inhabitants of fairy land.

DRAWBRIDGE AT BRIDGE-END.—P. 128, l. 14.

A bridge of the very peculiar construction described in the text, actually existed at a small hamlet about a mile and a half above Melrose, called from the circumstance Bridge-end. It is thus noticed in Gordon's *Iter Septentrionale* :—

“ In another journey through the south parts of Scotland, about a mile and a half from Melrose, in the shire of Teviotdale, I saw the remains of a curious bridge over the river Tweed, consisting of three octangular pillars, or rather towers, standing within the water, without any arches to join them. The middle one, which is the most entire, has a door towards the north, and, I suppose, an-

other opposite one towards the south, which I could not see without crossing the water. In the middle of this tower is a projection or cornice surrounding it: the whole is hollow from the door upwards, and now open at the top, near which was a small window. I was informed that not long ago a countryman and his family lived in this tower—and got his livelihood by laying out planks from pillar to pillar, and conveying passengers over the river. Whether this be ancient or modern, I know not; but as it is singular in its kind, I have thought fit to exhibit it."

The vestiges of this uncommon species of bridge still exist, and the author has often seen the foundations of the columns when drifting down the Tweed at night, for the purpose of killing salmon by torch-light. Mr John Mercer of Bridge-end recollects, that about fifty years ago the pillars were visible above water; and the late Mr David Kyle of the George Inn, Melrose, told the author that he saw a stone taken from the river bearing this inscription:—

"I, Sir John Pringle of Palmer stede,
Give an hundred markis of gowd sae reid,
To help to bigg my brigg ower Tweed."

Pringle of Galashiels, afterwards of Whytbank, was the Baron to whom the bridge belonged.

A QUARTER OF A YARD OF ROAST-BEEF.—
P. 199, l. 15.

It was one of the few reminiscences of Old Parr, or Henry Jenkins, I forget which, that, at some convent in the veteran's neighbourhood, the community, before the dissolution, used to dole out roast-beef by the measure of feet and yards.

MACFARLANE'S GESE.—P. 261, l. 14.

A brood of wild-geese, which long frequented one of

the uppermost islands in Loch-Lomond, called Inoh-Tavoe, were supposed to have some mysterious connexion with the ancient family of MacFarlane of that ilk, and it is said were never seen after the ruin and extinction of that house. The MacFarlanes had a house and garden upon that same island of Inch-Tavoe. Here James VI. was, on one occasion, regaled by the chieftain. His majesty had been previously much amused by the geese pursuing each other on the loch. But, when one which was brought to table, was found to be tough and ill fed, James observed—"that MacFarlane's geese liked their play better than their meat," a proverb which has been current ever since.

ROWLAND YORKE, AND STUKELY.—P. 328, l. 8,
(*foot.*)

"Yorke," says Camden, "was a Londoner, a man of loose and dissolute behaviour, and desperately audacious—famous in his time amongst the common bullies and swaggerers, as being the first that, to the great admiration of many at his boldness, brought into England the bold and dangerous way of fencing with the rapier in duelling. Whereas, till that time, the English used to fight with long swords and bucklers, striking with the edge, and thought it no part of man either to push or strike beneath the girdle."

Having a command in the Low Countries, Yorke revolted to the Spaniards, and died miserably, poisoned, as was supposed, by his new allies. Three years afterwards, his bones were dug up and gibbeted by the command of the States of Holland.

Thomas Stukely, another distinguished gallant of the time, was bred a merchant, being the son of a rich clothier in the west. He wedded the daughter and heiress of a wealthy alderman of London, named Curtis, after whose death he squandered the riches he thus acquired *in all manner of extravagance*. His wife, whose fortune

supplied his waste, represented to him that he ought to make more of her. Stukely replied, "I will make as much of thee, believe me, as it is possible for any to do;" and he kept his word in one sense, having stripped her even of her wearing apparel, before he finally ran away from her.

Having fled to Italy, he contrived to impose upon the Pope, with a plan of invading Ireland, for which he levied soldiers, and made some preparations; but ended by engaging himself and his troops in the service of King Sebastian of Portugal. He sailed with that Prince on his fatal voyage to Barbary, and fell with him at the battle of Alcazar.

Stukely, as one of the first gallants of the time, has had the honour to be chronicled in song, in Evans' *Old Ballads*, vol. iii. edition 1810. His fate is also introduced in a tragedy, by George Peel, as has been supposed, called the *Battle of Alcazar*, from which play Dryden is alleged to have taken the idea of *Don Sebastian*; if so, it is surprising he omitted a character so congenial to King Charles the Second's time, as the witty, brave, and profligate Thomas Stukely.

HISTORICAL ROMANCES. VOL. IV.

THE MONASTERY.

GREENSWARD PATH.—P. 78, l. 18.

This sort of path, visible when looked at from a distance, but not to be seen when you are upon it, is called on the Borders by the significant name of a Blind-road.

AVENEL CASTLE.—P. 79, l. 10.

It is in vain to search near Melrose for any such castle as is here described. The lakes at the head of the Yarrow, and those at the rise of the water of Ale, present no object of the kind. But in Yetholm Loch, (a romantic sheet of water, in the dry march, as it is called,) there are the remains of a fortress called Lochside Tower, which, like the supposed Castle of Avenel, is built upon an island, and connected with the land by a causeway. It is much smaller than the Castle of Avenel is described, consisting only of a single ruinous tower.

“HE WHO BUILT IT WAS A THIEF IN HIS HEART.”
P. 83, l. 14.

It was of Lochwood, the hereditary fortress of the Johnstones of Annandale, a strong castle situated in the centre of a quaking bog, that James VI. made this remark.

OLD MISER.—P. 96, l. 7.

Miser, used in the sense in which it often occurs in Spenser, and which is indeed its literal import,—“wretched old man.”

HANDFASTING.—P. 107, l. 6, (*foot.*)

This custom of handfasting actually prevailed in the upland days. It arose partly from the want of priests. While the convents subsisted, monks were detached on regular circuits through the wilder districts, to marry those who had lived in this species of connexion. A practice of the same kind existed in the Isle of Portland.

JULIAN AVENEL.—P. 113-14.

If it were necessary to name a prototype for this brutal, licentious, and cruel Border chief, in an age which showed but too many such, the Laird of Black Ormiston might be selected for that purpose. He was a friend and confidant of Bothwell, and an agent in Henry Darnley's murder. At his last stage, he was, like other great offenders, a seeming penitent; and, as his confession bears, divers gentlemen and servants being in the chamber, he said, “For God's sake, sit down and pray for me, for I have been a great sinner otherwise,” (that is, besides his share in Darnley's death,) “for the which God is this day punishing me; for of all men on the earth, I have been one of the proudest, and most high-minded, and most unclean of my body. But specially I have shed the innocent blood of one Michael Hunter with my own hands. Alas! therefore, because the said Michael, having me lying on my back, having a fork in his hand, might have slain me if he had pleased, and did it not, which of all things grieves me most in conscience. Also, in a rage, I hanged a poor man for a horse;—with many other wicked deeds, for whilk I ask

my God mercy. It is not marvel I have been wicked, considering the wicked company that ever I have been in, but specially within the seven years bypast, in which I never saw two good men or one good deed, but all kind of wickedness, and yet God would not suffer me to be lost."—See the whole confession in the State Trials.

Another worthy of the Borders, called Geordy Bourne, of somewhat subordinate rank, was a similar picture of profligacy. He had fallen into the hands of Sir Robert Carey, then Warden of the English East Marches, who gives the following account of his prisoner's confession:—

"When all things were quiet, and the watch set at night, after supper, about ten of the clock, I took one of my men's liveries and put it about me, and took two other of my servants with me in their liveries; and we three, as the Warden's men, came to the Provost Marshal's, where Bourne was, and were let into his chamber. We sate down by him, and told him that we were desirous to see him, because we heard he was stout and valiant, and true to his friend, and that we were sorry our master could not be moved to save his life. He voluntarily of himself said, that he had lived long enough to do so many villanies as he had done; and withal told us, that he had lain with above forty men's wives, what in England, what in Scotland; and that he had killed seven Englishmen with his own hands, cruelly murdering them; and that he had spent his whole time in whoring, drinking, stealing, and taking deep revenge for slight offences. He seemed to be very penitent, and much desired a minister for the comfort of his soul. We promised him to let our master know his desire, who, we knew, would promptly grant it. We took leave of him; and presently I took order that Mr Selby, a very honest preacher, should go to him, and not stir from him till his execution the next morning; for after I had heard his own confession, I was resolved no conditions should

save his life, and so took order, that at the gates opening the next morning, he should be carried to execution, which accordingly was performed."—*Memoirs of Sir Robert Carey, Earl of Monmouth.*

FORGERY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.—

P. 162, l. 8, &c.

Sir Piercie Shafton's extreme love of dress was an attribute of the coxcombs of this period. The display made by their forefathers was in the numbers of their retinue; but as the actual influence of the nobility began to be restrained both in France and England by the increasing power of the crown, the indulgence of vanity in personal display became more inordinate. There are many allusions to this change of custom in Shakspeare and other dramatic writers, where the reader may find mention made of

" Bonds enter'd into
For gay apparel against the triumph day."

Jonson informs us, that for the first entrance of a gallant, " 'twere good you turned four or five hundred acres of your best land into two or three trunks of apparel."—*Every Man out of his Humour.*

In the *Memorie* of the Somerville Family, a curious instance occurs of this fashionable species of extravagance. In the year 1537, when James V. brought over his shortlived bride from France, the Lord Somerville of the day was so profuse in the expense of his apparel, that the money which he borrowed on the occasion was compensated by a perpetual annuity of threescore pounds Scottish, payable out of the barony of Carnwath till doomsday, which was assigned by the creditor to Saint Magdalen's Chapel. By this deep expense the Lord Somerville had rendered himself so glorious in apparel, that the King, who saw so brave a gallant enter the gate of Holyrood followed by only two pages, called upon several of

the courtiers to ascertain who it could be who was so richly dressed and so slightly attended; and he was not recognised until he entered the presence-chamber. "You are very brave, my lord," said the King, as he received his homage; "but where are all your men and attendants?" The Lord Somerville readily answered, "If it please your Majesty, here they are," pointing to the lace that was on his own and his pages' clothes; whereat the King laughed heartily, and having surveyed the finery more nearly, bade him have away with it all, and let him have his stout band of spears again.

There is a scene in Jonson's "Every Man out of his Humour," (Act IV. Scene 6,) in which a Euphuist of the time gives an account of the effects of a duel on the clothes of himself and his opponent, and never departs a syllable from the catalogue of his wardrobe. We shall insert it, in evidence that the foppery of our ancestors was not inferior to that of our own time.

"*Fastidius*. Good faith, signior, now you speak of a quarrel, I'll acquaint you with a difference that happened between a gallant and myself, Sir Puntarvolo. You know him if I should name him—Signior Luculento.

"*Punt*. Luculento! What inauspicious chance interposed itself to your two loves?

"*Fast*. Faith, sir, the same that sundered Agamemnon and great Thetis' son; but let the cause escape, sir. He sent me a challenge, mixt with some few braves, which I restored; and, in fine, we met. Now indeed, sir, I must tell you, he did offer at first very desperately, but without judgment; for look you, sir, I cast myself into this figure; now he came violently on, and withal advancing his rapier to strike, I thought to have took his arm, for he had left his body to my election, and I was sure he could not recover his guard. Sir, I mist my purpose in his arm, rashed his doublet sleeves, ran him close by the left cheek and through his hair. He, again, light me here—I had on a gold cable hat-band, then new come up, about a murrey French hat I had; cuts my

his hand, and yet it was massy goldsmith's work, cuts my brim, which, by good fortune, being thick embroidered with gold twist and spangles, disappointed the force of the blow; nevertheless, it grazed on my shoulder, takes me away six purls of an Italian cut-work band I wore, cost me three pounds in the Exchange but three days before——

"*Punt.* This was a strange encounter.

"*Fast.* Nay, you shall hear, sir. With this, we both fell out and breathed. Now upon the second sign of his assault, I betook me to my former manner of defence; he, on the other side, abandoned his body to the same danger as before, and follows me still with blows; but I, being loth to take the deadly advantage that lay before me of his left side, made a kind of stramazoun, ran him up to the hilt through the doublet, through the shirt, and yet missed the skin. He, making a reverse blow, alis upon my embossed girdle,—I had thrown off the hangers a little before,—strikes off a shirt of a thick-laced satin doublet I had, lined with four taffetas, cuts off two paces embroidered with pearl, rends through the drawings-out of tissue, enters the linings, and skips the flesh.

"*Car.* I wonder he speaks not of his wrought shirt.

"*Fast.* Here, in the opinion of mutual damage, we paused. But, ere I proceed, I must tell you, signior, that in the last encounter, not having leisure to put off my silver spurs, one of the rowels caught hold of the ruffles of my boot, and, being Spanish leather and subject to tear, overthrows me, rends me two pair of silk stockings that I put on, being somewhat of a raw morning, a peach colour and another, and strikes me some half-inch deep into the side of the calf: He seeing the blood come, presently takes horse and away: I having bound up my wound with a piece of my wrought shirt——

"*Car.* O, comes it in there?

"*Fast.* Ride after him, and, lighting at the court-gate both together, embraced, and marched hand in

hand up into the presence. Was not this business well carried?

"*Maci*. Well! yes; and by this we can guess what apparel the gentleman wore.

"*Punt*. 'Fore valour! it was a designment begun with much resolution, maintained with as much prowess, and ended with more humanity."

THE LORD JAMES.—P. 269, l. 8, (*foot.*)

Lord James Stewart, afterwards the Regent Murray.

GOOD FAITH OF THE BORDERERS.—P. 273, l. 16.

As some atonement for their laxity of morals on most occasions, the Borderers were severe observers of the faith which they had pledged, even to an enemy. If any person broke his word so plighted, the individual to whom faith had not been observed, used to bring to the next Border-meeting a glove hung on the point of a spear, and proclaim to Scots and English the name of the defaulter. This was accounted so great a disgrace to all connected with him, that his own clansmen sometimes destroyed him, to escape the infamy he had brought on them.

Constable, a spy engaged by Sir Ralph Sadler, talks of two Border thieves, whom he used as his guides,—
"That they would not care to steal, and yet that they would not betray any man that trusts in them, for all the gold in Scotland or in France. They are my guides and outlaws. If they would betray me they might get their pardons, and cause me to be hanged; but I have tried them ere this."—*Sadler's Letters during the Northern Insurrection.*

INDULGENCES OF THE MONKS.—P. 278, l. 17.

The *biberes*, *caritas*, and boiled almonds, of which Abbot Boniface speaks, were special occasions for enjoying luxuries, afforded to the monks by grants from dif-

ferent sovereigns, or from other benefactors to the convent. There is one of these charters called *De Pitancia Centum Librarum*. By this charter, which is very curious, our Robert Bruce, on the 10th January, and in the twelfth year of his reign, assigns, out of the customs of Berwick, and failing them, out of the customs of Edinburgh or Haddington, the sum of one hundred pounds, at the half-yearly terms of Pentecost and Saint Martin's in winter, to the abbot and community of the monks of Melrose. The precise purpose of this annuity is to furnish to each of the monks of the said monastery, while placed at food in the refectory, an extra mess of rice boiled with milk, or of almonds, or peas, or other pulse of that kind which could be procured in the country. This addition to their commons is to be entitled the King's Mess. And it is declared, that although any monk should, from some honest apology, want appetite or inclination to eat of the king's mess, his share should nevertheless, be placed on the table with those of his brethren, and afterwards carried to the gate and given to the poor. Neither is it our pleasure," continues the bountiful sovereign, "that the dinner, which is or ought to be served up to the said monks according to their ancient rule, should be diminished in quantity, or rendered inferior in quality, on account of this our mess, so furnished as aforesaid." It is moreover, provided, that the abbot, with the consent of the most sage of his brethren, shall name a prudent and decent monk for receiving, directing, and expending, all matters concerning this annuity for the benefit of the community, agreeably to the royal desire and intention, rendering a faithful account thereof to the abbot and superiors of the same convent. And the same charter declares the king's farther pleasure, that the said men of religion should be bound yearly and for ever in acknowledgment of the above donation, to clothe fifteen poor men at the feast of Saint Martin in winter, and to feed them on the same day, delivering to each of them four ells of large or broad, or six ells of narrow

cloth, and to each also a new pair of shoes or sandals, according to their order; and if the said monks shall fail in their engagements, or any of them, it is the king's will that the fault shall be redeemed by a double performance of what has been omitted, to be executed at the sight of the chief forester of Ettrick for the time being, and before the return of Saint Martin's day succeeding that on which the omission has taken place.

Of this charter, respecting the pittance of £.100 assigned to furnish the monks of Melrose with a daily mess of boiled rice, almonds or other pulse, to mend their domains; the antiquarian reader will be pleased, doubtless, to see the original.

CARTA REGIS ROBERTI I. ABBATI ET CONVENTUI
DE MELROSS.

Carta de Pitancia Centum Librarum.

“Robertus Dei gracia Rex Scotorum omnibus pro-
bis hominibus tocius terre sue Salutem. Sciatis nos pro
salute anime nostre et pro salute animarum antecessorum
nostrorum Regum Scotia Dedissee Concessisse et hac
presenti Carta nostra confirmasse Deo et Beate Marie
virgini et Religiosis viris Abbati et Conventui de Mel-
ross et eorum successoribus in perpetuum Centum Li-
bras Sterlingorum Annui Redditus singulis annis per-
cipiendas de firmis nostris Burgi Berwici super Twedam
ad terminos Pentecostis et Sancti Martini in hyeme pro
equali portione vel de nova Custuma nostra Burgi predie-
tæ firme nostra predictæ ad dictam summam pecunie
sufficere non poterunt vel de nova Custuma nostra Bur-
gorum nostrorum de Edenburg et de Hadington Si firme
nostre et Custuma nostra ville Berwici aliquo casu con-
tingente ad hoc forte non sufficiant. Ita quod dicta
summa pecunie Centum Librarum eis annuatim integre
et absque contradictione aliqua plenarie persolvatur pre
cunctis aliis quibuscunque assignacionibus per nos factis
aut faciendis ad inveniendum in perpetuum singulis die-

bus cuilibet monacho monasterii predicti comedenti in Refectorio unum sufficiens ferculum risarum factarum cum lacte, amigdalorum vel pisarum sive aliorum ciborum consimilis condicionis inventorum in patria et illud ferculum Regis vocabitur in eternum. Et si aliquis monachus ex aliqua causa honesta de dicto ferculo comedere noluerit vel refici non poterit non minis attamen sibi de dicto ferculo ministretur et ad portam pro pauperibus deportetur. Nec volumus quod occasione ferculi nostri predicti prandium dicti Conventus de quo antiquitus communiter eis deserviri sive ministrari solebat in aliquo pejoretur seu diminuat. Volumus insuper et ordinamus quod Abbas ejusdem monasterii qui pro tempore fuerit de consensu saniorum de Conventu specialiter constituat unum monachum providum et discretum ad recipiendum ordinandum et expendendum totam summam pecunie memorate pro utilitate conventus secundum votam et intencionem mentis nostre superius annotatum et ad reddendum fidele compotum coram Abbate et Maioribus de Conventu singulis annis de pecunia sic recepta. Et volumus quod dicti religiosi teneantur annuatim in perpetuum pro predicta donacione nostra ad perpetuam nostri memoriam vestire quindecim pauperes ad festum Sancti Martini in hieme et eisdem cibare eodem die liberando eorum cuilibet quatuor ulnas panni grossi et lati vel sex ulnas panni stricti et eorum cuilibet unum novum par sotularium de ordine suo. Et si dicti religiosi in premissis vel aliquo premissorum aliquo anno defecerint volumus quod illud quod minus perimpletum fuerit duplicetur diebus magis necessariis per visum capitalis forstarii nostri de Selkirk qui pro tempore fuerit. Et quod dicta duplicatio fiat ante natale domini proximo sequens festum Sancti Martini predictum. In cujus rei testimonium presenti Carte nostre sigillum nostrum precipimus apponi. Testibus venerabilibus in Christo patribus Willielmo, Johanne, Willielmo et David Sancti Andree, Glasguensis, Dunkeldensis et Moraviensis ecclesiarum dei gracia episcopis Bernardo Abbate de Abix-

brothock Cancellario, Duncano, Milisie, et Hugone de Fyf de Strathin et de Ross, Comitibus Waltero Senescallo Scocie. Jacobo domini de Duglas et Alexandro Fraser Camerario nostro Socie militibus. Apud Abirbrothock, decimo die Januarij. Anno Regni nostri vicesimo."

PEDIGREE OF THE DOUGLAS FAMILY.

P. 337, l. 10.

The late excellent and laborious antiquary, Mr George Chalmers, has rebuked the vaunt of the House of Douglas, or rather of Hume of Godscroft, their historian, but with less than his wonted accuracy. In the first volume of his *Caledonia*, he quotes the passage in Godscroft for the purpose of confuting it.

The historian (of the Douglasses) cries out, "We do not know them in the fountain, but in the stream; not in the root, but in the stem; for we know not which is the mean man that did rise above the vulgar." This assumption Mr Chalmers conceives ill-timed, and alleges, that if the historian had attended more to research than to declamation, he might easily have seen the first mean man of this renowned family. This he alleges to have been one Theobaldus Flammaticus, or Theobald the Fleming, to whom Arnold, Abbot of Kelso, between the year 1147 and 1160, granted certain lands on Douglas water, by a deed which Mr Chalmers conceives to be the first link of the chain of title-deeds to Douglasdale. Hence, he says, the family must renounce their family domain, or acknowledge this obscure Fleming as their ancestor. Theobald the Fleming, it is acknowledged, did not himself assume the name of Douglas; "but," says the antiquary, "his son William, who inherited his estate, called himself, and was named by others, De Douglas;" and he refers to the deeds in which he is so designated. Mr Chalmers's full argument may be found in *the first volume of his Caledonia*, p. 579.

This proposition is one which a Scotsman will admit unwillingly, and only upon undeniable testimony; and as it is liable to strong grounds of challenge, the present author, with all the respect to Mr Chalmers which his zealous and effectual researches merit, is not unwilling to take this opportunity to state some plausible grounds for doubting that Theobaldus Flammaticus was either the father of the first William De Douglas, or in the slightest degree connected with the Douglas family.

It must first be observed, that there is no reason whatever for concluding Theobaldus Flammaticus to be the father of William de Douglas, except that they both held lands upon the small river of Douglas; and that there are two strong presumptions to the contrary. For, first, the father being named Fleming, there seems no good reason why the son should have assumed a different designation; secondly, there does not occur a single instance of the name of Theobald during the long line of the Douglas pedigree—an omission very unlikely to take place, had the original father of the race been so called. These are secondary considerations indeed; but they are important, in so far as they exclude any support of Mr Chalmers's system, except from the point which he has rather assumed than proved, namely, that the lands granted to Theobald the Fleming were the same which were granted to William de Douglas, and which constituted the original domain of which we find this powerful family lords.

Now, it happens, singularly enough, that the lands granted by the Abbot of Kelso to Theobaldus Flammaticus are not the same of which William de Douglas was in possession. Nay, it would appear, from comparing the charter granted to Theobaldus Flammaticus, that, though situated on the water of Douglas, they never made a part of the barony of that name, and therefore cannot be the same with those held by William de Douglas in the succeeding generation. But if William de Douglas did not succeed Theobaldus Flammaticus, there

is no more reason for holding these two persons to be father and son than if they had lived in different provinces ; and we are still as far from having discovered the first mean man of the Douglas family as Hume of Godscroft was in the 16th century. We leave the question to antiquaries and genealogists.

PEDIGREE OF THE STEWART FAMILY.—P. 337.

To atone to the memory of the learned and indefatigable Chalmers for having ventured to impeach his genealogical proposition concerning the descent of the Douglasses, we are bound to render him our grateful thanks for the felicitous light which he has thrown on the House of Stewart, still more important to Scottish history.

The acute pen of Lord Hailes, which, like the spear of Ithuriel, conjured so many shadows from Scottish history, had dismissed among the rest those of Banquo and Fleance, the rejection of which fables left the illustrious family of Stewart without an ancestor beyond Walter the son of Allan, who is alluded to in the text. The researches of our late learned antiquary detected in this Walter, the descendant of Allan, the son of Flaald, who obtained from William the Conqueror the Castle of Oswestry in Shropshire, and was the father of an illustrious line of English nobles, by his first son, William, and by his second son, Walter, the progenitor of the royal family of Stewart.

THE WHITE SPIRIT.—P. 361.

The contrivance of provoking the irritable vanity of Sir Piercie Shafton, by presenting him with a bodkin, indicative of his descent from a tailor, is borrowed from a German romance by the celebrated Tieck, called *Das Peter Manchen*, *i. e.* *The Dwarf Peter*. The being who gives name to the tale, is the *Burg-geist*, or castle spectre, of a German family, whom he aids with his counsel, as

he defends their castle by his supernatural power. But the Dwarf Peter is so unfortunate an adviser, that all his counsels, though producing success in the immediate results, are in the issue attended with mishap and with guilt. The youthful baron, the owner of the haunted castle, falls in love with a maiden, the daughter of a neighbouring count, a man of great pride, who refuses him the hand of the young lady, on account of his own superiority of descent. The lover, repulsed and affronted, returns to take counsel with the Dwarf Peter, how he may silence the count and obtain the victory in the argument, the next time they enter on the topic of pedigree. The dwarf gives his patron or pupil a horse-shoe, instructing him to present it to the count when he is next giving himself superior airs on the subject of his family. It has the effect accordingly; the count, understanding it as an allusion to a misalliance of one of his ancestors with the daughter of a blacksmith, is thrown into a dreadful passion with the young lover, the consequences of which are the seduction of the young lady, and the slaughter of her father.

If we suppose the dwarf to represent the corrupt part of human nature—that “law in our members which wars against the law of our minds”—the work forms an ingenious allegory.

INTRODUCTION

AND

NOTES

TO

THE ABBOT.

INTRODUCTION

TO

THE ABBOT.

FROM what is said in the Introduction to the Monastery, it must necessarily be inferred, that the Author considered that romance as something very like a failure. It is true, the book-sellers did not complain of the sale, because, unless on very felicitous occasions, or on those which are equally the reverse, literary popularity is not gained or lost by a single publication. Leisure must be allowed for the tide both to flow and ebb. But I was conscious that, in my situation, not to advance was in some degree to recede, and being naturally unwilling to think that the principle of decay lay in myself, I was at least desirous to know of a

certainty, whether the degree of discountenance which I had incurred, was now owing to an ill-managed story, or an ill-chosen subject.

I was never, I confess, one of those who are willing to suppose the brains of an author to be a kind of milk, which will not stand above a single creaming, and who are eternally harping to young authors to husband their efforts, and to be chary of their reputation, lest it grow hackneyed in the eyes of men. Perhaps I was, and have always been, the more indifferent to the degree of estimation in which I might be held as an author, because I did not put so high a value as many others upon what is termed literary reputation in the abstract, or at least upon the species of popularity which had fallen to my share; for though it were worse than affectation to deny that my vanity was satisfied at my success in the department in which chance had in some measure enlisted me, I was, nevertheless, far from thinking that the novelist or romance-writer stands high in the ranks of literature. But I spare the reader farther egotism on this subject, as I have expressed my opinion very fully in the Introductory Epistle to the *Fortunes of Nigel*, first edition; and, although it be composed in an imaginary character, it is as sincere and candid as if it had been written "without my gown and band."

In a word, when I considered myself as having been unsuccessful in the Monastery, I was tempted to try whether I could not restore, even at the risk of totally losing, my so called reputation, by a new hazard—I looked round my library, and could not but observe, that, from the time of Chaucer to that of Byron, the most popular authors had been the most prolific. Even the aristarch Johnson allowed that the quality of readiness and profusion had a merit in itself, independent of the intrinsic value of the composition. Talking of Churchill, I believe, who had little merit in his prejudiced eyes, he allowed him that of fertility, with some such qualification as this—"A crab apple can bear but crabs after all; but there is a great difference in favour of that which bears a large quantity of fruit, however indifferent, and that which produces only a few."

Looking more attentively at the patriarchs of literature, whose career was as long as it was brilliant, I thought I perceived that in the busy and prolonged course of exertion, there were no doubt occasional failures, but that still those who were favourites of their age triumphed over these miscarriages. By the new efforts which they made, their errors were obliterated, they became identified with the literature of their

country, and after having long received law from the critics, came in some degree to impose it. And when such a writer was at length called from the scene, his death first made the public sensible what a large share he had occupied in their attention. I recollected a passage in Grimm's Correspondence, that while the unexhausted Voltaire sent forth tract after tract to the very close of a long life, the first impression made by each as it appeared, was, that it was inferior to its predecessors; an opinion adopted from the general idea that the Patriarch of Ferney must at last find the point from which he was to decline. But the opinion of the public finally ranked in succession the last of Voltaire's Essays on the same footing with those which had formerly charmed the French nation. The inference from this and similar facts seemed to me to be, that new works were often judged of by the public, not so much from their own intrinsic merit, as from extrinsic ideas which readers had previously formed with regard to them, and over which a writer might hope to triumph by patience and by exertion. There is a risk in the attempt;

“ If he fall in, good-night, or sink or swim.”

But this is a chance incident to every literary

■

attempt, and by which men of a sanguine temper are little moved.

I may illustrate what I mean, by the feelings of most men in travelling. If we have found any stage particularly tedious, or in an especial degree interesting, particularly short, or much longer than we expected, our imaginations are so apt to exaggerate the original impression, that on repeating the journey, we usually find that we have considerably overrated the predominating quality, and the road appears to be duller or more pleasant, shorter or more tedious, than what we expected, and, consequently, than what is the actual cause. It requires a third or fourth journey to enable us to form an accurate judgment of its beauty, its length, or its other attributes.

In the same manner, the public, judging of a new work, which it receives perhaps with little expectation, if surprised into applause, becomes very often ecstatic, gives a great deal more approbation than is due, and elevates the child of its immediate favour to a rank which, as it affects the author, it is equally difficult to keep, and painful to lose. If, on this occasion, the author trembles at the height to which he is raised, and becomes afraid of the shadow of his own renown, he may indeed retire from the lot-

tery with the prize which he has drawn, but, in future ages, his honour will be only in proportion to his labours. If, on the contrary, he rushes again into the lists, he is sure to be judged with severity proportioned to the former favour of the public. If he be daunted by a bad reception on this second occasion, he may again become a stranger to the arena. If, on the contrary, he can keep his ground, and stand the shuttlecock's fate, of being struck up and down, he will probably, at length, hold with some certainty the level in public opinion which he may be found to deserve; and he may perhaps boast of arresting the general attention, in the same manner as the Bachelor Samson Carrasco, of fixing the weathercock La Giralda of Seville for weeks, months, or years, that is, for as long as the wind shall uniformly blow from one quarter. To this degree of popularity the author had the hardihood to aspire, while, in order to attain it, he assumed the daring resolution to keep himself in the view of the public by frequent appearances before them.

It must be added, that the author's incognito gave him the greater courage to renew his attempts to please the public, and an advantage similar to that which Jack the Giant-killer received from his coat of darkness. In sending

the Abbot forth so soon after the Monastery, he had used the well-known practice recommended by Bassanio:—

“ In my school days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot another of the self-same flight,
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth.”

And, to continue the simile, his shafts, like those of the lesser Ajax, were discharged more readily that the archer was as inaccessible to criticism, personally speaking, as the Grecian archer under his brother's sevenfold shield.

Should the reader desire to know upon what principles the Abbot was expected to amend the fortune of the Monastery, I have first to request his attention to the Introductory Epistle addressed to the imaginary Captain Clutterbuck; a mode by which, like his predecessors in this walk of fiction, the real author makes one of his *dramatis personæ* the means of communicating his own sentiments to the public, somewhat more artificially than by a direct address to the readers. A pleasing French writer of fairy tales, Monsieur Pajon, author of the History of Prince Soly, has set a diverting example of the same machinery, where he introduces the presiding Genius of the land of Romance conversing with one of the personages of the tale.

In this Introductory Epistle, the author com-

municates, in confidence, to Captain Clutterbuck, his sense that the White Lady had not met the taste of the times, and his reason for withdrawing her from the scene. The author did not deem it equally necessary to be candid respecting another alteration. The Monastery was designed, at first, to have contained some supernatural agency, arising out of the fact, that Melrose had been the place of deposit of the great Robert Bruce's heart. The writer shrunk, however, from filling up, in this particular, the sketch as it was originally traced; nor did he venture to resume, in the continuation, the subject which he had left unattempted in the original work. Thus, the incident of the discovery of the heart, which occupies the greater part of the Introduction to the Monastery, is a mystery unnecessarily introduced, and which remains at last very imperfectly explained. In this particular, I was happy to shroud myself by the example of the author of "Caleb Williams," who never condescends to inform us of the actual contents of that Iron Chest which makes such a figure in his interesting work, and gives the name to Mr Colman's drama.

The public had some claim to enquire into this matter, but it seemed indifferent policy in the author to give the explanation. For, *whatever praise* may be due to the ingenuity which

brings to a general combination all the loose threads of a narrative, like the knitter at the finishing of her stocking, I am greatly deceived if, in many cases, a superior advantage is not attained, by the air of reality which the deficiency of explanation attaches to a work written on a different system. In life itself, many things befall every mortal, of which the individual never knows the real cause or origin; and were we to point out the most marked distinction between a real and a fictitious narrative, we would say that the former, in reference to the remote causes of the events it relates, is obscure, doubtful, and mysterious; whereas, in the latter case, it is a part of the author's duty to afford satisfactory details upon the causes of the separate events he has recorded, and, in a word, to account for every thing. The reader, like Mango in the Padlock, will not be satisfied with hearing what he is not made fully to comprehend.

I omitted, therefore, in the Introduction to the Abbot, any attempt to explain the previous story, or to apologize for unintelligibility.

Neither would it have been prudent to have endeavoured to proclaim, in the Introduction to the Abbot, the real spring by which I hoped it might attract a greater degree of interest than its immediate predecessor. A taking title, or

the announcement of a popular subject, is a recipe for success much in favour with booksellers, but which authors will not always find efficacious. The cause is worth a moment's examination.

There occur in every country some peculiar historical characters, which are, like a spell or charm, sovereign to excite curiosity and attract attention, since every one in the slightest degree interested in the land which they belong to, has heard much of them, and longs to hear more. A tale turning on the fortunes of Alfred or Elizabeth in England, or of Wallace or Bruce in Scotland, is sure, by the very announcement, to excite public curiosity to a considerable degree, and ensure the publisher's being relieved of the greater part of an impression, even before the contents of the work are known. This is of the last importance to the bookseller, who is at once, to use a technical phrase, "brought home," all his outlay being repaid. But it is a different case with the author, since it cannot be denied that we are apt to feel least satisfied with the works of which we have been induced, by titles and laudatory advertisements, to entertain exaggerated expectations. The intention of the work has been anticipated, and misconceived or misrepresented; and although *the difficulty* of executing the work again re-

minds us of Hotspur's task of "o'erwalking a current roaring loud," yet the adventurer must look for more ridicule if he fails, than applause if he executes, his undertaking.

Notwithstanding a risk, which should make authors pause ere they adopt a theme which, exciting general interest and curiosity, is often the preparative for disappointment, yet it would be an injudicious regulation which should deter the poet or painter from attempting to introduce historical portraits, merely from the difficulty of executing the task in a satisfactory manner. Something must be trusted to the generous impulse, which often thrusts an artist upon feats of which he knows the difficulty, while he trusts courage and exertion may afford the means of surmounting it.

It is especially when he is sensible of losing ground with the public, that an author may be justified in using with address, such selection of subject or title as is most likely to procure a rehearing. It was with these feelings of hope and apprehension, that I ventured to awaken, in a work of fiction, the memory of Queen Mary, so interesting by her wit, her beauty, her misfortunes, and the mystery which still does, and probably always will, overhang her history. In doing so, I was aware that failure would be a conclusive disaster, so that my task was some-

thing like that of an enchanter who raises a spirit over whom he is uncertain of possessing an effectual control; and I naturally paid attention to such principles of composition, as I conceived were best suited to the historical novel.

Enough has been already said to explain the purpose of composing the Abbot. The historical references are, as usual, explained in the Notes. That which relates to Queen Mary's escape from Lochleven Castle, is a more minute account of that romantic adventure, than is to be found in the histories of the period.

ABBOTSFORD, }
1st January, 1831. }

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.



HISTORICAL ROMANCES. VOL. V.

THE ABBOT.

"PRECIOUS IN THE EYES OF BIBLIOGRAPHERS."—
P. 11, l. 14.

The tracts which appeared in the Disputation between the Scottish Reformer and Quentin Kennedy, Abbot of Crossraguel, are amongst the scarcest in Scottish Bibliography. See M'Crie's *Life of Knox*, p. 258.

NICOL-Forest.—P. 29, l. 3.

A district of Cumberland, lying close to the Scottish Border.

GLENDONWYNE OF GLENDONWYNE.—P. 52, l. 10.

This was a house of ancient descent and superior consequence, including persons who fought at Bannockburn and Otterburn, and closely connected by alliance and friendship with the great Earls of Douglas. The Knight in the story argues, as most Scotsmen would do in his situation, for all of the same clan are popularly considered as descended from the same stock, and as having right to the ancestral honour of the chief branch. This opinion, though sometimes ideal, is so strong, even at this

day of innovation, that it may be observed as a national difference between my countrymen and the English. If you ask an Englishman of good birth, whether a person of the same name be connected with him, he answers, (if *in dubio*,) "No—he is a mere namesake." Ask a similar question of a Scot, (I mean a Scotsman,) he replies—"He is one of our clan; I daresay there is a relationship, though I do not know how distant." The Englishman thinks of discountenancing a species of rivalry in society; the Scotsman's answer is grounded on the ancient idea of strengthening the clan.

A JEDDART-STAFF.—P. 70, l. 15.

A species of battle-axe, so called as being in especial use in that ancient burgh, whose armorial bearings still represent an armed horseman brandishing such a weapon.

"I WEAR A POUCH FOR MY HAWK'S MEAT."—

P. 119, l. 8.

This same bag, like every thing belonging to falconry, was esteemed an honourable distinction, and worn often by the nobility and gentry. One of the Somervilles of Camnethan was called *Sir John with the red bag*, because it was his wont to wear his hawking pouch covered with satin of that colour.

CELL OF SAINT CUTHBERT.—P. 121-7.

I may here observe, that this is entirely an ideal scene. Saint Cuthbert, a person of established sanctity, had no doubt several places of worship on the Borders, where he flourished whilst living; but Tillmouth Chapel is the only one which bears some resemblance to the hermitage described in the text. It has, indeed, a well, famous for gratifying three wishes for every worshipper who shall quaff the fountain with sufficient belief in its efficacy. *At this spot* the Saint is said to have landed in his stone

coffin, in which he sailed down the Tweed from Melrose, and here the stone coffin long lay, in evidence of the fact. The late Sir Francis Blake Delaval is said to have taken the exact measure of the coffin, and to have ascertained, by hydrostatic principles, that it might have actually swum. A profane farmer in the neighbourhood announced his intention of converting this last bed of the Saint into a trough for his swine; but the profanation was rendered impossible, either by the Saint, or by some pious votary on his behalf, for on the following morning the stone sarcophagus was found broken in two fragments.

Tillmouth Chapel, with these points of resemblance, lies, however, in exactly the opposite direction as regards Melrose, which the supposed cell of Saint Cuthbert is said to have borne towards Kennaquhair.

“THE BIRD IN THY BOSOM.”—P. 128, l. *last*.

An expression used by Sir Ralph Percy, slain in the battle of Hedgely-moor in 1464, when dying, to express his having preserved unstained his fidelity to the House of Lancaster.

Goss-HAWK.—P. 149, l. 20.

The comparison is taken from some beautiful verses in an old ballad, entitled *Fause Foodrage*, published in the “*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.” A deposed queen, to preserve her infant son from the traitors who have slain his father, exchanges him with the female offspring of a faithful friend, and goes on to direct the education of the children, and the private signals by which the parents are to hear news each of her own offspring.

“And you shall learn my gay goss-hawk
Right well to breast a steed;
And so will I your turtle dow,
As well to write and read.

And ye shall learn my gay goos-hawk
 To wield both bow and brand;
 And so will I your turtle dow,
 To lay gowd with her hand.

At kirk or market when we meet,
 We'll dare make no avow,

But ' Dame, how does my gay goos-hawk ? '

' Madame, how does my dow ? ' "

NUNNERY OF SAINT BRIDGET.—P. 185, L. 14.

This, like the Cell of Saint Cuthbert, is an imaginary scene, but I took one or two ideas of the desolation of the interior from a story told me by my father. In his youth—it may be near eighty years since, as he was born in 1729—he had occasion to visit an old lady who resided in a Border castle of considerable renown. Only one very limited portion of the extensive ruins sufficed for the accommodation of the inmates, and my father amused himself by wandering through the part that was untenanted. In a dining apartment, having a roof richly adorned with arches and drops, there was deposited a large stack of hay, to which calves were helping themselves from opposite sides. As my father was scaling a dark ruinous turnpike staircase, his greyhound ran up before him, and probably was the means of saving his life, for the animal fell through a trap-door, or aperture in the stair, thus warning the owner of the danger of the ascent. As the dog continued howling from a great depth, my father got the old butler, who alone knew most of the localities about the castle, to unlock a sort of stable, in which Kill-buck was found safe and sound, the place being filled with the same commodity which littered the stalls of Augeas, and which had rendered the dog's fall an easy one.

NUN OF KENT.—P. 193, l. 11.

A fanatic nun, called the Holy Maid of Kent, who pretended to the gift of prophecy and power of miracles. Having denounced the doom of speedy death against Henry VIII. for his marriage with Anne Boleyn, the prophetess was attainted in Parliament, and executed, with her accomplices. Her imposture was for a time so successful, that even Sir Thomas More was disposed to be a believer.

MASS ABRIDGED.—P. 208, l. 17.

In Catholic countries, in order to reconcile the pleasures of the great with the observances of religion, it was common, when a party was bent for the chase, to celebrate mass, abridged and maimed of its rites, called a hunting-mass, the brevity of which was designed to correspond with the impatience of the audience.

ABBOT OF UNREASON.—P. 211, l. 18.

We learn from no less authority than that of Napoleon Bonaparte, that there is but a single step between the sublime and ridiculous, and it is a transition from one extreme to another, so very easy, that the vulgar of every degree are peculiarly captivated with it. Thus the inclination to laugh becomes uncontrollable, when the solemnity and gravity of time, place, and circumstances, render it peculiarly improper. Some species of general license, like that which inspired the ancient Saturnalia, or the modern Carnival, has been commonly indulged to the people at all times, and in almost all countries. But it was, I think, peculiar to the Roman Catholic Church, that while they studied how to render their church rites imposing and magnificent, by all that pomp, music, architecture, and external display could add to them, they nevertheless connived, upon special occasions, at the frolics of the rude vulgar, who, in almost all Catholic

countries, enjoyed, or at least assumed, the privilege of making some Lord of the revels, who, under the name of the Abbot of Unreason, the Boy Bishop, or the President of Fools, occupied the churches, profaned the holy places by a mock imitation of the sacred rites, and sung indecent parodies on hymns of the church. The indifference of the clergy, even when their power was greatest, to the indecent exhibitions, which they always tolerated, and sometimes encouraged, forms a strong contrast to the sensitiveness with which they regarded any serious attempt, by preaching or writing, to impeach any of the doctrines of the church. It could only be compared to the singular apathy with which they endured, and often admired, the gross novels which Chaucer, Dunbar, Boccaccio, Bandello and others, composed upon the bad morals of the clergy. It seems as if the churchmen in both instances had endeavoured to compromise with the laity, and allowed them occasionally to gratify their coarse humour by indecent satire, provided they would abstain from any grave question concerning the foundation of the doctrines on which was erected such an immense fabric of ecclesiastical power.

But the sports thus licensed assumed a very different appearance, so soon as the Protestant doctrines began to prevail; and the license which their forefathers had exercised in mere gaiety of heart, and without the least intention of dishonouring religion by their frolics, were now persevered in by the common people as a mode of testifying their utter disregard for the Roman priesthood and its ceremonies.

I may observe, for example, the case of an apparitor sent to Borthwick from the Primate of St Andrews, to cite the lord of that castle, who was opposed by an Abbot of Unreason, at whose command the officer of the spiritual court was appointed to be ducked in a mill-dam, and obliged to eat up his parchment citation.

The reader may be amused with the following whimsical details of this incident, which took place in the castle

of Borthwick, in the year 1547. It appears, that in consequence of a process betwixt Master George Hay de Minzeane and the Lord Borthwick, letters of excommunication had passed against the latter, on account of the contumacy of certain witnesses. William Langlands, an apparitor or macer (*bacularius*) of the See of St Andrews, presented these letters to the curate of the church of Borthwick, requiring him to publish the same at the service of high mass. It seems that the inhabitants of the castle were at this time engaged in the favourite sport of enacting the Abbot of Unreason, a species of high-jinks, in which a mimic prelate was elected, who, like the Lord of Misrule in England, turned all sort of lawful authority, and particularly the church ritual, into ridicule. This frolicsome person with his retinue, notwithstanding of the apparitor's character, entered the church, seized upon the primate's officer without hesitation, and, dragging him to the mill-dam on the south side of the castle, compelled him to leap into the water. Not contented with this partial immersion, the Abbot of Unreason pronounced, that Mr William Langlands was not yet sufficiently bathed, and therefore caused his assistants to lay him on his back in the stream, and duck him in the most satisfactory and perfect manner. The unfortunate apparitor was then conducted back to the church, where, for his refreshment after his bath, the letters of excommunication were torn to pieces, and steeped in a bowl of wine; the mock abbot being probably of opinion that a tough parchment was but dry eating, Langlands was compelled to eat the letters, and swallow the wine, and dismissed by the Abbot of Unreason, with the comfortable assurance, that if any more such letters should arrive during the continuance of his office, "they should a' gang the same gate," *i. e.* go the same road.

A similar scene occurs betwixt a sumner of the Bishop of Rochester, and Harpool, the servant of Lord Cobham, in the old play of Sir John Oldcastle, when the

former compels the church-officer to eat his citation. The dialogue, which may be found in the note, contains most of the jests which may be supposed appropriate on such an extraordinary occasion. *

THE HOBBY-HORSE.—P. 214, l. 3.

This exhibition, the play-mare of Scotland, stood high

* *Harpool.* Marry, sir, is this process parchment ?

Sumner. Yes, marry is it.

Harpool. And this seal wax ?

Sumner. It is so.

Harpool. If this be parchment, and this be wax, eat you this parchment and wax, or I will make parchment of your skin, and beat your brains into wax. Sirrah Sumner, dispatch—devour, sirrah, devour.

Sumner. I am my Lord of Rochester's sumner ; I came to do my office, and thou shalt answer it.

Harpool. Sirrah, no raffing, but betake thyself to thy teeth. Thou shalt eat no worse than thou bringest with thee. Thou bringest it for my lord ; and wilt thou bring my lord worse than thou wilt eat thyself ?

Sumner. Sir, I brought it not my lord to eat.

Harpool. O, do you *Str* me now ? All's one for that ; I'll make you eat it for bringing it.

Sumner. I cannot eat it.

Harpool. Can you not ? 'Sblood, I'll beat you till you have a stomach !
(*Beats him.*)

Sumner. Oh, hold, hold, good Mr Servingman ; I will eat it.

Harpool. Be champing, be chewing, sir, or I will chew you, you rogue. Tough wax is the purest of the honey.

Sumner. The purest of the honey ! O Lord, sir ! oh ! oh !

Harpool. Feed, feed ; 'tis wholesome, rogue, wholesome. Cannot you, like an honest sumner, walk with the devil your brother, to fetch in your balliff's rents, but you must come to a nobleman's house with process ? If the seal were broad as the lead which covers Rochester Church, thou shouldst eat it.

Sumner. Oh, I am almost choked—I am almost choked !

Harpool. Who's within there ? will you shame my lord ? is there no beer in the house ? Butler, I say.

Enter BUTLER.

Butler. Here, here.

Harpool. Give him beer. Tough old sheep-skin's but dry meat.

First Part of Sir John Oldcastle, Act II. Scene I.

among holyday gambols. It must be carefully separated from the wooden chargers which furnish out our nurseries. It gives rise to Hamlet's ejaculation,—

But oh, but oh, the hobby-horse is forgot !

There is a very comic scene in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of "Women Pleased," where Hope-on-high Bombye, a puritan cobbler, refuses to dance with the hobby-horse. There was much difficulty and great variety in the motions which the hobby-horse was expected to exhibit.

The learned Mr Douce, who has contributed so much to the illustration of our theatrical antiquities, has given us a full account of this pageant, and the burlesque horsemanship which it practised.

"The hobby-horse," says Mr Douce, "was represented by a man equipped with as much pasteboard as was sufficient to form the head and hinder parts of a horse, the quadrupedal defects being concealed by a long mantle or footcloth that nearly touched the ground. The former, on this occasion, exerted all his skill in burlesque horsemanship. In Simpson's play of the *Law-breakers*, 1636, a miller personates the hobby-horse, and being angry that the mayor of the city is put in competition with him, exclaims, 'Let the mayor play the hobby-horse among his brethren, an he will : I hope our town-lads cannot want a hobby-horse. Have I practised my reins, my careers, my prankers, my ambles, my false trots, my smooth ambles, and Canterbury paces, and shall master mayor put me besides the hobby-horse ? Have I borrowed the forehorse bells, his plumes, his braveries : nay, had his mane new shorn and frizzled, and shall the mayor put me besides the hobby-horse ?' "—DOUCE'S *Illustrations*, vol. II. p. 468.

REPRESENTATION OF ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN.—P. 214, l. 6 (*from bottom.*)

The representation of Robin Hood was the darling

May-game both in England and Scotland, and doubtless the favourite personification was often revived, when the Abbot of Unreason, or other pretences of frolic, gave an unusual degree of license.

The Protestant clergy, who had formerly reaped advantage from the opportunities which these sports afforded them of directing their own satire and the ridicule of the lower orders against the Catholic church, began to find that, when these purposes were served, their favourite pastimes deprived them of the wish to attend divine worship, and disturbed the frame of mind in which it can be attended to advantage. The celebrated Bishop Latimer gives a very *naïve* account of the manner in which, bishop as he was, he found himself compelled to give place to Robin Hood and his followers.

“ I came once myselfe riding on a journey homeward from London, and I sent word over night into the towne that I would preach there in the morning, because it was holiday, and me thought it was a holidayes worke. The church stood in my way, and I tooke my horse and my company, and went thither, (I thought I should have found a great company in the church,) and when I came there the church doore was fast locked. I tarryed there halfe an houre and more. At last the key was found, and one of the parish comes to me, and said,—Sir, this is a busie day with us, we cannot hear you ; it is Robin Hood’s day. The parish are gone abroad to gather for Robin Hood. I pray you let them not.’ I was faine there to give place to Robin Hood. I thought my rochet should have been regarded, though I were not : but it would not serve, it was faine to give place to Robin Hood’s men. It is no laughing matter, my friends, it is weeping matter, a heavie matter, a heavie matter. Under the pretence for gathering for Robin Hood, a traytour and a thief, to put out a preacher ; to have his office lesse esteemed ; to preferre Robin Hood before the ministration of God’s word ; and all this hath come of *unpreaching prelates*. This realme hath been ill provid-

ed for, that it hath had such corrupt judgments in it, to prefer Robin Hood to God's word."—*Bishop Latimer's sixth Sermon before King Edward.*

While the English Protestants thus preferred the outlaw's pageant to the preaching of their excellent Bishop, the Scottish calvinistic clergy, with the celebrated John Knox at their head, and backed by the authority of the magistrates of Edinburgh, who had of late been chosen exclusively from this party, found it impossible to control the rage of the populace, when they attempted to deprive them of the privilege of presenting their pageant of Robin Hood.

(1561.) "Vpon the xxi day of Junij, Archibalde Dowglas of Kilspindie, Provost of Edr., David Symmer and Adame Fullartoun, baillies of the samyne, causit ane cordinare servant, callit James Gillon, takin of befoir, for playing in Edr. with Robene Hude, to wnderly the law, and put him to the knowlege of ane assyize qlk yaij haid electit of yair favoraris quha with schort deliberatioun condemnit him to be hangit for ye said cryme. And the deaconis of ye craftismen fearing vproare, maide great solistatnis at ye handis of ye said provost and baillies, and als requirit John Knox, minister, for eschewing of tumult, to superceid ye executioun of him, vnto ye tyme yai suld adverteis my Lord Duke yairof. And yan, if it wes his mynd and will yat he should be disponit vpoun, ye said deaconis and craftismen sould convey him yaire; quha answerit, yat yai culd na way stope ye executioun of justice. Quhan ye time of ye said poure mans hanging approachit, and yat ye hangman wes cum to ye jibbat with ye ledder, vpoune ye qlk ye said cordinare should have bene hangit, ane certaine and remanent craftischilder, qha wes put to ye horne with ye said Gillione, ffor ye said Robene Hude's *playes*, and vyris yair assistaris and favoraris, past to wappina, and yai brak down ye said jibbat, and yan chacit ye said provest, baillies, and Alexr. Guthrie, in ye said Alexander's writing buith, and held yame yairin; and yairefter past to ye tolbuyt, and be-

caus the samyne was steiket, and onnawayes culd get the keyes thairrof, thai brake the said tolbuith dore with foure harberis, per force, (the said provest and baillies luckand thairon,) and not onlie put thar the said Gillione to freedom and libertie, and brocht him furth of the said tolbuith, but alsua the remanent personaris being thairintill; and this done, the said craftsmen's servandis, with the said condemnit cordonar, past down to the Netherbow, to have past furth thairat; bot becaus the samyne on their coming thairto wes closet, thai past vp agane the Hie streit of the said bourghe to the Castellhill, and in this mentyne the saidis provest and baillies and thair assistaris being in the writting buith of the said Alexr. Guthrie, past and enterit in the said tolbuyt, and in the said servandes passage vp the Hie streit, then schote furth thair of at thame ane dog, and hurt ane servand of the said childer. This being done, thair wes nathing vthir but the one partie schuteand out and castand stanes furth of the said tolbuyt, and the vther partie schuteand hagbuttis in the same agane. And sua the craftsmen's servandes, aboue written, held and inclosit the said provest and baillies continewallie in the said tolbuyth, frae three houris efternone, quhill aught houris at even, and na man of the said town prensit to relieve thair said provest and baillies. And then thai send to the maisters of the Castell to caus tham if thai mycht stay the said servandis, quha maid ane maner to do the same, bot thai could not bring the same to ane finall end, ffor the said servandes wold on nowayes stay fra, quhill thai had revengit the hurting of ane of them; and thairefter the constable of the castell come down thairfra, and he with the said maisters treatet betwix the said pties in this maner:—That the said provost and baillies sall remit to the said craftischilder, all actioun, cryme, and offenses that thai had committit aganes thame in any time bygane; and band and oblast thame never to pursue them thairfor; and als commandit their maisters to *ressaue them* agane in their services, as thai did befoir.

And this being proclamit at the mercat cross, thai scalit, and the said provest and baillies come furth of the same tolbouyth," &c. &c. &c.

John Knox, who writes at large upon this tumult, informs us it was inflamed by the deacons of crafts, who, resenting the superiority assumed over them by the magistrates, would yield no assistance to put down the tumult. "They will be magistrates alone," said the recusant deacons, "e'en let them rule the populace alone;" and accordingly they passed quietly to take *their four-hours penny*, and left the magistrates to help themselves as they could. Many persons were excommunicated for this outrage, and not admitted to church ordinances till they had made satisfaction.

LINES,—*"The Paip, that Pagan full of pride,"* &c.
P. 233-4.

These rude rhymes are taken, with trifling alterations, from a ballad called Trim-go-trix. It occurs in a singular Collection, entitled, "A Compendious Book of Godly and Spiritual Songs, collected out of sundrie parts of the Scripture, with sundry of other Ballatis, changed out of Prophane Sanges, for avoiding of Sin and Harlotrie, with Augmentation of sundrie Gude and Godly Ballates. Edinburgh, printed by Andro' Hart." This curious Collection has been reprinted in Mr John Grahame Dalyell's *Scottish Poems of the 16th Century*. Edinburgh, 1801, 2 vols.

"I WOULD HAVE MADE MY FATHER'S OLD FOX FLY
ABOUT HIS EARS."—P. 238, l. 21.

Fox, an old-fashioned broadsword was often so called.

SAINT MARTIN OF BULLIONS.—P. 239, l. 14.

The Saint Swithin, or weeping Saint of Scotland.

If his festival (fourth July) prove wet, forty days of rain are expected.

INABILITY OF EVIL SPIRITS TO ENTER A HOUSE
UNINVITED.—P. 253, l. 22.

There is a popular belief respecting evil spirits, that they cannot enter an inhabited house unless invited, nay, dragged over the threshold. There is an instance of the same superstition in the *Tales of the Genii*, where an enchanter is supposed to have intruded himself into the *Divan of the Sultan*.

“ ‘ Thus,’ said the illustrious Misnar, ‘ let the enemies of Mahomet be dismayed ! but inform me, O ye sages ! under the semblance of which of your brethren did that foul enchanter gain admittance here ? ’— ‘ May the lord of my heart,’ answered Baliu, the hermit of the faithful from Queda, ‘ triumph over all his foes ! As I travelled on the mountains from Queda, and saw neither the footsteps of beasts, nor the flight of birds, behold I chanced to pass through a cavern, in whose hollow sides I found this accursed sage, to whom I unfolded the invitation of the Sultan of India, and we, joining, journeyed towards the Divan ; but ere we entered, he said unto me, ‘ Put thy hand forth, and pull me towards thee unto the Divan, calling on the name of Mahomet, for the evil spirits are on me, and vex me.’ ”

I have understood that many parts of these fine tales, and in particular that of the Sultan Misnar, were taken from genuine Oriental sources by the Editor, Mr James Ridley.

But the most picturesque use of this popular belief occurs in Coleridge’s beautiful and tantalizing fragment of *Christabel*. Has not our own imaginative poet cause to fear that future ages will desire to summon him from his place of rest, as Milton longed

“ To call him up, who left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold ? ”

The verses I refer to are when Christabel conducts into her father's castle a mysterious and malevolent being, under the guise of a distressed female stranger.

" They crossed the moat, and Christabel
Took the key that fitted well ;
' A little door she open'd straight,
All in the middle of the gate :
The gate that was iron'd within and without,
Where an army in battle array had march'd out.

" The lady sank, belike thro' pain,
And Christabel with might and main
Lifted her up, a weary wight,
Over the threshold of the gate :
Then the lady rose again,
And moved as she were not in pain.

" So free from danger, free from fear,
They cross'd the court :—right glad they were,
And Christabel devoutly cried
To the lady by her side :

' Praise we the Virgin, all divine,
Who hath rescued thee from this distress. '

' Alas, alas ! ' said Geraldine,

' I cannot speak from weariness. '

So free from danger, free from fear,
They cross'd the court :—right glad they were.

SEYTEN, OR SEXTON.—P. 293, l. 18.

George, fifth Lord Seyton, was immoveably faithful to Queen Mary during all the mutabilities of her fortune. He was grand-master of the household, in which capacity he had a picture painted of himself with his official baton, and the following motto :—

*In adversitate, patiens ;
In prosperitate, benevolus.
Hazard, yet forward.*

On various parts of his castle he inscribed, as expressing his religious and political creed, the legend,

UN DIEU, UN FOY, UN ROY, UN LOY.

He declined to be promoted to an earldom, which Queen Mary offered him at the same time when she advanced her natural brother to be Earl of Mar, and afterwards of Murray.

On his refusing this honour, Mary wrote, or caused to be written, the following lines in Latin and French :—

Sunt comites, ducesque alii ; sunt denique reges ;
Sethoni dominum sit satis esse mihi.

Il y a des comptes, des roys, des ducs : ainsi
C'est assez pour moy d'estre Seigneur de Seton.

Which may be thus rendered :

Earl, duke, or king, be thou that list to be,
Seton, thy lordship is enough for me.

This distich reminds us of the “ pride which aped humility,” in the motto of the house of Couci :

Je suis ni roy, ni prince aussi ;
Je suis le Seigneur de Coucy.

After the battle of Langside, Lord Seton was obliged to retire abroad for safety, and was an exile for two years, during which he was reduced to the necessity of driving a waggon in Flanders for his subsistence. He rose to favour in James VI.'s reign, and resuming his paternal property, had himself painted in his waggoner's dress, and in the act of driving a wain with four horses, on the north end of a stately gallery at Seton Castle. He appears to have been fond of the arts ; for there exists a beautiful family-piece of him in the centre of his family. *Mr Pinkerton*, in his *Scottish Iconographia*, published

an engraving of this curious portrait. The original is the property of Lord Somerville, nearly connected with the Seton family, and is at present at his Lordship's fishing villa of the Pavilion, near Melrose.

MAIDEN OF MORTON.—P. 305, l. 1.

A species of guillotine which the Regent Morton brought down from Halifax, certainly at a period considerably later than intimated in the tale. He was himself the first that suffered by the engine.

HISTORICAL ROMANCES. VOL. VI.

THE ABBOT.

THE RESIGNATION OF QUEEN MARY.—

P. 52, l. 4, (*from bottom.*)

The details of this remarkable event are, as given in the preceding chapter, imaginary ; but the outline of the events is historical. Sir Robert Lindesay, brother to the author of the Memoirs, was at first intrusted with the delicate commission of persuading the imprisoned Queen to resign her crown. As he flatly refused to interfere, they determined to send the Lord Lindesay, one of the rudest and most violent of their own faction, with instructions first to use fair persuasions, and if these did not succeed, to enter into harder terms. Knox associates Lord Ruthven with Lindesay in this alarming commission. He was the son of that Lord Ruthven who was prime agent in the murder of Rizzio ; and little mercy was to be expected from his conjunction with Lindesay.

The employment of such rude tools argued a resolution on the part of those who had the Queen's person in their power, to proceed to the utmost extremities, should they find Mary obstinate. To avoid this pressing danger, Sir Robert Melville was dispatched by them

to Lochleven, carrying with him, concealed in the scabbard of his sword, letters to the Queen from the Earl of Athole, Maitland of Lethington, and even from Throgmorton, the English ambassador, who was then favourable to the unfortunate Mary, conjuring her to yield to the necessity of the times, and to subscribe such deeds as Lindesay should lay before her, without being startled by their tenor; and assuring her that her doing so, in the state of captivity under which she was placed, would, neither in law, honour, or conscience, be binding upon her when she should obtain her liberty. Submitting, by the advice of one part of her subjects, to the menace of the others, and learning that Lindesay was arrived in a boasting, that is, threatening humour, the Queen, "with some reluctancy, and with tears," saith Knox, subscribed one deed resigning her crown to her infant son, and another establishing the Earl of Murray regent. It seems agreed by historians, that Lindesay behaved with great brutality on the occasion. The deeds were signed 24th July, 1567.

"THE MOST FAITHLESS SPY SINCE THE DAYS OF GANELON."—P. 92, l. 5, (*from bottom.*)

Gan, Gano, or Ganelon of Mayence, is, in the Romances on the subject of Charlemagne and his Paladins, always represented as the traitor by whom the Christian champions are betrayed.

"REPRESENTING THE LORD OF THE LAND."—
P. 116, l. 4.

At Scottish fairs, the bailie, or magistrate deputed by the lord in whose name the meeting is held, attends the fair with his guard, decides trifling disputes, and punishes on the spot any petty delinquencies. His attendants are usually armed with halberds, and, sometimes at least, escorted by music.

Thus in the "Life and Death of Habbie Simpson," we are told of that famous minstrel,—

" At fairs he play'd before the spear-men,
And gaily graithed in their gear-men ;—
Steel bonnets, jacks, and swords shone clear then,
Like ony bead ;
Now wha shall play before sic weir-men,
Since Habbie's dead ! "

MOTHER NICNEVEN.—P. 129, l. 7.

This was the name given to the grand Mother Witch, the very Hecate of Scottish popular superstition. Her name was bestowed, in one or two instances, upon sorceresses, who were held to resemble her by their superior skill in " Hell's black Grammar."

THE DARK GREY MAN.—P. 166, l. 5,
(*from bottom.*)

By an ancient, though improbable tradition, the Douglasses are said to have derived their name from a champion who had greatly distinguished himself in an action. When the king demanded by whom the battle had been won, the attendants are said to have answered, " Sholto Douglas, sir ; " which is said to mean, " Yonder dark grey man." But the name is undoubtedly territorial, and taken from Douglas river and dale.

SUPPOSED CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE LIFE OF
MARY.—P. 261-3.

A romancer, to use a Scottish phrase, wants but a hair to make a tether of. The whole detail of the steward's supposed conspiracy against the life of Mary, is grounded upon an expression in one of her letters, which affirms, that Jasper Dryfesdale, one of the Laird of Lochleven's servants, had threatened to murder William Dou-

glas, (for his share in the Queen's escape,) and averred that he would plant a dagger in Mary's own heart.—CHALMERS's *Life of Queen Mary*, vol. i. p. 278.

MUFFLED MAN.—P. 277, l. 5.

Generally a disguised man; originally one who wears the cloak or mantle muffled round the lower part of the face to conceal his countenance. I have on an ancient piece of iron the representation of a robber thus accoutred, endeavouring to make his way into a house, and opposed by a mastiff, to whom he in vain offers food. The motto is *Spernit dona fides*. It is part of a fire-grate said to have belonged to Archbishop Sharpe.

A QUARREL-PANE OF GLASS.—P. 282, l. 9.

Diamond-shaped; literally, formed like the head of a *quarrel*, or arrow for the crossbow.

HOSTILE AND BROKEN CLAN.—P. 292, l. 8.

A broken clan was one who had no chief able to find security for their good behaviour—a clan of outlaws; and the Grames of the Debateable Land were in that condition.

OLIVER SINCLAIR.—P. 295, l. 11.

A favourite, and said to be an unworthy one, of James V.

LADIES SANDILANDS AND OLIPHAUNT.—
P. 295, l. 14.

The names of these ladies, and a third frail favourite of James, are preserved in an epigram too *gaillard* for quotation.

SIR JOHN HOLLAND.—P. 305, l. 20.

Sir John Holland's poem of *The Howlet*, is known to

collectors by the beautiful edition presented to the Bannatyne Club by Mr David Laing.

DEMEANOUR OF QUEEN MARY.—P. 312, l. 1.

In the dangerous expedition to Aberdeenshire, Randolph, the English ambassador, gives Cecil the following account of Queen Mary's demeanour :—

"In all those garbules, I assure your honour, I never saw the Queen merrier, never dismayed; nor never thought I that stomache to be in her that I find. She repented nothing, but when the Lords and others, at Inverness, came in the morning from the watches, that she was not a man to know what life it was to lye all night in the fields, or to walk upon the causeway with a jack and a knapsack, a Glasgow buckler, and a broadsword."—RANDOLPH to CECIL, *September 18, 1562.*

The writer of the above letter seems to have felt the same impression which Catherine Seyton, in the text, considered as proper to the Queen's presence among her armed subjects.

"Though we neither thought nor looked for other than on that day to have fought or never—what desperate blows would not have been given, when every man should have fought in the sight of so noble a Queen, and so many fair ladies, our enemies to have taken them from us, and we to save our honours, not to be reft of them, your honour can easily judge!"—*The same to the same, September 24, 1562.*

ESCAPE OF QUEEN MARY FROM LOCHLEVEN.—
P. 317, l. 16.

It is well known that the escape of Queen Mary from Lochleven was effected by George Douglas, the youngest brother of Sir William Douglas, the lord of the castle; but the minute circumstances of the event have been a good deal confused, owing to two agents having been concerned in it who bore the same name. It has been

always supposed, that George Douglas was induced to abet Mary's escape, by the ambitious hope, that by such service he might merit her hand. But his purpose was discovered by his brother Sir William, and he was expelled from the castle. He continued, notwithstanding, to hover in the neighbourhood, and maintain a correspondence with the royal prisoner and others in the fortress.

If we believe the English ambassador Drury, the Queen was grateful to George Douglas, and even proposed a marriage with him; a scheme which could hardly be serious, since she was still the wife of Bothwell, but which, if suggested at all, might be with a purpose of gratifying the Regent Murray's ambition, and propitiating his favour; since he was, it must be remembered, the brother uterine of George Douglas, for whom such high honour was said to be designed.

The proposal, if seriously made, was treated as inadmissible, and Mary again resumed her purpose of escape. Her failure in her first attempt has some picturesque particulars, which might have been advantageously introduced in fictitious narrative. Drury sends Cecil the following account of the matter:—

“ But after, upon the 25th of the last, (April 1567,) she interprised an escape, and was the rather near effect, through her accustomed long lying in bed all the morning. The manner of it was thus: there cometh in to her the laundress early as other times before she was wanted, and the Queen, according to such a secret practice, putteth on her the hood of the laundress, and so with the fardel of clothes, and the muffler upon her face, passeth out and entreth the boat to pass the Loch; which, after some space, one of them that rowed said merrily, ‘ Let us see what manner of dame this is, and therewith offered to pull down her muffler, which to defend, she put up her hands, which they espied to be very fair and white; wherewith they entered into suspicion

whom she was, beginning to wonder at her enterprise. Whereat she was little dismayed, but charged them, upon danger of their lives, to row her over to the shore, which they nothing regarded, but eftsoons rowed her back again, promising her it should be secreted, and especially from the lord of the house, under whose guard she lyeth. It seemed she knew her refuge, and where to have found it if she had once landed ; for there did, and yet do linger, at a little village called Kinross, hard at the Loch side, the same George Douglas, one Sempil, and one Beton, the which two were sometime her trusty servants, and, as yet appeareth, they mind her no less affection."—BISHOP KEITH'S *History of the Affairs of Church and State in Scotland*, p. 490.

Notwithstanding this disappointment, little spoke of by historians, Mary renewed her attempts to escape. There was in the Castle of Lochleven a lad, named William Douglas, some relation probably of the baron, and about eighteen years old. This youth proved as accessible to Queen Mary's prayers and promises, as was the brother of his patron, George Douglas, from whom this William must be carefully kept distinct. It was young William who played the part commonly assigned to his superior, George, stealing the keys of the castle from the table on which they lay, while his lord was at supper. He let the Queen and a waiting woman out of the apartment where they were secured, and out of the door itself, embarked with them in a small skiff, and rowed them to the shore. To prevent instant pursuit, he, for precaution's sake, locked the iron grated door of the tower, and threw the keys into the lake. They found George Douglas and the Queen's servant, Beton, waiting for them, and Lord Seyton and James Hamilton of Orbieston in attendance, at the head of a party of faithful followers, with whom they fled to Niddrie Castle, and from thence to Hamilton.

In narrating this romantic story, both history and tradition confuse the two Douglasses together, and confer

on George the successful execution of the escape from the castle, the merit of which belongs, in reality, to the boy called William, or, more frequently, the Little Douglas, either from his youth or his slight stature. The reader will observe, that in the romance, the part of the Little Douglas has been assigned to Roland Græme. In another case, it would be tedious to point out in a work of amusement such minute points of historical fact; but the general interest taken in the fate of Queen Mary, renders every thing of consequence which connects itself with her misfortunes.

BATTLE OF LANGSIDE.—P. 369, l. 3.

I am informed in the most polite manner, by D. MacVean, Esq. of Glasgow, that I have been incorrect in my locality, in giving an account of the battle of Langside. Crookstone Castle, he observes, lies four miles west from the field of battle, and rather in the rear of Murray's army. The real place from which Mary saw the rout of her last army, was Cathcart Castle, which, being a mile and a half east from Langside, was situated in the rear of the Queen's own army. I was led astray in the present case, by the authority of my deceased friend, James Grahame, the excellent and amiable author of the Sabbath, in his drama on the subject of Queen Mary; and by a traditionary report of Mary having seen the battle from the Castle of Crookstone, which seemed so much to increase the interest of the scene, that I have been unwilling to make, in this particular instance, the fiction give way to the fact, which last is undoubtedly in favour of Mr MacVean's system.

It is singular how tradition, which is sometimes a sure guide to truth, is, in other cases, prone to mislead us. In the celebrated field of battle at Killiecrankie, the traveller is struck with one of those rugged pillars of rough stone, which indicate the scenes of ancient conflict. A friend of the author, well acquainted with the circum-

stances of the battle, was standing near this large stone, and looking on the scene around, when a Highland shepherd hurried down from the hill to offer his services as cicerone, and proceeded to inform him, that Dundee was slain at that stone, which was raised to his memory. "Fie, Donald," answered my friend, "how can you tell such a story to a stranger? I am sure you know well enough that Dundee was killed at a considerable distance from this place, near the house of Fascally, and that this stone was here long before the battle, in 1688."—"Oich! oich!" said Donald, no way abashed, "and your honour's in the right, and I see ye ken a' about it. And he wasna killed on the spot neither, but lived till the next morning; but a' the Saxon gentlemen like best to hear he was killed at the great stane." It is on the same principle of pleasing my readers, that I retain Crookstone Castle instead of Cathcart.

If, however, the author has taken a liberty in removing the actual field of battle somewhat to the eastward, he has been tolerably strict in adhering to the incidents of the engagement, as will appear from a comparison of events in the novel, with the following account from an old writer.

"The Regent was out on foot and all his company, except the Laird of Grange, Alexander Hume of Manderston, and some Borderers to the number of two hundred. The Laird of Grange had already viewed the ground, and with all imaginable diligence caused every horseman to take behind him a footman of the Regent's to guard behind them, and rode with speed to the head of the Langside-hill, and set down the footmen with their culverings at the head of a straight lane, where there were some cottage houses and yards of great advantage. Which soldiers with their continual shot killed divers of the vaunt guard, led by the Hamiltons, who, courageously and fiercely ascending up the hill, were already out of breath, when the Regent's vaunt guard joined with them. Where the worthy Lord Hume

fought on foot with his pike in his hand very manfully, assisted by the Laird of Cessford, his brother-in-law, who helped him up again when he was stricken to the ground by many strokes upon his face, through the throwing pistols at him after they had been discharged. He was also wounded with staves, and had many strokes of spears through his legs ; for he and Grange, at the joining, cried to let their adversaries first lay down their spears, to bear up theirs ; which spears were so thick fixed in the others' jacks, that some of the pistols and great staves that were thrown by them which were behind, might be seen lying upon the spears.

" Upon the Queen's side the Earle of Argyle commanded the battle, and the Lord of Arbroath the vaunt guard. But the Regent committed to the Laird of Grange the special care, as being an experimented captain, to oversee every danger, and to ride to every wing, to encourage and make help where greatest need was. He perceived, at the first joining, the right wing of the Regent's vaunt guard put back, and like to fly, whereof the greatest part were commons of the barony of Renfrew ; whereupon he rode to them, and told them that their enemy was already turning their backs, requesting them to stay and debate till he should bring them fresh men forth of the battle. Whither at full speed he did ride alone, and told the Regent that the enemy were shaken and flying away behind the little village, and desired a few number of fresh men to go with him. Where he found enough willing, as the Lord Lindesay, the Laird of Lochleven, Sir James Balfour, and all the Regent's servants, who followed him with diligence, and reinforced that wing which was beginning to fly ; which fresh men with their loose weapons struck the enemies in their flank and faces, which forced them incontinent to give place and turn back after long fighting and pushing others to and fro with their spears. There were not many horsemen to pursue after them, and the Regent cried to save and not to kill, and Grange was never

cruel, so that there were few slain and taken. And the only slaughter was at the first rencounter by the shot of the soldiers, which Grange had planted at the lane-head behind some dikes."

It is remarkable that, while passing through the small town of Renfrew, some partisans, adherents of the House of Lennox, attempting to arrest Queen Mary and her attendants, were obliged to make way for her, not without slaughter.

BURIAL OF THE ABBOT'S HEART IN THE AVEREL
AISLE.—P. 385, l. 17.

This was not the explanation of the incident of searching for the heart, mentioned in the introduction to the tale, which the author originally intended. It was designed to refer to the heart of Robert Bruce. It is generally known that that great monarch, being on his deathbed, bequeathed to the good Lord James of Douglas, the task of carrying his heart to the Holy Land, to fulfil in a certain degree his own desire to perform a crusade. Upon Douglas's death, fighting against the Moors in Spain, a sort of military *hors d'œuvre*, to which he could have pleaded no regular call of duty, his followers brought back the Bruce's heart, and deposited it in the Abbey church of Melrose, the Kennaquhair of the tale.

This Abbey had been always particularly favoured by the Bruce. We have already seen his extreme anxiety that each of the reverend brethren should be daily supplied with a service of boiled almonds, rice and milk, peas, or the like, to be called the King's Mess, and that without the ordinary service of their table being either disturbed in quantity or quality. But this was not the only mark of the benignity of good King Robert towards the monks of Melrose, since, by a charter of the date, 29th May 1326, he conferred on the Abbot of Melrose the sum of two thousand pounds sterling, for

rebuilding the church of St Mary's, ruined by the English; and there is little or no doubt that the principal part of the remains which now display such exquisite specimens of Gothic architecture, at its very purest period, had their origin in this magnificent donation. The money was to be paid out of crown lands, estates forfeited to the King, and other property or demesnes of the crown.

A very curious letter, written to his son about three weeks before his death, has been pointed out to me by my friend Mr Thomas Thomson, Deputy-Register for Scotland. It enlarges so much on the love of the royal writer to the community of Melrose, that it is well worthy of being inserted in a work connected in some degree with Scottish History.

LITERA DOMINI REGIS ROBERTI AD FILIUM SUUM
DAVID.

" Robertus dei gratia Rex Scottorum, David precordialissimo filio suo, ac ceteris successoribus suis; Salutem, et sic ejus precepta tenere, ut cum sua benedictione possint regnare. Fili carissime, digne censei videtur filius, qui, paternos in bonis mores imitans, piam ejus nititur easque voluntatem; nec proprie sibi sumit nomen heredis, qui salubribus predecessoris affectibus non adheret: Cupientes igitur, ut piam affectionem et sinceram dilectionem, quam erga monasterium de Melros, ubi oor nostrum ex speciali devotione disposuimus tumultuandum, et erga Religiosos ibidem Deo servientes, ipsorum vita sanctissima nos ad hoc excitante, concepimus: Tu ceterique successores mei pia sinceritate prosequamini, ut, ex vestre dilectionis affectu dictis Religiosis nostri causa post mortem nostram ostenso, ipsi pro nobis ad orandum ferventius et forcius animentur: Vobis precipimus quantum possumus, instanter supplicamus, et ex toto corde injungimus, Quatinus assignacionibus quas eisdem viris Religiosis et fabrica Ecclesie sue de novo fecimus ac eci-

1

2

INTRODUCTION.

TO

KENILWORTH.

A CERTAIN degree of success, real or supposed, in the delineation of Queen Mary, naturally induced the author to attempt something similar respecting "her sister and her foe," the celebrated Elizabeth. He will not, however, pretend to have approached the task with the same feelings; for the candid Robertson himself confesses having felt the prejudices with which a Scottishman is tempted to regard the subject; and what so liberal a historian avows, a poor romance-writer dares not disown. But he hopes the influence of a prejudice, almost as natural to him as his native air, will not be found to have greatly affected the sketch he has attempted of England's Elizabeth. I have endeavoured to describe her as at once a highminded sovereign, and a female of passionate feelings, hesitating betwixt the sense of her rank and the

duty she owed to her subjects on the one hand, and on the other her attachment to a nobleman, who, in external qualifications at least, amply merited her favour. The interest of the story is thrown upon that period when the sudden death of the first Countess of Leicester, seemed to open to the ambition of her husband the opportunity of sharing the crown of his sovereign.

It is possible that slander, which very seldom favours the memories of persons in exalted stations, may have blackened the character of Leicester with darker shades than really belonged to it. But the almost general voice of the times attached the most foul suspicions to the death of the unfortunate Countess, more especially as it took place so very opportunely for the indulgence of her lover's ambition. If we can trust Ashmole's *Antiquities of Berkshire*, there was but too much ground for the traditions which charge Leicester with the murder of his wife. In the following extract of the passage, the reader will find the authority I had for the story of the romance:—

“ At the west end of the church are the ruins of a manor, anciently belonging (as a cell, or place of removal, as some report) to the monks of Abington. At the Dissolution, the said *manor, or lordship*, was conveyed to one—

Owen, (I believe,) the possessor of Godstow then.

“ In the hall, over the chimney, I find Abington arms cut in stone, viz. a patonce between four martlets; and also another escutcheon, viz. a lion rampant, and several mitres cut in stone about the house. There is also in the said house, a chamber called Dudley’s chamber, where the Earl of Leicester’s wife was murdered; of which this is the story following:

“ Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, a very goodly personage, and singularly well featured, being a great favourite to Queen Elizabeth, it was thought, and commonly reported, that had he been a batchelor or widower, the Queen would have made him her husband; to this end, to free himself of all obstacles, he commands, or perhaps, with fair flattering entreaties, desires his wife to repose herself here at his servant Anthony Forster’s house, who then lived in the aforesaid manor-house; and also prescribed to Sir Richard Varney, (a prompter to this design,) at his coming hither, that he should first attempt to poison her, and if that did not take effect, then by any other way whatsoever to dispatch her. This, it seems, was proved by the report of Dr Walter Bayly, sometime fellow of New College, then living in Oxford, and professor of physic in that university;

whom, because he would not consent to take away her life by poison, the Earl endeavoured to displace him the court. This man, it seems, reported for most certain, that there was a practice in Cumnor among the conspirators, to have poisoned this poor innocent lady, a little before she was killed, which was attempted after this manner:—They seeing the good lady sad and heavy, (as one that well knew by her other handling that her death was not far off,) began to persuade her that her present disease was abundance of melancholy and other humours, &c. and therefore would needs counsel her to take some potion, which she absolutely refusing to do, as still suspecting the worst; whereupon they sent a messenger on a day (unawares to her) for Dr Bayly, and entreated him to persuade her to take some little potion by his direction, and they would fetch the same at Oxford; meaning to have added something of their own for her comfort, as the doctor upon just cause and consideration did suspect, seeing their great importunity, and the small need the lady had of physic, and therefore he peremptorily denied their request; misdoubting, (as he afterwards reported,) lest, if they had poisoned her under the name of his potion, he might after have been hanged for a colour of their sin, and the doctor remained still well

assured, that this way taking no effect, she would not long escape their violence, which afterwards happened thus. For Sir Richard Varney abovesaid, (the chief projector in this design,) who, by the Earl's order, remained that day of her death alone with her, with one man only and Forster, who had that day forcibly sent away all her servants from her to Abington market, about three miles distant from this place; they (I say, whether first stifling her, or else strangling her) afterwards flung her down a pair of stairs and broke her neck, using much violence upon her; but, however, though it was vulgarly reported that she by chance fell down stairs, (but still without hurting her hood that was upon her head,) yet the inhabitants will tell you there, that she was conveyed from her usual chamber where she lay, to another where the bed's head of the chamber stood close to a privy postern door, where they in the night came and stifled her in her bed, bruised her head very much, broke her neck, and at length flung her down stairs, thereby believing the world would have thought it a mischance, and so have blinded their villainy. But behold the mercy and justice of God in revenging and discovering this lady's murder; for one of the persons that was a coadjutor in this murder, was afterwards taken

for a felony in the marches of Wales, and offering to publish the manner of the aforesaid murder, was privately made away in the prison by the Earl's appointment; and Sir Richard Varney the other, dying about the same time in London, cried miserably, and blasphemed God, and said to a person of note, (who hath related the same to others since,) not long before his death, that all the devils in hell did tear him in pieces. Forster, likewise, after this fact, being a man formerly addicted to hospitality, company, mirth, and music, was afterwards observed to forsake all this, and with much melancholy and pensiveness, (some say with madness,) pined and drooped away. The wife also of Bald Butter, kinsman to the Earl, gave out the whole fact a little before her death. Neither are these following passages to be forgotten; that as soon as ever she was murdered, they made great haste to bury her before the coroner had given in his inquest, (which the Earl himself condemned as not done advisedly,) which her father, or Sir John Robertsett, (as I suppose,) hearing of, came with all speed hither, caused her corpse to be taken up, the coroner to sit upon her, and further enquiry to be made concerning this business to the full; but it was generally thought that the Earl stopped his mouth, and made up the business be-

twixt them; and the good Earl, to make plain to the world the great love he bare to her while alive, and what a grief the loss of so virtuous a lady was to his tender heart, caused (though the thing, by these and other means, was beaten into the heads of the principal men of the University of Oxford) her body to be re-buried in St Mary's church in Oxford, with great pomp and solemnity. It is remarkable, when Dr Babington, the Earl's chaplain, did preach the funeral sermon, he tript once or twice in his speech, by recommending to their memories that virtuous lady so pitifully *murdered*, instead of saying pitifully slain. This Earl, after all his murders and poisonings, was himself poisoned by that which was prepared for others, (some say by his wife at Cornbury Lodge before mentioned,) though Baker in his Chronicle would have it at Killingworth, anno 1588." *

The same accusation has been adopted and circulated by the author of Leicester's Com-

* Ashmole's Antiquities of Berkshire, vol. i. p. 149. The tradition as to Leicester's death was thus communicated by Ben Jonson to Drummond of Hawthornden:—"The Earl of Leicester gave a bottle of liquor to his Lady, which he willed her to use in any faintness, which she, after his returne from court, not knowing it was poison, gave him, and so he died."—BEN JONSON'S *Information to DRUMMOND of Hawthornden*, MS.—SIR ROBERT SERRAID'S *Copy*.

monwealth, a satire written directly against the Earl of Leicester, which loaded him with the most horrid crimes, and, among the rest, with the murder of his first wife. It was alluded to in the Yorkshire Tragedy, a play erroneously ascribed to Shakspeare, where a baker, who determines to destroy all his family, throws his wife down stairs, with this allusion to the supposed murder of Leicester's lady,—

The only way to charm a woman's tongue
Is, break her neck—a politician did it.

The reader will find I have borrowed several incidents as well as names from Ashmole, and the more early authorities; but my first acquaintance with the history was through the more pleasing medium of verse. There is a period in youth when the mere power of numbers has a more strong effect on ear and imagination, than in more advanced life. At this season of immature taste the author was greatly delighted with the poems of Mickle and Langhorn, poets who, though by no means deficient in the higher branches of their art, were eminent for their powers of verbal melody above most who have practised this department of poetry. One of those pieces of Mickle, which the author was particularly pleased with, is a ballad, or rather a species of elegy, on the subject of Cumnor Hall, which, with others by the

same author, were to be found in Evans's Ancient Ballads, (volume iv. page 130,) to which work Mickle made liberal contributions. The first stanza especially had a peculiar species of enchantment for the youthful ear of the author, the force of which is not even now entirely spent ; some others are sufficiently prosaic.

CUMNOR HALL.

The dews of summer night did fall ;
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silver'd the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now nought was heard beneath the skies,
The sounds of busy life were still,
Save an unhappy lady's sighs,
That issued from that lonely pile.

" Leicester," she cried, " is this thy love
That thou so oft has sworn to me,
To leave me in this lonely grove,
Immured in shameful privy ?

" No more thou com'st with lover's speed,
Thy once beloved bride to see ;
But be she alive, or be she dead,
I fear, stern Earl, 's the same to thee.

" Not so the usage I received
When happy in my father's hall ;
No faithless husband then me grieved,
No chilling fears did me appal.

" I rose up with the cheerful morn,
No lark more blithe, no flower more gay ;
And like the bird that haunts the thorn,
So merrily sung the livelong day.

" If that my beauty is but small,
Among court ladies all despised,
Why didst thou rend it from that hall,
Where, scornful Earl, it well was prized ?

" And when you first to me made suit,
How fair I was you oft would say !
And proud of conquest, pluck'd the fruit,
Then left the blossom to decay.

" Yes ! now neglected and despised,
The rose is pale, the lily's dead ;
But he that once their charms so prized,
Is sure the cause those charms are fled.

" For know, when sick'ning grief doth prey,
And tender love's repaid with scorn,
The sweetest beauty will decay,—
What floweret can endure the storm ?

" At court, I'm told, is beauty's throne,
Where every lady's passing rare,
That Eastern flowers, that shame the sun,
Are not so glowing, not so fair.

" Then, Earl, why didst thou leave the beds
Where roses and where lilies vie,
To seek a primrose whose pale shades
Must sicken when those gauds are by ?

" 'Mong rural beauties I was one,
Among the fields wild flowers are fair ;
Some country swain might me have won,
And thought my beauty passing rare.

" But, Leicester, (or I much am wrong,)
Or 'tis not beauty lures thy vows ;
Rather ambition's gilded crown
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

" Then, Leicester, why, again I plead,
(The injured surely may repine,)—
Why didst thou wed a country maid,
When some fair princess might be thine ?

" Why didst thou praise my humble charms,
And, oh ! then leave them to decay ?
Why didst thou win me to thy arms,
Then leave to mourn the livelong day ?

" The village maidens of the plain
Salute me lowly as they go ;
Envious they mark my silken train,
Nor think a Countess can have woe.

" The simple nymphs ! they little know
How far more happy's their estate ;
To smile for joy—than sigh for woe—
To be content—than to be great.

" How far less blest am I than them ?
Daily to pine and waste with care !
Like the poor plant that, from its stem
Divided, feels the chilling air.

" Nor, cruel Earl ! can I enjoy
The humble charms of solitude ;
Your minions proud my peace destroy,
By sullen frowns or pratings rude.

" Last night, as sad I chanced to stray,
The village death-hell smote my ear ;
They wink'd aside and seemed to say,
' Countess, prepare, thy end is near !'

" And now, while happy peasants sleep,
Here I sit lonely and forlorn ;
No one to soothe me as I weep,
Save Philomel on yonder thorn.

" My spirits flag—my hopes decay—
Still that dread death-bell smites my ear ;
And many a boding seems to say,
‘ Countess, prepare, thy end is near ! ”

Thus sore and sad that lady grieved,
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear ;
And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,
And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appear'd,
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,
Full many a piercing scream was heard,
And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,
An aerial voice was heard to call,
And thrice the raven flapped its wing
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howl'd at village door,
The oaks were shatter'd on the green ;
Woe was the hour—for never more
That hapless Countess e'er was seen !

And in that Manor now no more
Is cheerful feast and sprightly ball ;
For ever since that dreary hour
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids, with fearful glance,
Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall ;
Nor ever lead the merry dance,
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Full many a traveller oft hath sigh'd,
And pensive wept the Countess' fall,
As wand'ring onwards they've espied
The haunted towers of Cannor Hall.

ABBOTSFORD,
1st March 1831.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.



HISTORICAL ROMANCES. VOL. VII.

KENILWORTH.

FOSTER LAMBOURNE, AND THE BLACK BEAR.
—CHAP. III.—P. 56.

If faith is to be put in epitaphs, Anthony Foster was something the very reverse of the character represented in the novel. Ashmole gives this description of his tomb. I copy from the *Antiquities of Berkshire*, vol. i. p. 143.

“In the north wall of the chancel at Cumnor Church, is a monument of grey marble, whereon, in brass plates, are engraved a man in armour, and his wife in the habit of her times, both kneeling before a fald-stoole, together with the figures of three sons kneeling behind their mother. Under the figure of the man is this inscription :

ANTONIUS FORSTER, generis generosa propago,
Cumneræ Dominus, Bercheriensis erat.
Armiger, Armigero prognatus patre Ricardo,
Qui quondam Iphlethæ Salopiensis erat.
Quatuor ex isto fluxerunt stemmate nati,
Ex isto Antonius stemmate quartus erat.

Mente sagax, animo precellens, corpore promptus ;
 Eloqui dulcis, ore disertus erat.
 In factis probitas ; fuit in sermone venustas,
 In vultu gravitas, religione fides,
 In patriam pietas, in egenos grata voluntas,
 Accedunt reliquis annumeranda bonis.
 Si quod cuncta rapit, rapuit non omnia Lethum,
 Si quod Mare rapuit, vivida fama dedit.

.

“ These verses following are writ at length two by two,
 in praise of him :

Argute resonas Cithare pretendere chordas
 Novit, et Aonia concrepuisse Lyra.
 Gaudebat terre teneras desigere plantas ;
 Et mira pulchras construere arte domos,
 Composita varias lingua formare loquelas
 Doctus, et edocta scribere multa manu.

“ The arms over it thus :

Quart. { I. 3 *Hunter's Horns* stringed.
 { II. 3 *Pinions* with their points upwards.

“ The crest is a *Stag Couchant*, vulnerated through
 the neck by a broad arrow ; on his side is a *Martlett* for
 a difference. ”

From this monumental inscription it appears, that
 Anthony Forster, instead of being a vulgar, low-bred,
 puritanical churl, was in fact a gentleman of birth and
 consideration, distinguished for his skill in the arts of
 music and horticulture, as also in languages. In so far,
 therefore, the Anthony Forster of the romance has no-
 thing but the name in common with the real individual.
 But notwithstanding the charity, benevolence, and reli-
 gious faith imputed by the monument of gray marble to
 its tenant, tradition, as well as secret history, name him
 as the active agent in the death of the Countess ; and it

is added, that from being a jovial and convivial gallant, as we may infer from some expressions in the epitaph, he sunk, after the fatal deed, into a man of gloomy and retired habits, whose looks and manners indicated that he suffered under the pressure of some atrocious secret.

The name of Lambourne is still known in the vicinity, and it is said some of the clan partake the habits, as well as name, of the Michael Lambourne of the romance. A man of this name lately murdered his wife, outdoing Michael in this respect, who only was concerned in the murder of the wife of another man.

I have only to add, that the jolly Black Bear has been restored to his predominance over bowl and bottle, in the village of Cumnor.

“BEFORE DUDMAN AND RAMHEAD MEET.”—
P. 70, l. 14.

Two headlands on the Cornish coast. The expressions are proverbial.

“THE BEAR BROOKS NO ONE TO CROSS HIS AWFUL
PATH.”—P. 139, l. 12.

The Liecester cognizance was the ancient device adopted by his father, when Earl of Warwick, the bear and ragged staff.

“NO PEACE BEYOND THE LINE.”—P. 148, l. 1.

Sir Francis Drake, Morgan, and many a bold Bucanier in those days, were, in fact, little better than pirates.

LINES,—“*He was the flower of Stoke’s red field,*”
&c.—P. 165.

This verse, or something similar, occurs in a long ballad, or poem, on Flodden-field, reprinted by the late Henry Weber.

LINES,—“ *Martin Swart and his men*,” &c.—
P. 166.

This verse of an old song *actually* occurs in an old play, where the singer boasts,—

“ Courteously I can both counter and knock
Of Martin Swart and all his merry-men.”

LEGEND OF WAYLAND SMITH.—P. 259, l. 2,
(*from bottom.*)

The great defeat, given by Alfred to the Danish invaders, is said, by Mr Gough, to have taken place near Ashdown in Berkshire. “ The burial place of Baereg, the Danish chief, who was slain in this fight, is distinguished by a parcel of stones, less than a mile from the hill, set on edge, enclosing a piece of ground somewhat raised. On the east side of the southern extremity, stand three squarish flat stones, of about four or five feet over either way, supporting a fourth, and now called by the vulgar WAYLAND SMITH, from an idle tradition about an invisible smith replacing lost horse-shoes there.” —GOUGH’s *edition of CAMDEN’s Britannia*, vol. i. p. 221.

The popular belief still retains memory of this wild legend, which, connected as it is with the site of a Danish sepulchre, may have arisen from some legend concerning the northern Duergar, who resided in the rocks, and were cunning workers in steel and iron. It was believed that Wayland Smith’s fee was sixpence, and that, unlike other workmen, he was offended if more was offered. Of late his offices have again been called to memory; but fiction has in this, as in other cases, taken the liberty to pillage the stores of oral tradition. This monument must be very ancient, for it has been kindly pointed out to me that it is referred to in an ancient Saxon charter, as a landmark. The monument has been

of late cleared out, and made considerably more conspicuous.

"THE TRUE ORVIETAN,"—P. 268, l. 21.

Orvietan, or Venice treacle, as it was sometimes called, was understood to be a sovereign remedy against poison; and the reader must be contented, for the time he peruses these pages, to hold the same opinion, which was once universally received by the learned as well as the vulgar.

"LEICESTER AND SUSSEX."—P. 272, l. 6, (*from bottom.*)

Naunton gives us numerous and curious particulars of the jealous struggle which took place between Ratcliffe, Earl of Sussex, and the rising favourite Leicester. The former, when on his deathbed, predicted to his followers, that, after his death, the gipsy (so he called Leicester, from his dark complexion) would prove too many for them.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.—P. 277, l. 8.

Among the attendants and adherents of Sussex, we have ventured to introduce the celebrated Raleigh, in the dawn of his court favour.

In Aubrey's Correspondence there are some curious particulars of Sir Walter Raleigh. "He was a tall, handsome, beld man; but his næve was that he was damnably proud. Old Sir Robert Harley of Brampton Bryan Castle, who knew him, would say, it was a great question who was the proudest, Sir Walter, or Sir Thomas Overbury; but the difference that was, was judged in Sir Thomas's side. In the great parlour at Downton, at Mr Raleigh's, is a good piece, an original of Sir Walter, in a white satin doublet, all embroidered with rich pearls, and a mighty rich chain of great pearls about

his neck. The old servants have told me that the real pants were near as big as the painted ones. He had a most remarkable aspect, an exceeding high forehead, long-faced, and sour-eyelided." A rebus is added, to this purpose :

The enemy to the stomach, and the word of disgrace,
Is the name of the gentleman with the bold face.

Sir Walter Raleigh's beard turned up naturally, which gave him an advantage over the gallants of the time, whose mustaches received a touch of the barber's art to give them the air then most admired.—See AUBREY'S *Correspondence*, vol. ii. part ii. p. 500.

COURT FAVOUR OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.—
P. 302, l. 14.

The gallant incident of the cloak is the traditional account of this celebrated statesman's rise at court. None of Elizabeth's courtiers knew better than he how to make his court to her personal vanity, or could more justly estimate the quantity of flattery which she could condescend to swallow. Being confined in the Tower for some offence, and understanding the Queen was about to pass to Greenwich in her barge, he insisted on approaching the window, that he might see, at whatever distance, the Queen of his Affections, the most beautiful object which the earth bore on its surface. The Lieutenant of the Tower (his own particular friend) threw himself between his prisoner and the window ; while Sir Walter, apparently influenced by a fit of unrestrainable passion, swore he would not be debarred from seeing his light, his life, his goddess ! A scuffle ensued, *got up* for effect's sake, in which the Lieutenant and his captive grappled and struggled with fury—tore each other's hair,—and at length drew daggers, and were only separated by force. The Queen being informed of this scene exhibited by her frantic adorer, it wrought as

was to be expected, much in favour of the captive Paladin. There is little doubt that this quarrel with the Lieutenant was entirely contrived for the purpose which it produced.

ROBERT LANEHAM.—P. 350, l. 8.

Little is known of Robert Laneham, save in his curious letter to a friend in London, giving an account of Queen Elizabeth's entertainments at Kenilworth, written in a style of the most intolerable affectation, both in point of composition and orthography. He describes himself as a *bon vivant*, who was wont to be jolly and dry in the morning, and by his good-will would be chiefly in the company of the ladies. He was, by the interest of Lord Leicester, Clerk of the Council Chamber door, and also keeper of the same. "When council sits," says he, "I am at hand. If any makes a babbling, *Peace*, says I. If I see a listener or a pryer in at the chinks or lockhole, I am presently on the bones of him. If a friend comes, I make him sit down by me on a form or chest. The rest may walk, a God's name!" There has been seldom a better portrait of the pragmatic conceit and self-importance of a small man in office.

SCOTTISH WILD CATTLE.—P. 374, l. 6,
(*from bottom.*)

A remnant of the wild cattle of Scotland are preserved at Chillingham Castle, near Wooler, in Northumberland, the seat of Lord Tankerville. They fly before strangers; but if disturbed and followed, they turn with fury on those who persist in annoying them.

DR JULIO.—P. 396.

The Earl of Leicester's Italian physician, Julio, was affirmed by his contemporaries to be a skilful com-

pounder of poisons, which he applied with such frequency, that the Jesuit Parsons extols ironically the marvellous good luck of this great favourite in the opportune deaths of those who stood in the way of his wishes. There is a curious passage on the subject :

“ Long after this, he fell in love with the Lady Sheffield, whom I signified before, and then also had he the same fortune to have her husband dye quickly, with an extreme rheume in his head, (as it was given out,) but as others say, of an artificiall catarre, that stopped his breath.

“ The like good chance had he in the death of my Lord of Essex, (as I have said before,) and that at a time most fortunate for his purpose ; for when he was coming home from Ireland, with intent to revenge himself upon my Lord of Leicester for begetting his wife with childe in his absence, (the childe was a daughter, and brought up by the Lady Shandoes, W. Knooles his wife,) my Lord of Leicester hearing thereof, wanted not a friend or two to accompany the deputy, as among other a couple of the Earles own servants, Crompton, (if I misse not his name,) yeoman of his bottles, and Lloid his secretary, entertained afterward by my Lord of Leicester, and so he dyed in the way, of an extreme fluxe, caused by an Italian recipe, as all his friends are well assured, the maker whereof was a chyrurgeon (as it is beleaved) that then was newly come to my Lord from Italy,—a cunning man and sure in operation, with whom, if the good lady had been sooner acquainted, and used his help, she should not have needed to sitten so pensive at home, and fearfull of her husband's former returne out of the same country.----- Neither must you marvell though all these died in divers manners of outward diseases, for this is the excellency of the Italian art, for which this chyrurgian and Dr Julio were entertained so carefully, who can make a man dye in what manner or show of sickness you will—by whose instructions, no doubt ; but his lordship is now cunning, espe-

cially adding also to these the counsell of his Doctor Bayly, a man also not a little studied (as he seemeth) in his art; for I heard him once my selfe, in a publique act in Oxford, and that in presence of my Lord of Leicester, (if I be not deceived,) maintain, that poyson might be so tempered and given as it should not appear presently, and yet should kill the party afterward, at what time should be appointed; which argument belike pleased well his lordship, and therefore was chosen to be discussed in his audience, if I be not deceived of his being that day present. So, though one dye of a flux, and another of a catarrh, yet this importeth little to the matter, but sheweth rather the great cunning and skill of the artificer."—*PORSON'S Leicester's Commonwealth*, p. 23.

It is unnecessary to state the numerous reasons why the Earl is represented in the tale as being rather the dupe of villains, than the unprincipled author of their atrocities. In the latter capacity, which a part at least of his contemporaries imputed to him, he would have made a character too disgustingly wicked to be useful for the purposes of fiction.

I have only to add, that the union of the poisoner, the quacksalver, the alchymist, and the astrologer, in the same person, was familiar to the pretenders to the mystic sciences.

HISTORICAL ROMANCES. VOL. VIII.

KENILWORTH.



LINES,—“ *What stir, what turmoil have we for the nones,*” &c.—P. 192.

This is an imitation of Gascoigne's verses spoken by the Herculean porter, as mentioned in the text. The original may be found in the republication of the *Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth*, by the same author, in the *History of Kenilworth*, already quoted. Chiswick, 1821.

ELIZABETH AND LEICESTER.—P. 199, l. 11.

To justify what may be considered as a high-coloured picture, the author quotes the original of the courtly and shrewd Sir James Melville, being then Queen Mary's envoy at the Court of London.

“I was required,” says Sir James, “to stay till I had seen him made Earl of Leicester, and Baron of Denbigh, with great solemnity; herself (Elizabeth) helping to put on his ceremonial, he sitting on his knees before her, keeping a great gravity and a discreet behaviour; but she could not refrain from putting her hand to his neck to kittle (*i. e.* tickle) him, smilingly, the French Ambassador and I standing beside her.”—MELVILLE'S *Memoirs*, Bannatyne Edition, p. 120.

ELIZABETH.—“ *I have read in some Italian rhymes.*”—P. 215, l. 13.

The incident alluded to occurs in the poem of Orlando Innamorato of Boiardo, libro ii. canto 4, stanza 25.

“ Non era per ventura,” &c.

It may be rendered thus :—

As then, perchance, unguarded was the tower,
So enter'd free Anglanté's dauntless knight,
No monster and no giant guard the bower
In whose recess reclined the fairy light,
Robed in a loose cymar of lily white,
And on her lap a sword of breadth and might,
In whose broad blade, as in a mirror bright,
Like maid that trims her for a festal night,
The fairy deck'd her hair, and placed her coronet aright.

Elizabeth's attachment to the Italian school of poetry was singularly manifested on a well-known occasion. Her godson, Sir John Harrington, having offended her delicacy by translating some of the licentious passages of the Orlando Furioso, she imposed on him, as a penance, the task of rendering the *whole* poem into English.

FURNITURE OF KENILWORTH.—(END OF CHAP. XIV.)—P. 232.

In revising this work for the present edition, I have had the means of making some accurate additions to my attempt to describe the princely pleasures of Kenilworth, by the kindness of my friend William Hamper, Esq., who had the goodness to communicate to me an inventory of the furniture of Kenilworth in the days of the magnificent Earl of Leicester. I have adorned the text with some of the splendid articles mentioned in the in-

ventory, but antiquaries, especially, will be desirous to see a more full specimen than the story leaves room for.

EXTRACTS FROM KENILWORTH INVENTORY,
A. D. 1584.

A Salte, ship-fashion, of the mother of perle, garnished with silver and divers workes, warlike-ensignes, and ornaments, with xvj peeces of ordinance, whereof ij on wheles, two anckers on the foreparte, and on the stearne the image of Dame Fortune standing on a globe with a flag in her hand. Pois xxxij oz.

A gilt salte like a swann, mother of perle. Pois xxx oz. iij quarters.

A George on horseback, of wood, painted and gilt, with a case for knives in the tayle of the horse, and a case for oyster knives in the brest of the Dragon.

A green barge-cloth, embrother'd with white lions and beares.

A perfuming pann, of silver. Pois xix oz.

In the halle. Tabells long and short, vj. Forms, long and short, xiiij.

HANGINGS.

(These are minutely specified, and consisted of the following subjects, in tapestry, and gilt and red leather.)

Flowers, beasts, and pillars arched. Forest worke. Historie. Storie of Susanna, the Prodigal Childe, Saule, Tobie, Hercules, Lady Fame, Hawking and Hunting, Jezabell, Judith and Holofernes, David, Abraham, Sampson, Hippolitus, Alexander the Great, Naaman the Assyrian, Jacob, &c.

BEDSTEADS WITH THEIR FURNITURE.

(These are magnificent and numerous. I shall copy, *verbatim*, the description of what appears to have been one of the best.)

A bedstead of wallnut-tree, toppe fashion, the pillars

redd and varnished, the ceelor, tester, and single vallance of crimson satin, paned with a broad border of bone lace of golde and silver. The tester richlie embrothered with my Lo. armes in a garland of hoppes, roses, and pomegranetts, and lyned with buckerom. Fyve curteins of crimson sattin to the same bedsted, striped downe with a bone lace of gold and silver, garnished with buttons and loops of crimson silk and golde, containing xiiij bredths of sattin, and one yarde iij quarters deepe. The ceelor, vallance, and curteins lyned with crymson taffata sarsenet.

A crymson sattin counterpointe, quilted and embr. with a golde twiste, and lyned with redd sarsanet, being in length iij yards good, and in breadth iij scant.

A chaise of crymson sattin, suteable.

A fayre quilte of crymson sattin, vj breadths, iij yardes 3 quarters naile deepe, all lozenged over with silver twiste, in the midst a cinquefoile within a garland of ragged staves, fringed round aboute with a small fringe of crymson silke, lyned throughe with white fustain.

Fyve plumes of coolered feathers, garnished with bone lace and spangells of goulde and silver, standing in cups* knitt all over with goulde, silver, and crymson silk.

A carpett for a cupboarde of crymson sattin, embrothered with a border of goulde twiste, about iij parts of it fringed with silk and goulde, lyned with bridges† sattin, in length ij yards, and ij bredths of sattin.

(There were eleven down beds and ninety feather beds, besides thirty-seven mattresses.)

* Probably on the centre and four corners of the bedstead. Four bears and ragged staves occupied a similar position on another of these sumptuous pieces of furniture.

† i. e. Bruges.

CHAYRES, STOOLES, AND CUSHENS.

(These were equally splendid with the beds, &c. I shall here copy that which stands at the head of the list.)

A chaier of crimson velvet, the seate and backe part-lie embrothered, with R. L. in cloth of goulde, the beare and ragged staffe in clothe of silver, garnished with lace and fringe of goulde, silver, and crimson silck. The frame covered with velvet, bounde aboute the edge with goulde lace, and studded with gilt nailes.

A square stoole and a foot stoole, of crimson velvet, fringed and garnished suteable.

A long cushion of crimson velvet, embr. with the ragged staffe in a wreathe of goulde, with my Lo. posie "*Droyte et Loyall*" written in the same, and the letters R. L. in cloth of goulde, being garnished with lace, fringe, buttons, and tassels, of gold, silver, and crimson silck, lyned with crimson taff., being in length 1 yard quarter.

A square cushion, of the like velvet, embr. suteable to the long cushion.

CARPETS.

(There were 10 velvet carpets for tables and windows, 49 Turkey carpets for floors, and 32 cloth carpets. One of each I will now specify.)

A carpett of crimson velvet, richly embr. with my Lo. posie, beares and ragged staves, &c. of clothe of goulde and silver, garnished upon the seames and aboute with golde lace, fringed accordinglie, lyned with crimson taf-fata sarsenett, being 3 breadths of velvet, one yard 3 quarters long.

A great Turquoy carpett, the grounde blew, with a list of yellowe at each end, being in length x yards, in bredthe iiij yards and quarter.

A long carpett of blew clothe, lyned with bridges sat-tin, fringed with blew silck and goulde, in length vj yards lack a quarter, the whole bredthe of the clothe.

PICTURES.

(Chiefly described as having curtains,)

The Queene's Majestie, (2 great tables,) 3 of my Lord. St Jerome. Lo. of Arundell. Lord Mathe-vers. Lord of Pembroke. Counte Egmond. The Queene of Scotts. King Philip. The Baker's Daughters. The Duke of Fera. Alexander Magnus. Two Yonge Ladies. Pompæ Sabina. Fred. D. of Saxony, Emp. Charles. K. Philip's Wife. Prince of Orange, and his Wife. Marq. of Berges and his Wife. Counte de Horne. Count Holstrate. Monsr. Brederode. Duke Alva. Cardinal Grandville. Duches of Parma. Henrie E. of Pembroke and his young Countess. Countis of Essex. Occasion and Repentance. Lord Mowntacute. Sir Jas. Crofts. Sir Wr. Mildmay. Sir Wm. Pickering. Edwin Abp. of York.

A tabell of an historie of men, women, and children, molder in wax.

A little foulding table of ebanie, garnished with white bone, wherein are written verses with lres. of goulde.

A table of my Lord's armes.

Fyve of the plannetts, painted in frames.

Twentie-three cardes, * or maps of countries.

INSTRUMENTS.

(I shall give two specimens.)

An instrument of organs, regalls, and virginalls, covered with crimson velvet, and garnished with goulde lace.

„ A fair pair of double virginalls.

* i. e. Charts.

CABONETTS.

A cabonett of crimson sattin, richlie embr. with a device of hunting the stagg, in goulde, silver and silck, with iiij glasses in the topp thereof, xvj cupps of flowers made of goulde, silver, and silck, in a case of leather, lyned with greene sattin of bridges.

(Another of purple velvet. A desk of red leather.)

A CHESS BORDE of ebanie, with checkars of christall and other stones, layed with silver, garnished with beares and ragged staves, and cinquefoiles of silver. The xxxij men likewyse of chrystall and other stones sett, the one sort in silver white, the other gilte, in a case gilded and lyned with green cotton.

(Another of bone and ebanie. A pair of tabells of bone.)

A GREAT BRASON CANDLESTICK to hang in the rooffe of the howse, verie fayer and curioslye wrought, with xxiiij branches, xij greate and xij of lesser size, 6 rowlers and ij wings for the spreade eagle, xxiiij socketts for candells, xij greater and xij of a lesser sorte, xxiiij sawcers, or candle-cupps, of like proporcion to put under the socketts, iij images of men and three of weomen, of brass, verie finely and artificiallie done.

These specimens of Leicester's magnificence may serve to assure the reader that it scarce lay in the power of a modern author to exaggerate the lavish style of expense displayed in the princely pleasures of Kenilworth.

DEATH OF THE EARL OF LEICESTER.—P. 403, l. 5,
(bottom.)

In a curious manuscript copy of the information given by Ben Jonson to Drummond of Hawthornden, as abridged by Sir Robert Sibbald, Leicester's death is ascribed

to poison administered as a cordial by his Countess, to whom he had given it, representing it to be a restorative in any faintness, in the hope that she herself might be cut off by using it. We have already quoted Jonson's account of this merited stroke of retribution in a note, p. 209 of Introduction to the present work. It may be here added, that the following satirical epitaph on Leicester occurs in Drummond's Collections, but is evidently not of his composition :

EPITAPH ON THE ERLE OF LEICESTER.

Here lies a valiant warriour,
Who never drew a sword ;
Here lies a noble courtier,
Who never kept his word ;
Here lies the Earle of Leister,
Who govern'd the estates,
Whom the earth could never living love,
And the just Heaven now hates.

INTRODUCTION

AND

NOTES

TO

THE PIRATE.

INTRODUCTION

TO

THE PIRATE.

“ Quoth he, there was a ship.”

THIS brief preface may begin like the tale of the Ancient Mariner, since it was on shipboard that the author acquired the very moderate degree of local knowledge and information, both of people and scenery, which he has endeavoured to embody in the romance of the Pirate.

In the summer and autumn of 1814, the author was invited to join a party of Commissioners for the Northern Light-House Service, who proposed making a voyage round the coast of Scotland, and through its various groups of islands, chiefly for the purpose of seeing the condition of the many lighthouses under their direction,—edifices so important, whether regarding them as benevolent or political institutions. Among the commissioners who manage

this important public concern, the sheriff of each county of Scotland which borders on the sea, holds ex-officio a place at the Board. These gentlemen act in every respect gratuitously, but have the use of an armed yacht, well found and fitted up, when they choose to visit the lighthouses. An excellent engineer, Mr Robert Stevenson, is attached to the Board, to afford the benefit of his professional advice. The author accompanied this expedition as a guest; for Selkirkshire, though it calls him Sheriff, has not, like the kingdom of Bohemia in Corporal Trim's story, a seaport in its circuit, nor its magistrate, of course, any place at the Board of Commissioners,—a circumstance of little consequence where all were old and intimate friends, bred to the same profession, and disposed to accommodate each other in every possible manner.

The nature of the important business which was the principal purpose of the voyage, was connected with the amusement of visiting the leading objects of a traveller's curiosity; for the wild cape, or formidable shelve, which requires to be marked out by a lighthouse, is generally at no great distance from the most magnificent scenery of rocks, caves, and billows. Our time, too, was at our own disposal, and, as most of us were fresh-water sailors, we could at any time

make a fair wind out of a foul one, and run before the gale in quest of some object of curiosity which lay under our lee.

With these purposes of public utility and some personal amusement in view, we left the port of Leith on the 26th July, 1814, ran along the east coast of Scotland, viewing its different curiosities, stood over to Zetland and Orkney, where we were some time detained by the wonders of a country which displayed so much that was new to us; and having seen what was curious in the Ultima Thule of the ancients, where the sun hardly thought it worth while to go to bed, since his rising was at this season so early, we doubled the extreme northern termination of Scotland, and took a rapid survey of the Hebrides, where we found many kind friends. There, that our little expedition might not want the dignity of danger, we were favoured with a distant glimpse of what was said to be an American cruiser, and had opportunity to consider what a pretty figure we should have made had the voyage ended in our being carried captive to the United States. After visiting the romantic shores of Morven, and the vicinity of Oban, we made a run to the coast of Ireland, and visited the Giant's Causeway, that we might compare it with Staffa, which we had surveyed in our course. At length, about the middle of

September, we ended our voyage in the Clyde, at the port of Greenock.

And thus terminated our pleasant tour, to which our equipment gave unusual facilities, as the ship's company could form a strong boat's crew, independent of those who might be left on board the vessel, which permitted us the freedom to land wherever our curiosity carried us. Let me add, while reviewing for a moment a sunny portion of my life, that among the six or seven friends who performed this voyage together, some of them doubtless of different tastes and pursuits, and remaining for several weeks on board a small vessel, there never occurred the slightest dispute or disagreement, each seeming anxious to submit his own particular wishes to those of his friends. By this mutual accommodation all the purposes of our little expedition were obtained, while for a time we might have adopted the lines of Allan Cunningham's fine sea-song,

" The world of waters was our home,
And merry men were we ! "

But sorrow mixes her memorials with the purest remembrances of pleasure. On returning from the voyage which had proved so satisfactory, I found that fate had deprived her country most unexpectedly of a lady, qualified to adorn the high rank which she held, and who

had long admitted me to a share of her friendship. The subsequent loss of one of those comrades who made up the party, and he the most intimate friend I had in the world, casts also its shade on recollections which, but for these embitterments, would be otherwise so pleasing.

I may here briefly observe, that my business in this voyage, so far as I could be said to have any, was to endeavour to discover some localities which might be useful in the "Lord of the Isles," a poem with which I was then threatening the public, and which was afterwards printed without attaining remarkable success. But as at the same time the anonymous novel of "Waverley" was making its way to popularity, I already augured the possibility of a second effort in this department of literature, and I saw much in the wild islands of the Orkneys and Zetland, which I judged might be made in the highest degree interesting, should these isles ever become the scene of a narrative of fictitious events. I learned the history of Gow the pirate from an old sibyl, (the subject of a note, p. 250 of this volume,) whose principal subsistence was by a trade in favourable winds, which she sold to mariners at Stromness. Nothing could be more interesting than the kindness and hospitality of the gentlemen of Zetland, which was to

me the more affecting, as several of them had been friends and correspondents of my father.

I was induced to go a generation or two farther back, to find materials from which I might trace the features of the old Norwegian Udaller, the Scottish gentry having in general occupied the place of that primitive race, and their language and peculiarities of manner having entirely disappeared. The only difference now to be observed betwixt the gentry of these islands, and those of Scotland in general, is, that the wealth and property is more equally divided among our more northern countrymen, and that there exists among the resident proprietors no men of very great wealth, whose display of its luxuries might render the others discontented with their own lot. From the same cause of general equality of fortunes, and the cheapness of living, which is its natural consequence, I found the officers of a veteran regiment who had maintained the garrison at Fort Charlotte, in Lerwick, discomposed at the idea of being recalled from a country where their pay, however inadequate to the expenses of a capital, was fully adequate to their wants, and it was singular to hear natives of merry England herself regretting their approaching departure from the melancholy isles of the Ultima Thule.

Such are the trivial particulars attending the origin of that publication, which took place several years later than the agreeable journey from which it took its rise.

The state of manners which I have introduced in the romance, was necessarily in a great degree imaginary, though founded in some measure on slight hints, which, showing what was, seemed to give reasonable indication of what must once have been, the tone of the society in these sequestered but interesting islands.

In one respect I was judged somewhat hastily, perhaps, when the character of Norna was pronounced by the critics a mere copy of Meg Merrilees. That I had fallen short of what I wished and desired to express is unquestionable, otherwise my object could not have been so widely mistaken; nor can I yet think that any person who will take the trouble of reading the *Pirate* with some attention, can fail to trace in Norna,—the victim of remorse and insanity, and the dupe of her own imposture, her mind, too, flooded with all the wild literature and extravagant superstitions of the north,—something distinct from the Dumfries-shire gipsey, whose pretensions to supernatural powers are not beyond those of a Norwood prophetess. The foundations of such a character may be perhaps

traced, though it be too true that the necessary superstructure cannot have been raised upon them, otherwise these remarks would have been unnecessary. There is also great improbability in the statement of Norna's possessing power and opportunity to impress on others that belief in her supernatural gifts which distracted her own mind. Yet, amid a very credulous and ignorant population, it is astonishing what success may be attained by an impostor, who is, at the same time, an enthusiast. It is such as to remind us of the couplet which assures us that

" The pleasure is as great
In being cheated as to cheat. "

Indeed, as I have observed elsewhere, the professed explanation of a tale, where appearances or incidents of a supernatural character are referred to natural causes, has often, in the winding up of the story, a degree of improbability almost equal to an absolute goblin narrative. Even the genius of Mrs Radcliffe could not always surmount this difficulty.

ABBOTSFORD, }
1st May, 1831. }

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.



NOVELS AND ROMANCES. VOL. I.

THE PIRATE.

“THE BIT OF PLANTIE CRUIVE.”—P. 23, l. 1.

Patch of ground for vegetables. The liberal custom of the country permits any person, who has occasion for such a convenience, to select out of the unenclosed moorland a small patch, which he surrounds with a drystone wall, and cultivates as a kail-yard, till he exhausts the soil with cropping, and then he deserts it, and encloses another. This liberty is so far from inferring an invasion of the right of proprietor and tenant, that the last degree of contempt is inferred of an avaricious man, when the Zetlander says he would not hold a *plantie cruive* of him.

EIGHT LISPUNDS OF BUTTER.—P. 23, l. 4.

A lispund is about thirty pounds English, and the value is averaged by Dr Edmonston at ten shillings sterling.

THE BERSERKARS.—P. 30, l. 1.

The sagas of the Scalds are full of descriptions of these champions, and do not permit us to doubt that the Ber-

serkars, so called from fighting without armour, used some physical means of working themselves into a frenzy, during which they possessed the strength and energy of madness. The Indian warriors are well known to do the same by dint of opium and bang.

SAMPHIRE-GATHERER.—P. 34, l. 6.

Fatal accidents, however, sometimes occur. When I visited the Fair Isle in 1814, a poor lad of fourteen had been killed by a fall from the rocks about a fortnight before our arrival. The accident happened almost within sight of his mother, who was casting peats at no great distance. The body fell into the sea, and was seen no more. But the islanders account this an honourable mode of death ; and as the children begin the practice of climbing very early, fewer accidents occur than might be expected.

NORSE FRAGMENTS.—P. 35, l. 1.

Near the conclusion of this chapter, it is noticed that the old Norwegian sagas were preserved and often repeated by the fisherman of Orkney and Zetland, while that language was not yet quite forgotten. Mr Baikie of Tankerness, a most respectable inhabitant of Kirkwall, and an Orkney proprietor, assured me of the following curious fact.

A clergyman, who was not long deceased, remembered well when some remnants of the Norse were still spoken in the island called North Ronaldshaw. When Gray's Ode, entitled the "Fatal Sisters," was first published, or at least first reached that remote island, the reverend gentleman had the well-judged curiosity to read it to some of the old persons of the isle, as a poem which regarded the history of their own country. They listened with great attention to the preliminary stanzas ;—

" Now the storm begins to lour,
Haste the loom of hell prepare,
Iron sleet of arrowy shower
Hurries in the darken'd air. "

But when they had heard a verse or two more, they interrupted the reader, telling him they knew the song well in the Norse language, and had often sung it to him when he asked them for an old song. They called it the Magicians, or the Enchantresses. It would have been singular news to the elegant translator, when executing his version from the text of Bartholine, to have learned that the Norse original was still preserved by tradition in a remote corner of the British dominions. The circumstances will probably justify what is said in the text concerning the traditions of the inhabitants of those remote isles at the beginning of the eighteenth century.

Even yet, though the Norse language is entirely disused, except in so far as particular words and phrases are still retained, these fishers of the Ultima Thule are a generation much attached to these ancient legends. Of this the author learned a singular instance.

About twenty years ago, a missionary clergyman had taken the resolution of traversing those wild islands, where he supposed there might be a lack of religious instruction, which he believed himself capable of supplying. After being some days at sea in an open boat, he arrived at North Ronaldshaw, where his appearance excited great speculation. He was a very little man, dark complexioned, and from the fatigue he had sustained in removing from one island to another, appeared before them ill-dressed and unshaved; so that the inhabitants set him down as one of the ancient Picts, or, as they call them with the usual strong guttural, Peghts. How they might have received the poor preacher in this character, was at least dubious; and the schoolmaster of the parish, who had given quarters to the fatigued traveller, set off to consult with Mr S——, the able and ingenious engineer of the Scottish Lighthouse Service, who chanced

to be on the island. As his skill and knowledge were in the highest repute, it was conceived that Mr S—— could decide at once whether the stranger was a Peght, or ought to be treated as such. Mr S—— was so good-natured as to attend the summons, with the view of rendering the preacher some service. The poor missionary, who had watched for three nights, was now fast asleep, little dreaming what odious suspicions were current respecting him. The inhabitants were assembled round the door. Mr S——, understanding the traveller's condition, declined disturbing him, upon which the islanders produced a pair of very little uncouth-looking boots, with prodigiously thick soles, and appealed to him whether it was possible such articles of raiment could belong to any one but a Peght. Mr S——, finding the prejudices of the natives so strong, was induced to enter the sleeping apartment of the traveller, and was surprised to recognise in the supposed Peght a person whom he had known in his worldly profession of an Edinburgh shop-keeper, before he had assumed his present vocation. Of course he was enabled to refute all suspicions of Peghtism.

MONSTERS OF THE NORTHERN SEAS.—P. 36, l. 18.

I have said, in the text, that the wondrous tales told by Pontoppidan, the Archbishop of Upsal, still find believers in the Northern Archipelago. It is in vain they are cancelled even in the later editions of Guthrie's Grammar, of which instructive work they used to form the chapter far most attractive to juvenile readers. But the same causes which probably gave birth to the legends concerning mermaids, sea-snakes, krakens, and other marvellous inhabitants of the Northern Ocean, are still afloat in those climates where they took their rise. They had their origin probably from the eagerness of curiosity manifested by our elegant poetess, Mrs Hemans :

“ What hidest thou in thy treasure-caves and cells,
Thou ever-sounding and mysterious Sea ? ”

The additional mystic gloom which rests on these northern billows for half the year, joined to the imperfect glance obtained of occasional objects, encourage the timid or the fanciful to give way to imagination, and frequently to shape out a distinct story from some object half seen and imperfectly examined. Thus, some years since, a large object was observed in the beautiful Bay of Scaloway in Zetland, so much in vulgar opinion resembling the kraken, that though it might be distinguished for several days, if the exchange of darkness to twilight can be termed so, yet the hardy boatmen shuddered to approach it, for fear of being drawn down by the suction supposed to attend its sinking. It was probably the hull of some vessel which had foundered at sea.

The belief in mermaids, so fanciful and pleasing in itself, is ever and anon refreshed by a strange tale from the remote shores of some solitary islet.

The author heard a mariner of some reputation in his class vouch for having seen the celebrated sea-serpent. It appeared, so far as could be guessed, to be about a hundred feet long, with the wild mane and fiery eyes which old writers ascribe to the monster ; but it is not unlikely the spectator might, in the doubtful light, be deceived by the appearance of a good Norway log floating on the waves. I have only to add, that the remains of an animal, supposed to belong to this latter species, were driven on shore in the Zetland Isles, within the recollection of man. Part of the bones were sent to London, and pronounced by Sir Joseph Banks to be those of a basking shark ; yet it would seem that an animal so well known, ought to have been immediately distinguished by the northern fishermen.

THE SCART.—P. 53, l. 2.

The cormorant ; which may be seen frequently dash-

ing in wild flight along the roosts and tides of Zetland, and yet more often drawn up in ranks on some ledge of rock, like a body of the Black Brunswickers in 1815.

TUSSER'S HUNDRED POINTS OF GOOD HUSBANDRY,
—“*useful to others of his day, were never to him-
self worth as many pennies.*”—P. 73, l. 7.

This is admitted by the English agriculturist :—

“ My music since has been the plough,
Entangled with some care among ;
The gain not great, the pain enough,
Hath made me sing another song.”

GOVERNMENT OF ZETLAND.—P. 76, l. 13.

At the period supposed, the Earls of Morton held the islands of Orkney and Zetland, originally granted in 1643, confirmed in 1707, and rendered absolute in 1742. This gave the family much property and influence, which they usually exercised by factors, named chamberlains. In 1766 this property was sold by the then Earl of Morton to Sir Lawrence Dundas, by whose son, Lord Dundas, it is now held.

“ I’LL TAKE THE BITTLE TO YOU.”—P. 108, l. 6.

The beetle with which the Scottish housewives used to perform the office of the modern mangle, by beating newly-washed linen on a smooth stone for the purpose, called the Beetling-stone.

THE CHAPMAN’S DROUTH.—P. 118, l. 2.

The chapman’s drouth, that is, the pedlar’s thirst, is proverbial in Scotland, because these pedestrian traders were in the use of modestly asking only for a drink of water, when, in fact, they were desirous of food.

" I WILL TEST UPON IT AT MY DEATH. "—
P. 119, l. 8.

Test upon it, *i. e.* leave it in my will ; a mode of bestowing charity, to which many are partial as well as the good dame in the text.

AN ORAMUS TO SAINT RONALD.—P. 119, l. 13.

Although the Zetlanders were early reconciled to the reformed faith, some ancient practices of Catholic superstition survived long among them. In very stormy weather, a fisher would vow an *oramus* to Saint Ronald, and acquitted himself of the obligation by throwing a small piece of money in at the window of a ruinous chapel.

SALE OF WINDS.—P. 13, l. 2, (*bottom.*)

The King of Sweden, the same Eric quoted by Mor-daunt, " was," says Olaus Magnus, " in his time held second to none in the magical art ; and he was so familiar with the evil spirits whom he worshipped, that what way soever he turned his cap, the wind would presently blow that way. For this he was called Windycap." *Historia de Gentibus Septentrionalibus. Romæ, 1555.* It is well known that the Laplanders drive a profitable trade in selling *winds*, but it is perhaps less notorious, that within these few years such a commodity might be purchased on British ground, where it was likely to be in great request. At the village of Stromness, on the Orkney main island, called Pomona, lived in 1814, an aged dame, called Bessie Millie, who helped out her subsistence by selling favourable winds to mariners. He was a venturesome master of a vessel who left the roadstead of Stromness without paying his offering to propitiate Bessie Millie ; her fee was extremely moderate, being exactly sixpence, for which, as she explained herself, she boiled her kettle and gave the bark advantage of

her prayers, for she disclaimed all unlawful arts. The wind thus petitioned for was sure, she said, to arrive, though occasionally the mariner's had to wait some time for it. The woman's dwelling and appearance were not unbecoming her pretensions; her house, which was on the brow of the steep hill on which Stromness is founded, was only accessible by a series of dirty and precipitous lanes, and for exposure might have been the abode of Eolus himself, in whose commodities the inhabitant dealt. She herself was, as she told us, nearly one hundred years old, withered and dried up like a mummy. A clay-coloured kerchief, folded round her head, corresponded in colour to her corpse-like complexion. Two light-blue eyes that gleamed with a lustre like that of insanity, an utterance of astonishing rapidity, a nose and chin that almost met together, and a ghastly expression of cunning, gave her the effect of Hecate. She remembered Gow the pirate, who had been a native of these islands in which he closed his career, as mentioned in the preface. Such was Bessie Millie, to whom the mariner's paid a sort of tribute, with a feeling betwixt jest and earnest.

RELUCTANCE TO SAVE A DROWNING MAN.—P. 142,
l. 3, (*bottom.*)

It is remarkable, that in an archipelago where so many persons must be necessarily endangered by the waves, so strange and inhuman a maxim should have ingrafted itself upon the minds of a people otherwise kind, moral, and hospitable. But all with whom I have spoken agree, that it was almost general in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and with difficulty weeded out by the sedulous instructions of the clergy, and the rigorous injunctions of the proprietors. There is little doubt it had been originally introduced as an excuse for suffering those who attempted to escape from the wreck to perish unassisted, so that there being no survivor, she might be considered

as lawful plunder. A story was told me, I hope an untrue one, that a vessel having got ashore among the breakers on one of the remote Zetland islands, five or six men, the whole or greater part of the unfortunate crew, endeavoured to land by assistance of a hawser, which they had secured to a rock; the inhabitants were assembled, and looked on with some uncertainty, till an old man said, "Sirs, if these men come ashore, the additional mouths will eat all the meal we have in store for winter; and how are we to get more?" A young fellow, moved with this argument, struck the rope asunder with his axe, and all the poor wretches were immersed among the breakers, and perished.

MAIR WRECKS ERE WINTER.—P. 152, l. 17.

The ancient Zetlander looked upon the sea as the provider of his living, not only by the plenty produced by the fishings, but by the spoil of wrecks. Some particular islands have fallen off very considerably in their rent, since the commissioners of the lighthouses have ordered lights on the Isle of Sanda and the Pentland Skerries. A gentleman, familiar with those seas, expressed surprise at seeing the farmer of one of the isles in a boat with a very old pair of sails. "Had it been His will"—said the man, with an affected deference to Providence, very inconsistent with the sentiment of his speech—"Had it been *His* will that light had not been placed yonder, I would have had enough of new sails last winter."

ZETLAND CORN-MILLS.—P. 213, l. 2, (*bottom.*)

There is certainly something very extraordinary to a stranger in Zetland corn-mills. They are of the smallest possible size; the wheel which drives them is horizontal, and the cogs are turned diagonally to the water. The beam itself stands upright, and is inserted in a stone quern of the old-fashioned construction, which it turns

round, and thus performs its duty. Had Robinson Crusoe ever been in Zetland, he would have had no difficulty in contriving a machine for grinding corn in his desert island. These mills are thatched over in a little hovel, which has much the air of a pig-sty. There may be five hundred such mills on one island, not capable any one of them of grinding above a sackful of corn at a time.

KITCHEN.—P. 218, l. 9.

What is eat by way of relish to dry bread is called *Kitchen* in Scotland, as cheese, dried fish, or the like relishing morsels.

“ I WAS PRESSED” ANSWERED THE OLD TRITON,
“ TO SERVE UNDER MONTROSE.”—P. 284, l. 12.

Montrose, in his last and ill-advised attempt to invade Scotland, augmented his small army of Danes and Scottish Royalists, by some bands of raw troops, hastily levied, or rather pressed into his service, in the Orkney and Zetland Isles, who, having little heart either to the cause or manner of service, behaved but indifferently when they came into action.

SIR JOHN URRY.—P. 285, l. 1.

Here, as afterwards remarked in the text, the Zetlander's memory deceived him grossly. Sir John Urry, a brave soldier of fortune, was at that time in Montrose's army, and made prisoner along with him. He had changed so often that the mistake is pardonable. After the action he was executed by the Covenanters ; and

“ Wind-changing Warwick then could change no more.”

Strachan commanded the body by which Montrose was routed.

THE SWORD-DANCE.—P. 290, l. 3.

The Sword-Dance is celebrated in general terms by Olaus Magnus. He seems to have considered it as peculiar to the Norwegians, from whom it may have passed to the Orkneymen and Zetlanders, with other northern customs.

“ OF THEIR DANCING IN ARMS.

“ Moreover, the northern Goths and Swedes had another sport to exercise youth withall, that they will dance and skip amongst naked swords and dangerous weapons. And this they do after the manner of masters of defence as they are taught from their youth by skilful teachers, that dance before them, and sing to it. And this play is showed especially about Shrovetide, called in Italian *Macchararum*. For, before carnivals, all the youth dance for eight days together, holding their swords up, but within the scabbards, for three times turning about; and then they do it with their naked swords lifted up. After this, turning more moderately, taking the points and pummels one of the other, they change ranks, and place themselves in an triagonal figure, and this they called *Rosam*; and presently they dissolve it by drawing back their swords and lifting them up, that upon every one's head there may be made a square *Rosa*, and then by a most nimbly whisking their swords about collaterally, they quickly leap back, and end the sport, which they guide with pipes or songs, or both together, first by a more heavy, then by a more vehement, and lastly, by a most vehement dancing. But this speculation is scarce to be understood but by those who look on, how comely and decent it is, when at one word, or one commanding, the whole armed multitude is directed to fall to fight, and clergymen may exercise themselves, and mingle themselves amongst others at this sport, because it is all guided by most wise reason.”

To the Primate's account of the sword-dance, I am able to add the words sung or chanted, on occasion of this dance, as it is still performed in Papa Stour, a remote island of Zetland, where alone the custom keeps its ground. It is, it will be observed by antiquaries, a species of play or mystery, in which the Seven Champions of Christendom make their appearance, as in the interlude presented in "All's Well that Ends Well." This dramatic curiosity was most kindly procured for my use by Dr Scott of Hazlar Hospital, son of my friend Mr Scott of Mewbie, Zetland. Mr Hibbert has, in his Description of the Zetland Islands, given an account of the sword-dance, but somewhat less full than the following :

" WORDS USED AS A PRELUDE TO THE SWORD DANCE, A DANISH OR NORWEGIAN BALLET, COMPOSED SOME CENTURIES AGO, AND PRESERVED IN PAPA STOUR ZETLAND.

PERSONÆ DRAMATIS. *

(*Enter MASTER, in the character of ST GEORGE.*

Brave gentles all within this boor, †
 If ye delight in any sport,
 Come see me dance upon 'this floor,
 Which to you all shall yield comfort.
 Then shall I dance in such a sort,
 As possible I may or can ;
 You, minstrel men, play me a Porte, ‡

* So placed in the old MS.

† *Boor*—so spelt, to accord with the vulgar pronunciation of the word *bower*.

‡ *Porte*—so spelt in the original. The word is known as indicating a piece of music on the bagpipe, to which ancient instrument, which is of Scandinavian origin, the sword-dance may have been originally composed.

That I on this floor may prove a man.

(He bows, and dances in a line.)

Now have I danced with heart and hand,

Brave gentles all, as you may see,

For I have been tried in many a land,

As yet the truth can testify ;

In England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Italy and
Spain,

Have I been tried with that good sword of steel.

(Draws and flourishes.)

Yet I deny that ever a man did make me yield ;

For in my body there is strength,

As by my manhood may be seen ;

And I with that good sword of length,

Have oftentimes in perils been,

And over champions I was king.

And by the strength of this right hand,

Once on a day I kill'd fifteen,

And left them dead upon the land.

Therefore, brave minstrel, do not care,

But play to me a *Porte* most light,

That I no longer do forbear,

But dance in all these gentles' sight ;

Although my strength makes you abased,

Brave gentles all, be not afraid,

For here are six champions, with me, staid,

All by my manhood I have raised.

(He dances.)

Since I have danced, I think it best

To call my brethren in your sight,

That I may have a little rest,

And they may dance with all their might ;

With heart and hand as they are knights,

And shake their swords of steel so bright,

And show their main strength on this floor,

For we shall have another bout

Before we pass out of this door.

Therefore, brave minstrel, do not care

To play to me a Porte most light,
That I no longer do forbear,
But dance in all these gentles' sight.

(*He dances, and then introduces his knights,
as under.*)

Stout James of Spain, both tried and stout,*
Thine acts are known full well indeed;
And Champion Dennis, a French knight,
Who stout and bold is to be seen;
And David, a Welshman born,
Who is come of noble blood;
And Patrick also, who blew the horn,
An Irish knight, amongst the wood.
Of Italy, brave Anthony the good,
And Andrew of Scotland King;
St George of England, brave indeed,
Who to the Jews wrought muckle tinte†
Away with this!—Let us come to sport,
Since that ye have a mind to war,
Since that ye have this bargain sought,
Come let us fight and do not fear.
Therefore, brave minstrel, do not care
To play to me a Porte most light,
That I no longer do forbear,
But dance in all these gentles' sight.

(*He dances, and advances to JAMES of Spain.*)

Stout James of Spain, both tried and stout,
Thine acts are known full well indeed,
Present thyself within our sight,
Without either fear or dread.
Count not for favour or for feid,
Since of thy acts thou hast been sure;
Brave James of Spain, I will thee lead,
To prove thy manhood on this floor.

(*JAMES dances.*)

Brave champion Dennis, a French knight,

* *Stout*, great.

† *Muckle tinte*, much loss or harm; so in MS.

Who stout and bold is to be seen,
 Present thyself here in our sight,
 Thou brave French knight,
 Who bold hast been ;
 Since thou such valiant acts hast done,
 Come let us see some of them now
 With courtesy, thou brave French knight,
 Draw out thy sword of noble hue.
 (*DENNIS dances, while the others retire to a side.*)
 Brave David a bow must string, and with awe
 Set up a wand upon a stand,
 And that brave David will cleave in twa.*

(*DAVID dances solus.*)

Here is, I think, an Irish knight,
 Who does not fear, or does not fright,
 To prove thyself a valiant man,
 As thou hast done full often bright ;
 Brave Patrick, dance, if that thou can.

(*He dances.*)

Thou stout Italian, come thou here ;
 Thy name is Anthony, most stout ;
 Draw out thy sword that is most clear,
 And do thou fight without any doubt ;
 Thy leg thou shake, thy neck thou lout, †
 And show some courtesy on this floor,
 For we shall have another bout,
 Before we pass out of this boor.
 Thou kindly Scotsman, come thou here ;
 Thy name is Andrew of Fair Scotland ;
 Draw out thy sword that is most clear,
 Fight for thy king with thy right hand ;
 And aye as long as thou canst stand,

* Something is evidently amiss or omitted here. David probably exhibited some feat of archery.

† *Lout*—to bend or bow down, pronounced *loot*, as *doubt* is *doot* in Scotland.

Fight for thy king with all thy heart ;
 And then, for to confirm his band,
 Make all his enemies for to smart.—(*He dances.*)

(*Music begins.*)

FIGUR.*

" The six stand in rank with their swords reclining on their shoulders. The Master (St George) dances, and then strikes the sword of James of Spain, who follows George, then dances, strikes the sword of Dennis, who follows behind James. In like manner the rest—the music playing—swords as before. After the six are brought out of rank, they and the master form a circle, and hold the swords point and hilt. This circle is danced round twice. The whole, headed by the master, pass under the swords held in a vaulted manner. They jump over the swords. This naturally places the swords across, which they disentangle by passing under their right sword. They take up the seven swords, and form a circle, in which they dance round.

" The master runs under the sword opposite, which he jumps over backwards. The others do the same. He then passes under the right-hand sword, which the others follow, in which position they dance, until commanded by the master, when they form into a circle, and dance round as before. They then jump over the right-hand sword, by which means their backs are to the circle, and their hands across their backs. They dance round in that form until the master calls ' Loose,' when they pass under the right sword, and are in a perfect circle.

" The master lays down his sword, and lays hold of the point of James's sword. He then turns himself, James, and the others, into a clew. When so formed, he passes under out of the midst of the circle; the others follow; they vault as before. After several other evolu-

* *Figuir*—so spelt in MS.

tions, they throw themselves into a circle, with their arms across the breast. They afterwards form such figures as to form a shield of their swords, and the shield is so compact that the master and his knights dance alternately with this shield upon their heads. It is then laid down upon the floor. Each knight lays hold of their former points and hilts with their hands across, which disentangle by figures directly contrary to those that formed the shield. This finishes the Ballet.

EPILOGUE.

Mars does rule, he bends his brows,
He makes us all agast ; *
After the few hours that we stay here,
Venus will rule at last.

Farewell, farewell, brave gentles all,
That herein do remain,
I wish you health and happiness,
Till we return again.

[*Exeunt.*"]

The manuscript from which the above was copied was transcribed from a *very old one*, by Mr William Henderson junior of Papa Stour in Zetland. Mr Henderson's copy is not dated, but bears his own signature, and, from various circumstances, it is known to have been written about the year 1788.

THE DWARFIE STONE.—P. 365, *bottom*.

This is one of the wonders of the Orkney Islands, though it has been rather undervalued by their late historian, Mr Barry. The island of Hoy rises abruptly, starting as it were out of the sea, which is contrary to the gentle and flat character of the Isles of Orkney. It

* *Agast*—so spelt in MS.

consists of a mountain, having different eminences or peaks. It is very steep, furrowed with ravines, and placed so as to catch the mists of the Western Ocean, and has a noble and picturesque effect from all points of view. The highest peak is divided from another eminence, called the Ward-hill, by a long swampy valley full of peat-bogs. Upon the slope of this last hill, and just where the principal mountain of Hoy opens in a hollow swamp, or corrie, lies what is called the Dwarfie Stone. It is a great fragment of sandstone, composing one solid mass, which has long since been detached from a belt of the same materials, cresting the eminence above the spot where it now lies, and which has slid down till it reached its present situation. The rock is about seven feet high, twenty-two feet long, and seventeen feet broad. The upper end of it is hollowed by iron tools, of which the marks are evident, into a sort of apartment, containing two beds of stone, with a passage between them. The uppermost and largest bed is five feet eight inches long, by two feet broad, which was supposed to be used by the dwarf himself; the lower couch is shorter, and rounded off, instead of being squared at the corners. There is an entrance of about three feet and a half square, and a stone lies before it calculated to fit the opening. A sort of skylight window gives light to the apartment. We can only guess at the purpose of this monument, and different ideas have been suggested. Some have supposed it the work of some travelling mason; but the *cui bono* would remain to be accounted for. The Rev. Mr Barry conjectures it to be a hermit's cell; but it displays no symbol of Christianity, and the door opens to the westward. The Orcadian traditions allege the work to be that of a dwarf, to whom they ascribe supernatural powers, and a malevolent disposition, the attributes of that race in Norse mythology. Whoever inhabited this singular den certainly enjoyed

“Pillow cold, and sheets not warm.”

I observed, that commencing just opposite to the Dwarfie Stone, and extending in a line to the sea-beach, there are a number of small barrows, or cairns, which seem to connect the stone with a very large cairn where we landed. This curious monument may therefore have been intended as a temple of some kind to the Northern Dii Manes, to which the cairns might direct worshippers.

CARBUNCLE ON THE WARD-HILL.—P. 366, l. 16.

"At the west end of this stone, (i. e. the Dwarfie Stone,) stands an exceeding high mountain of a steep ascent, called the Ward-hill of Hoy, near the top of which, in the months of May, June, and July, about midnight, is seen something that shines and sparkles admirably, and which is often seen a great way off. It hath shined more brightly before than it does now, and though many have climbed up the hill, and attempted to search for it, yet they could find nothing. The vulgar talk of it as some enchanted carbuncle, but I take it rather to be some water sliding down the face of a smooth rock, which, when the sun, at such a time, shines upon, the reflection causeth that admirable splendour."—*DR WALLACE'S Description of the Islands of Orkney*, 12mo, 1700, p. 52.

CRUELTY TO THE DOG-FISH.—P. 377, l. 12.

This cruelty is practised by some fishers, out of a vindictive hatred to these ravenous fishes.

NOVELS AND ROMANCES. VOL. II.

THE PIRATE.

"I HATE ALL SPANIARDS SINCE THEY CAME HERE
AND REFT THE FAIR ISLE MEN OF THEIR VIV-
ERS IN 1558."—P. 16, l. 2.

The Admiral of the Spanish Armada was wrecked on the Fair Isle, half-way betwixt the Orkney and Zetland Archipelago. The Duke of Medina Sidonia landed, with some of his people, and pillaged the islanders of their winter stores. These strangers are remembered as having remained on the island by force, and on bad terms with the inhabitants, till spring returned, when they effected their escape.

OLD GALDRAGON.—P. 20, l. 2.

Galdra-Kinna—the Norse for a sorceress.

FORTUNE-TELLING RHYMES.—CHAP. I. P. 3-22.

The author has in the preceding chapter supposed that a very ancient northern custom, used by those who were accounted soothsaying women, might have survived, though in jest rather than earnest, among the Zetlanders, their descendants. The following original account of ~~such~~ a scene will show the ancient importance and con-

sequence of such a prophetic character as was assumed by Norna :—

“ There lived in the same territory (Greenland) a woman named Thorbiorga, who was a prophetess, and called the little Vola, (or fatal sister,) the only one of nine sisters who survived. Thorbiorga, during the winter, used to frequent the festivities of the season, invited by those who were desirous of learning their own fortune, and the future events which impended. Torquil being a man of consequence in the country, it fell to his lot to enquire how long the dearth was to endure with which the country was then afflicted ; he therefore invited the prophetess to his house, having made liberal preparation, as was the custom, for receiving a guest of such consequence. The seat of the soothsayer was placed in an eminent situation, and covered with pillows filled with the softest eider down. In the evening she arrived, together with a person who had been sent to meet her, and show her the way to Torquil's habitation. She was attired as follows: She had a sky-blue tunick, having the front ornamented with gems from the top to the bottom, and wore around her throat a necklace of glass beads.* Her head-gear was of black lambskin, the lining being the fur of a white wild-cat. She leant on a staff, having a ball at the top.† The staff was ornamented with brass, and the ball or globe with gems or pebbles. She wore a Hunland (or Hungarian) girdle, to which was attached a large pouch, in which she kept her magical implements. Her shoes were of sealskin, dressed with the hair outside, and secured by long and thick straps, fastened by brazen clasps. She wore gloves of the wild-cat's skin, with the fur inmost. As this ve-

* We may suppose the beads to have been of the potent adder-stone, to which so many virtues were ascribed.

† Like those anciently borne by porters at the gates of distinguished persons, as a badge of office.

nerable person entered the hall, all saluted her with due respect ; but she only returned the compliments of such as were agreeable to her. Torquil conducted her with reverence to the seat prepared for her, and requested she would purify the apartment and company assembled, by casting her eyes over them. She was by no means sparing of her words. The table being at length covered, such viands were placed before Thorbiorga as suited her character of a soothsayer. These were, a preparation of goat's milk, and a mess composed of the hearts of various animals ; the prophetess made use of a brazen spoon, and a pointless knife, the handle of which was composed of a whale's tooth, and ornamented with two rings of brass. The table being removed, Torquil addressed Thorbiorga, requesting her opinion of his house and guests, at the same time intimating the subjects on which he and the company were desirous to consult her.

“ Thorbiorga replied, it was impossible for her to answer their enquiries until she had slept a night under his roof. The next morning, therefore, the magical apparatus necessary for her purpose was prepared, and she then enquired, as a necessary part of the ceremony, whether there was any female present who could sing a magical song called ‘ *Vardlokur*.’ When no songstress such as she desired could be found, Gudrida, the daughter of Torquil, replied, ‘ I am no sorceress or soothsayer ; but my nurse, Haldia, taught me, when in Iceland, a song called *Vardlokur*.’—‘ Then thou knowest more than I was aware of,’ said Torquil. ‘ But as I am a Christian,’ continued Gudrida, ‘ I consider these rites as matters which it is unlawful to promote, and the song itself as unlawful.’—‘ Nevertheless,’ answered the soothsayer, ‘ thou mayst help us in this matter without any harm to thy religion, since the task will remain with Torquil to provide every thing necessary for the present purpose.’ Torquil also earnestly entreated Gudrida, till she consented to grant his request. The females then

surrounded Thorbiorga, who took her place on a sort of elevated stage; Gudrida then sung the magic song, with a voice so sweet and tuneful, as to excel any thing that had been heard by any present. The soothsayer, delighted with the melody, returned thanks to the singer, and then said, 'Much I have now learned of dearth and disease approaching the country, and many things are now clear to me which before were hidden, as well from me as others. Our present dearth of substance shall not long endure for the present, and plenty will in the spring succeed to scarcity. The contagious diseases also, with which the country has been for some time afflicted, will in a short time take their departure. To thee, Gudrida, I can, in recompense for thy assistance on this occasion, announce a fortune of higher import than any one could have conjectured. You shall be married to a man of name here in Greenland; but you shall not long enjoy that union, for your fate recalls you to Iceland, where you shall become the mother of a numerous and honourable family, which shall be enlightened by a luminous ray of good fortune. So, my daughter, wishing thee health, I bid thee farewell.' The prophetess, having afterwards given answers to all queries which were put to her, either by Torquil or his guests, departed to show her skill at another festival, to which she had been invited for that purpose. But all which she had presaged, either concerning the public or individuals, came truly to pass."

The above narrative is taken from the Saga of Erick Randa, as quoted by the learned Bartholine in his curious work. He mentions similar instances, particularly of one Heida, celebrated for her predictions, who attended festivals for the purpose, as a modern Scotaman might say, of *spacing* fortunes, with a gallant *tail*, or retinue, of thirty male and fifteen female attendants.—See *De Causis Contemptæ a Danis adhuc gentilibus Mortis*, lib. III. cap. 4.

PROMISE OF ODIN.—P. 39, l. *last*.

Although the Father of Scandinavian mythology has been as a deity long forgotten in the archipelago, which was once a very small part of his realm, yet even at this day his name continues to be occasionally attested as security for a promise.

It is curious to observe, that the rites with which such attestations are still made in Orkney, correspond to those of the ancient Northmen. It appears from several authorities, that in the Norse ritual, when an oath was imposed, he by whom it was pledged passed his hand, while pronouncing it, through a massive ring of silver kept for that purpose.* In like manner, two persons, generally lovers, desirous to take the promise of Odin, which they considered as peculiarly binding, joined hands through a circular hole in a sacrificial stone, which lies in the Orkadian Stonehenge, called the Circle of Stennis, of which we shall speak more hereafter. The ceremony is now confined to the troth-plighting of the lower classes, but at an earlier period may be supposed to have influenced a character like Mimna in the higher ranks.

HAUNTED ISLES.—P. 43, l. 21.

An elder brother, now no more, who was educated in the navy, and had been a midshipman in Rodney's squadron in the West Indies, used to astonish the author's boyhood with tales of those haunted islets. On one of them, called, I believe, Coffinkey, the seamen positively refused to pass the night, and came off every evening while they were engaged in completing the watering of the vessel, returning the following sunrise.

* See the Eyrbyggja Saga.

LINES,—“ *Farewell ! farewell ! the voice you hear,*”
&c.—P. 57.

I cannot suppress the pride of saying, that these lines have been beautifully set to original music, by Mrs Arkwright, of Derbyshire.

“ A LINE OF VIRGIL, TURNED UP CASUALLY, WAS RECEIVED IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, AND IN THE COURT OF ENGLAND, AS AN INTIMATION OF FUTURE EVENTS.”—P. 61, l. 20.

The celebrated *Sortes Virgilianæ* were resorted to by Charles I. and his courtiers, as a mode of prying into futurity.

MOTTO, CHAP. VI. p. 103.

“ *Nae langer she wept—her tears were a’ spent,*” &c.

It is worth while saying, that this motto, and the ascription of the beautiful ballad from which it is taken to the Right Honourable Lady Ann Lindsay, occasioned the ingenious authoress’s acknowledgment of the ballad, of which the Editor, by her permission, published a small impression, inscribed to the Bannatyne Club.

THE PICTISH BURGH.—P. 121-2.

The Pictish Burgh, a fort which Norna is supposed to have converted into her dwelling-house, has been fully described in the Notes upon Ivanhoe, vol. xix. p. 99, of this edition. An account of the celebrated castle of Mousa is there given, to afford an opportunity of comparing it with the Saxon Castle of Coningsburgh. It should, however, have been mentioned, that the Castle of Mousa underwent considerable repairs at a comparatively recent period. Accordingly, Torfæus assures us, that even this ancient pigeon-house, composed of dry

stones, was fortification enough; not indeed to hold out a ten years' siege, like Troy in similar circumstances, but to wear out the patience of the besiegers. Erland, the son of Harold the Fair-spoken, had carried off a beautiful woman, the mother of a Norwegian earl, also called Harold, and sheltered himself with his fair prize in the Castle of Mousa. Earl Harold followed with an army, and, finding the place too strong for assault, endeavoured to reduce it by famine; but such was the length of the siege, that the offended Earl found it necessary to listen to a treaty of accommodation, and agreed that his mother's honour should be restored by marriage. This transaction took place in the beginning of the thirteenth century, in the reign of William the Lion of Scotland.* It is probable that the improvements adopted by Erland on this occasion, were those which finished the parapet of the castle, by making it project outwards, so that the tower of Mousa rather resembles the figure of a dice-box, whereas others of the same kind have the form of a truncated cone. It is easy to see how the projection of the highest parapet would render the defence more easy and effectual.

PETER MACRAW, THE OLD PIPER OF STORNOWAY.
P. 133, l. *last*.

The MacRaws were followers of the MacKenzies, whose chief has the name of Caberfae, or Buckshead, from the cognizance born on his standards. Unquestionably the worthy piper trained the seal on the same principle of respect to the clan-term which I have heard has been taught to dogs, who, unused to any other air, dance after their fashion to the tune of Caberfae.

* See *Torfae Orcadus*, p. 131.

NOTE, END OF CHAP. VIII.—P. 140.

The spells described in this chapter are not altogether imaginary. By this mode of pouring lead into water, and selecting the part which chances to assume a resemblance to the human heart, which must be worn by the patient around her or his neck, the sage persons of Zetland pretend to cure the fatal disorder called the loss of a heart.

INTERPOLATED PASSAGE, AFTER "JOKUL, JOKUL!"* WAS LAURENCE'S JOYFUL ANSWER; AND HE HASTENED FOR THE BASKET.—P. 166, l. 18.

"By the bicker of Saint Magnus," † said Hakko; "and the burliest bishop that ever quaffed it for luck's sake, there is no finding your locker empty, Magnus! I believe sincerely that ere a friend wanted, you could, like old Luggie the warlock, fish up boiled and roasted out of the pool of Kibater." ‡

"You are wrong there, Jarto Claud," said Magnus Troil, "for far from helping me to a supper, the foul fiend, I believe, has carried off great part of mine this blessed evening; but you are welcome to share and

* *Jokul*—yes, Sir; a Norse expression still in common use.

† The Bicker of Saint Magnus, a vessel of enormous dimensions, was preserved at Kirkwall, and presented to each bishop of the Orkneys. If the new incumbent was able to quaff it out at one draught, which was a task for Hercules or Rorie Mhor of Dunvegan, the omen boded a crop of unusual fertility.

‡ Luggie, a famous conjurer, was wont, when storms prevented him from going to his usual employment of fishing, to angle over a steep rock, at the place called, from his name, Luggie's Knoll. At other times he drew up dressed food while they were out at sea, of which his comrades partook boldly from natural courage, without caring who stood cook. The poor man was finally condemned and burnt at Scalloway.

share of what is left." This was said while the party entered the hut.

**ANTIQUE COINS FOUND IN ZETLAND.—P. 170, l. 2,
(bottom.)**

While these sheets were passing through the press, I received a letter from an honourable and learned friend, containing the following passage, relating to a discovery in Zetland :—" Within a few weeks, the workmen taking up the foundation of an old wall, came on a hearth-stone, under which they found a horn, surrounded with massive silver rings, like bracelets, and filled with coins of the Heptarchy, in perfect preservation. The place of finding is within a very short distance of the [supposed] residence of Norna of the Fitful-head."—Thus one of the very improbable fictions of the tale is verified by a singular coincidence.

ORKNEY GROUSE.—P. 194, last line.

It is very curious that the grouse, plenty in Orkney as the text declares, should be totally unknown in the neighbouring archipelago of Zetland, which is only about sixty miles distance, with the Fair Isle as a step between.

CHARACTER OF NORNA.—P. 236, l. 17.

The character of Norna is meant to be an instance of that singular kind of insanity, during which the patient, while she or he retains much subtlety and address for the power of imposing upon others, is still more ingenious in endeavouring to impose upon themselves. Indeed, maniacs of this kind may be often observed to possess a sort of double character, in one of which they are the being whom their distempered imagination shapes out, and in the other, their own natural self, as seen to exist by other people. This species of double consciousness makes wild work with the patient's imagination, and, ju-

ditionally used, is perhaps a frequent means of restoring sanity of intellect. Exterior circumstances striking the senses, often have a powerful effect in undermining or battering the airy castles which the disorder has excited.

A late medical gentleman, my particular friend, told me the case of a lunatic patient confined in the Edinburgh Infirmary. He was so far happy that his mental alienation was of a gay and pleasant character, giving a kind of joyous explanation to all that came in contact with him. He considered the large house, numerous servants, &c. of the hospital, as all matters of state and consequence belonging to his own personal establishment, and had no doubt of his own wealth and grandeur. One thing alone puzzled this man of wealth. Although he was provided with a first-rate cook and proper assistants, although his table was regularly supplied with every delicacy of the season, yet he confessed to my friend, that by some uncommon depravity of the palate, every thing which he ate *tasted of porridge*. This peculiarity, of course, arose from the poor man being fed upon nothing else, and because his stomach was not so easily deceived as his other senses.

BIRDS OF PREY.—P. 238, l. 17.

So favourable a retreat does the island of Hoy afford for birds of prey, that instances of their ravages, which seldom occur in other parts of the country, are not unusual there. An individual was living in Orkney not long since, whom, while a child in its swaddling clothes, an eagle actually transported to its nest in the hill of Hoy. Happily the eyry being known, and the bird instantly pursued, the child was found uninjured, playing with the young eagles. A story of a more ludicrous transportation was told me by the reverend clergyman who is minister of the island. Hearing one day a strange grunting, he suspected his servants had permitted a sow and pigs, which were tenants of his farm-yard, to get among

the barley crop. Having in vain looked for the transgressors upon solid earth, he at length cast his eyes upward, when he discovered one of the litter in the talons of a large eagle, which was soaring away with the unfortunate pig (squeaking all the while with terror) towards her nest in the crest of Hoy.

“ FIRED OFF HIS PISTOL UNDER THE TABLE.”—
P. 247, l. 6.

This was really an exploit of the celebrated Avery the pirate, who suddenly, and without provocation, fired his pistols under the table where he sat drinking with his messmates, wounded one man severely, and thought the matter a good jest. What is still more extraordinary, his crew regarded it in the same light.

THE STANDING STONES OF STENNIS.—P. 334,
l. 6, (*bottom.*)

The Standing Stones of Stennis, as by a little pleonasm this remarkable monument is termed, furnishes an irresistible refutation of the opinion of such antiquaries as hold that the circles usually called Druidical, were peculiar to that race of priests. There is every reason to believe, that the custom was as prevalent in Scandinavia as in Gaul or Britain, and as common to the mythology of Odin as to Druidical superstition. There is even reason to think, that the Druids never occupied any part of the Orkneys, and tradition, as well as history, ascribes the Stones of Stennis to the Scandinavians. Two large sheets of water, communicating with the sea, are connected by a causeway, with openings permitting the tide to rise and recede, which is called the Bridge of Broisgar. Upon the eastern tongue of land appear the Standing Stones, arranged in the form of a half circle, or rather a horse-shoe, the height of the pillars being fifteen feet and upwards. Within this circle lies a stone, probably sacrificial. One of the pillars, a little to the westward,

is perforated with a circular hole, through which loving couples are wont to join hands when they take the *Promise of Odin*, as has been repeatedly mentioned in the text. The enclosure is surrounded by barrows, and on the opposite isthmus, advancing towards the Bridge of Broisgar, there is another monument of Standing Stones, which, in this case, is completely circular. They are less in size than those on the eastern side of the lake, their height running only from ten or twelve to fourteen feet. This western circle is surrounded by a deep trench drawn on the outside of the pillars ; and I remarked four tumuli, or mounds of earth, regularly disposed around it. Stonhenge excels this Orcadian monument ; but that of Stennis is, I conceive, the only one in Britain which can be said to approach it in consequence. All the northern nations marked by those huge enclosures the places of popular meeting, either for religious worship or the transaction of public business of a temporal nature. The *Northern Popular Antiquities* contain, in an abstract of the Eyrbyggja Saga, a particular account of the manner in which the Helga Fels, or Holy Rock, was set apart by the Pontiff Thorolf for solemn occasions.

I need only add, that, different from the monument on Salisbury Plain, the stones which were used in the Orcadian circle seem to have been raised from a quarry upon the spot, of which the marks are visible.



INTRODUCTION
AND
NOTES
TO THE
FORTUNES OF NIGEL.

10/10/20

10/10/20

10/10/20

10/10/20

10/10/20 10/10/20 10/10/20

10/10/20

10/10/20 10/10/20 10/10/20

10/10/20 10/10/20 10/10/20

10/10/20 10/10/20 10/10/20 10/10/20 10/10/20

10/10/20 10/10/20 10/10/20 10/10/20 10/10/20

10/10/20 10/10/20 10/10/20 10/10/20 10/10/20

10/10/20 10/10/20 10/10/20 10/10/20 10/10/20

10/10/20 10/10/20 10/10/20 10/10/20 10/10/20

10/10/20 10/10/20 10/10/20 10/10/20 10/10/20

10/10/20 10/10/20 10/10/20 10/10/20 10/10/20

10/10/20 10/10/20 10/10/20 10/10/20 10/10/20

10/10/20 10/10/20 10/10/20 10/10/20 10/10/20

10/10/20 10/10/20 10/10/20 10/10/20 10/10/20

10/10/20 10/10/20 10/10/20 10/10/20 10/10/20

10/10/20 10/10/20 10/10/20 10/10/20 10/10/20

INTRODUCTION

TO THE

FORTUNES OF NIGEL.

But why should lordlings all our praise engross ?
Rise, honest man, and sing the Man of Ross.

POPE.

HAVING, in the tale of the Heart of Mid-Lothian, succeeded in some degree in awakening an interest in behalf of one devoid of those accomplishments which belong to a heroine almost by right, I was next tempted to choose a hero upon the same unpromising plan ; and as worth of character, goodness of heart, and rectitude of principle, were necessary to one who laid no claim to high birth, romantic sensibility, or any of the usual accomplishments of those who strut through the pages of this sort of composition, I made free with the name of a person who has

left the most magnificent proofs of his benevolence and charity that the capital of Scotland has to display.

To the Scottish reader little more need be said than that the man alluded to is George Heriot. But for those south of the Tweed, it may be necessary to add, that the person so named was a wealthy citizen of Edinburgh, and the King's goldsmith, who followed James to the English capital, and was so successful in his profession, as to die, in 1624, extremely wealthy for that period. He had no children; and after making a full provision for such relations as might have claims upon him, he left the residue of his fortune to establish an hospital, in which the sons of Edinburgh freemen are gratuitously brought up and educated for the station to which their talents may recommend them, and are finally enabled to enter life under respectable auspices. The Hospital in which this charity is maintained is a noble quadrangle of the Gothic order, and as ornamental to the city as a building, as the manner in which the youths are provided for and educated, renders it useful to the community as an institution. To the honour of those who have the management, (the Magistrates and Clergy of Edinburgh,) the funds of the Hospital have increased so much under their care, that it now supports and edu-

cates one hundred and thirty youths annually, many of whom have done honour to their country in different situations.

The founder of such a charity as this may be reasonably supposed to have walked through life with a steady pace, and an observant eye, neglecting no opportunity of assisting those who were not possessed of the experience necessary for their own guidance. In supposing his efforts directed to the benefit of a young nobleman, misguided by the aristocratic haughtiness of his own time, and the prevailing tone of selfish luxury which seems more peculiar to ours, as well as the seductions of pleasure which are predominant in all, some amusement, or even some advantage, might, I thought, be derived from the manner in which I might bring the exertions of this civic Mentor to bear in his pupil's behalf. I am, I own, no great believer in the moral utility to be derived from fictitious compositions; yet if, in any case, a word spoken in season may be of advantage to a young person, it must surely be when it calls upon him to attend to the voice of principle, and self-denial, instead of that of precipitate passion. I could not, indeed, hope or expect to represent my prudent and benevolent citizen in a point of view so interesting as that of the peasant girl, who nobly sacrificed her family affections to the

integrity of her moral character. Still, however, something I hoped might be done not altogether unworthy the fame which George Heriot has secured by the lasting benefits he has bestowed on his country.

It appeared likely, that out of this simple plot I might weave something attractive; because the reign of James I., in which George Heriot flourished, gave unbounded scope to invention in the fable, while, at the same time, it afforded greater variety and discrimination of character than could, with historical consistency, have been introduced, if the scene had been laid a century earlier. Lady Mary Wortley Montague has said, with equal truth and taste, that the most romantic region of every country is that where the mountains unite themselves with the plains or lowlands. For similar reasons, it may be in like manner said, that the most picturesque period of history is that when the ancient rough and wild manners of a barbarous age are just becoming innovated upon, and contrasted by, the illumination of increased or revived learning, and the instructions of renewed or reformed religion. The strong contrast produced by the opposition of ancient manners to those which are gradually subduing them, affords the lights and shadows necessary to give to a fictitious narrative; and while such a

period entitles the author to introduce incidents of a marvellous and improbable character, as arising out of the turbulent independence and ferocity, belonging to old habits of violence, still influencing the manners of a people who had been so lately in a barbarous state; yet, on the other hand, the characters and sentiments of many of the actors may, with the utmost probability, be described with great variety of shading and delineation, which belongs to the newer and more improved period, of which the world has but lately received the light.

The reign of James I. of England possessed this advantage in a peculiar degree. Some beams of chivalry, although its planet had been for some time set, continued to animate and gild the horizon; and although probably no one acted precisely on its Quixotic dictates, men and women still talked the chivalrous language of Sir Philip Sydney's *Arcadia*; and the ceremonial of the tilt-yard was yet exhibited, though it now only flourished as a *Place de Carrousel*. Here and there a high-spirited Knight of the Bath, witness the too scrupulous Lord Herbert of Cherbury, was found devoted enough to the vows he had taken, to imagine himself obliged to compel, by the sword's point, a fellow-knight or squire to restore the top-knot of ribbon which

he had stolen from a fair damsel; * but yet, while men were taking each other's lives on such punctilios of honour, the hour was already arrived when Bacon was about to teach the world that they were no longer to reason from authority to fact, but to establish truth by advancing from fact to fact, till they fixed an indisputable authority, not from hypothesis, but from experiment.

The state of society in the reign of James I. was also strangely disturbed, and the license of a part of the community was perpetually giving rise to acts of blood and violence. The bravo of the Queen's day, of whom Shakspeare has given us so many varieties, as Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, Peto, and the other companions of Falstaff, men who had their *humours*, or their particular turn of extravaganza, had, since the commencement of the Low Country wars, given way to a race of swordsmen, who used the rapier and dagger, instead of the far less dangerous sword and buckler; so that a historian says on this subject, "that private quarrels were nourished, but especially between the Scots and the English; and duels in every street maintained; divers sects and peculiar titles passed unpunished and unregarded, as the sect of the

* See Lord Herbert of Cherbury's Memoirs.

Roaring Boys, Bonaventors, Bravadors, Quarterers, and such like, being persons prodigal, and of great expense, who, having run themselves into debt, were constrained to run next into factions, to defend themselves from danger of the law. These received countenance from divers of the nobility; and the citizens through lasciviousness consuming their estates, it was like that the number [of these desperadoes] would rather increase than diminish; and under these pretences they entered into many desperate enterprises, and scarce any durst walk in the street after nine at night." *

The same authority assures us farther, that "ancient gentlemen, who had left their inheritance whole and well furnished with goods and chattels (having thereupon kept good houses) unto their sons, lived to see part consumed in riot and excess, and the rest in possibility to be utterly lost; the holy state of matrimony made but a May-game, by which divers families had been subverted; brothelhouses much frequented, and even great persons, prostituting their bodies to the intent to satisfy their lusts, consumed their substance in lascivious appetites. And of all sorts, such knights and gentlemen,

* History of the First Fourteen Years of King James's Reign. See Somers's Tracts, edited by Scott, vol. ii. p. 266.

as either through pride or prodigality had consumed their substance, repairing to the city, and to the intent to consume their virtue also, lived dissolute lives ; many of their ladies and daughters, to the intent to maintain themselves according to their dignity, prostituting their bodies in shameful manner. Alehouses, dicing-houses, taverns, and places of iniquity, beyond manner abounding in most places."

Nor is it only in the pages of a puritanical, perhaps a satirical writer, that we find so shocking and disgusting a picture of the coarseness of the beginning of the seventeenth century. On the contrary, in all the comedies of the age, the principal character for gaiety and wit is a young heir, who has totally altered the establishment of the father to whom he has succeeded, and, to use the old simile, who resembles a fountain, which plays off in idleness and extravagance the wealth which its careful parents painfully had assembled in hidden reservoirs.

And yet, while that spirit of general extravagance seemed at work over a whole kingdom, another and very different sort of men were gradually forming the staid and resolved characters, which afterwards displayed themselves during the civil wars, and powerfully regulated and affected the character of the whole English

nation, until, rushing from one extreme to another, they sunk in a gloomy fanaticism, the splendid traces of the reviving fine arts.

From the quotations which I have produced, the selfish and disgusting conduct of Lord Dalgarno will not perhaps appear overstrained; nor will the scenes in Whitefriars and places of similar resort seem too highly coloured. This indeed is far from being the case. It was in James I.'s reign that vice first appeared affecting the better classes in its gross and undisguised depravity. The entertainments and amusements of Elizabeth's time had an air of that decent restraint which became the court of a maiden sovereign; and, in that earlier period, to use the words of Burke, vice lost half its evil by being deprived of all its grossness. In James's reign, on the contrary, the coarsest pleasures were publicly and unlimitedly indulged, since, according to Sir John Harrington, the men wallowed in beastly delights; and even ladies abandoned their delicacy, and rolled about in intoxication. After a ludicrous account of a mask, in which the actors had got drunk, and behaved themselves accordingly, he adds, "I have much marvelled at these strange pageantries, and they do bring to my recollection what passed of this sort in our Queen's days, in which I was sometimes an assistant and par-

taker: but never did I see such lack of good order and sobriety as I have now done. The gunpowder fright is got out of all our heads, and we are going on heresabout as if the devil was contriving every man should blow up himself by wild riot, excess, and devastation of time and temperance. The great ladies do go well masqued; and indeed, it be the only show of their modesty to conceal their countenance; but alack, they meet with such countenance to uphold their strange doings, that I marvel not at aught that happens." *

Such being the state of the court, coarse sensuality brought along with it its ordinary companion, a brutal degree of undisguised selfishness, destructive alike of philanthropy and good-breeding; both of which, in their several spheres, depend upon the regard paid by each individual to the interest as well as the feelings of others. It is in such a time that the heart-

* Harrington's *Nugæ Antiquæ*, vol. ii. p. 362. For the gross debauchery of the period, too much encouraged by the example of the monarch, who was, in other respects, neither without talent nor a good-natured disposition, see Winwood's *Memorials*, Howell's *Letters*, and other *Memorials* of the time; but particularly, consult the *Private Letters and Correspondence of Stenier, alias Buckingham*, with his reverend Dad and Gossip, King James, which abound with the grossest as well as the most childish language. The learned Mr D'Israeli, in an attempt to vindicate the character of James, has only succeeded in obtaining for himself the character of a skilful and ingenious advocate, without much advantage to his royal client.

less and shameless man of wealth and power may, like the supposed Lord Dalgarno, brazen out the shame of his villanies, and affect to triumph in their consequences, so long as they were personally advantageous to his own pleasures or profit.

Alsatia is elsewhere explained as a cant name for Whitefriars, which, possessing certain privileges of sanctuary, became for that reason a nest of those mischievous characters who were generally obnoxious to the law. These privileges were derived from its having been an establishment of the Carmelites, or White Friars, founded, says Stow, in his Survey of London, by Sir Patrick Grey, in 1241. Edward I. gave them a plot of ground in Fleet Street, to build their church upon. The edifice then erected was rebuilt by Courtney, Earl of Devonshire, in the reign of Edward. In the time of the Reformation the place retained its immunities as a sanctuary, and James I. confirmed and added to them by a charter in 1608. Shadwell was the first author who made some literary use of Whitefriars, in his play of the Squire of Alsatia, which turns upon the plot of the Adelphi of Terence.

In this old play, two men of fortune, brothers, educate two young men, (sons to the one and nephews to the other,) each under his own se-

parate system of rigour and indulgence. The elder of the subjects of this experiment, who has been very rigidly brought up, falls at once into all the vices of the town, is debauched by the cheats and bullies of Whitefriars, and, in a word, becomes the Squire of Alsatia. The poet gives, as the natural and congenial inhabitants of the place, such characters as the reader will find in the note.* The play, as we learn from the dedication to the Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, was successful above the author's expectations, "no comedy these many years having filled the theatre so long together. And I

* "*Cheatly*, a rascal, who by reason of debts dares not stir out of Whitefriars, but there he inveigles young heirs of entail, and helps them to goods and money upon great disadvantages, is bound for them; and shares with them till he undoes them. A lewd, impudent, debauched fellow, very expert in the cant about town.

"*Shamwell*, cousin to the Belfords, who being ruined by *Cheatly*, is made a decoy-duck for others, not daring to stir out of Alsatia, where he lives. Is bound with *Cheatly* for heirs, and lives upon them a dissolute debauched life.

"*Captain Hookum*, a blockheaded bully of Alsatia, a sowsy, impudent, blustering fellow, formerly a sergeant in Flanders, who has run from his colours, and retreated into Whitefriars for a very small debt, where by the Alsatians he is dubb'd a captain, marries one that lets lodgings, sells cherry brandy, and is a bawd.

"*Scrapeall*, a hypocritical, repeating, praying, psalm-singing, precise fellow, pretending to great piety; a godly knave, who joins with *Cheatly*, and supplies young heirs with goods and money."—*Dramatis Personæ to the Squire of Alsatia*, SHADWELL'S Works, vol. iv.

had the great honour," continues Shadwell, "to find so many friends, that the house was never so full since it was built as upon the third day of this play, and vast numbers went away that could not be admitted." * From the *Squire of Alsatia* the author derived some few hints, and learned the footing on which the bullies and thieves of the Sanctuary stood with their neighbours, the fiery young students of the Temple, of which some intimation is given in the dramatic piece.

Such are the materials to which the author stands indebted for the composition of the *Fortunes of Nigel*, a novel which may be perhaps one of those that are more amusing on a second perusal, than when read a first time for the sake of the story, the incidents of which are few and meagre.

The Introductory Epistle is written, in Lucio's phrase, "according to the trick," and would never have appeared had the writer meditated making his avowal of the work. As it is the privilege of a masque or incognito to speak in a feigned voice and assumed character, the author attempted, while in disguise, some liberties of the same sort; and while he

* Dedication to the *Squire of Alsatia*, Shadwell's Works, vol. iv.
VOL. II,

continues to plead upon the various excuses which the introduction contains, the present acknowledgment must serve as an apology for a species of "hoity toity, whisky frisky" pertness of manner, which, in his avowed character, the author should have considered as a departure from the rules of civility and good taste.

Amherst, Mass.,
1st July, 1831.

My dear Sir,

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 27th inst. in relation to the publication of the "Liberator," and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the printer, and will be published in due season. I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Yours, &c.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

NOVELS AND ROMANCES. VOL. III.

THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL.

DAVID RAMSAY.—P. 65, l. 7.

David Ramsay, watchmaker and horologer to James I., was a real person, though the author has taken the liberty of pressing him into the service of fiction. Although his profession led him to cultivate the exact sciences, like many at this period he mingled them with pursuits which were mystical and fantastic. The truth was, that the boundaries between truth and falsehood in mathematics, astronomy, and similar pursuits, were not exactly known, and there existed a sort of *terra incognita* between them, in which the wisest men bewildered themselves. David Ramsay risked his money on the success of the vaticinations which his researches led him to form, since he sold clocks and watches under condition, that their value should not become payable till King James was crowned in the Pope's chair at Rome. Such wagers were common in that day, as may be seen by looking at Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*.

David Ramsay was also an actor in another singular scene in which the notorious astrologer Lilly was a performer, and had no small expectation on the occasion, since he brought with him a half-quartern sack to put the treasure in.

"David Ramsay, his Majesty's clock-maker, had been informed that there was a great quantity of treasure buried in the cloister of Westminster Abbey. He acquainted Dean Withnam therewith, who was also then Bishop of Lincoln. The Dean gave him liberty to search after it, with this proviso, that if any was discovered, his church should have a share of it. David Ramsay finds out one John Scott, who pretended the use of the Mosaical rods, to assist him herein. * I was desirous to join with him, unto which I consented. One winter's night, David Ramsay, with several gentlemen, myself, and Scott, entered the cloisters. We played the hazel rods round about the cloisters. Upon the west end of the cloisters the rods turned one over another, an argument that the treasure was there. The labourers digged at least six feet deep, and then we met with a coffin; but which, in regard it was not heavy, we did not open, which we afterwards much repented.

"From the cloisters we went into the abbey church, where, upon a sudden, (there being no wind when we began,) so fierce and so high, so blustering and loud a wind did rise, that we verily believed the west end of the church would have fallen upon us. Our rods would not move at all; the candles and torches, also, but one were extinguished, or burned very dimly. John Scott, my partner, was amazed, looked pale, knew not what to think or do, until I gave directions and command to dismiss the demons; which, when done, all was quiet again, and each man returned unto his lodging late, about twelve o'clock at night. I could never since be induced to join with any such like actions.

"The true miscarriage of the business was by reason of so many people being present at the operation; for there was about thirty, some laughing, others deriding us; so that, if we had not dismissed the demons, I be-

* The same now called, I believe, the Divining Rod, and applied to the supply of water not obvious to the eye.

have most part of the abbey church would have been blown down. Secrecy and intelligent operators, with a strong confidence and knowledge of what they are doing, are best for the work."—LILLY'S *Life and Times*, p. 46.

David Ramsay had a son called William Ramsay, who appears to have possessed all his father's credulity. He became an astrologer, and in 1651-2 published "*Vox Stellarum*, an Introduction to the Judgment of Eclipses and the Annual Revolutions of the World." The edition of 1652 is inscribed to his father. It would appear, as indeed it might be argued from his mode of disposing of his goods, that the old horologer had omitted to make hay while the sun shone; for his son, in his dedication, has this exception to the paternal virtues, "It's true your carelessness in laying up while the sun shone for the tempests of a stormy day, hath given occasion to some inferior spirited people not to value you according to what you are by nature and in yourself, for such look not to a man longer than he is in prosperity, esteeming none but for their wealth, not wisdom, power, nor virtue." From these expressions it is to be apprehended, that while old David Ramsay, a follower of the Stewarts, sunk under the Parliamentary government, his son, William, had advanced from being a dupe to astrology to the dignity of being himself a cheat.

GEORGE HERIOT.—END OF CHAP. II.—P. 86.

This excellent person was but little known by his actions when alive, but we may well use, in this particular, the striking phrase of Scripture, "that being dead he yet speaketh." We have already mentioned, in the Introduction, the splendid charity of which he was the founder; the few notices of his personal history are slight and meagre.

George Heriot was born at Trabroun, in the parish of Gladsmuir; he was the eldest son of a goldsmith in Edinburgh, descended from a family of some consequence

in East Lothian. His father enjoyed the confidence of his fellow-citizens, and was their representative in Parliament. He was, besides, one of the deputies sent by the inhabitants to propitiate the King, when he had left Edinburgh abruptly, after the riot of 17th December, 1596.

George Heriot, the son, pursued his father's occupation of a goldsmith, then peculiarly lucrative, and much connected with that of a money-broker. He enjoyed the favour and protection of James, and of his consort, Anne of Denmark. He married, for his first wife, a maiden of his own rank, named Christian Marjoribanks, daughter of a respectable burgher. This was in 1586. He was afterwards named jeweller to the Queen, whose account to him for a space of ten years amounted to nearly £40,000. George Heriot, having lost his wife, connected himself with the distinguished house of Rosebery, by marrying a daughter of James Primrose, Clerk to the Privy Council. Of this lady he was deprived by her dying in child-birth in 1612, before attaining her twenty-first year. After a life spent in honourable and successful industry, George Heriot died in London, to which city he had followed his royal master, on the 12th February 1624, at the age of sixty-one years. His picture, (copied by Scougal from a lost original,) in which he is represented in the prime of life, is thus described: "His fair hair, which overshades the thoughtful brow and calm calculating eye, with the cast of humour on the lower part of the countenance, are all indicative of the genuine Scottish character, and well distinguish a person fitted to move steadily and wisely through the world, with a strength of resolution to ensure success, and a disposition to enjoy it."—*Historical and Descriptive Account of Heriot's Hospital, with a Memoir of the Founder, by Messrs James and John Johnstone.* Edinburgh, 1827.

I may add, as every thing concerning George Heriot is interesting, that his second wife, Alison Primrose, was

interred in St Gregory's church, from the register of which parish the Rev. Mr Barham, Rector, has, in the kindest manner, sent me the following extract:—"Mrs Alison, the wife of Mr George Heriot, gentleman, 20th April, 1612." Saint Gregory's, before the Great Fire of London which consumed the cathedral, formed one of the towers of old Saint Paul's, and occupied the space of ground now filled by Queen Anne's statue. In the south aisle of the choir Mrs Heriot reposed under a handsome monument, bearing the following inscription:—

"*Sanctissimæ et charissimæ conjugi ALISONÆ HERIOT, Jacobi Primrosii Regiæ Majestatis in Sanctiori Concilio Regni Scotiæ Amanuensis, filiæ, femine omnibus tum animi tum corporis dotibus, ac pio cultu instructissimæ, mæstissimus ipsius maritus GEORGIUS HERIOT, ARMIGER, Regis, Reginæ, Principum Henrici et Caroli Gemmarius, bene merenti, non sine lacrymis, hoc Monumentum pie posuit.*

"*Obiit Mensis Aprilis die 16, anno salutis 1612, ætatis 20, in ipso flore juventæ, et mihi, parentibus, et amicis tristissimum sui desiderium reliquit.*

*Hic Alicia Primrosa
Jacet crudo abruta fato,
Intempestivas
Ut rosa pressa manus
Nondum bisdenos
Annorum impleverat orbes,
Pulchra, pudica,
Patris delictum atque viri
Quem gravida, heu! nunquam
Mater, decessit, et inde
Cura dolorq: patri
Cura dolorq: viro.
Non sublata tamen
Tantum translata recessit,
Nunc Rosa prima Poli
Quæ fulcra ante solis*

The loss of a young, beautiful, and amiable partner, at a period so interesting, was the probable reason of her husband devoting his fortune to a charitable institution. The epitaph occurs in Strype's edition of Stowe's Survey of London, Book iii. page 228.

ADVICE—PETITIONING KING JAMES I.—
P. 108, l. 104.

I am certain this prudential advice is not original on Mr. Linklater's part, but I am not at present able to produce my authority. I think it amounted to this, that James flung down a petition presented by some supplicant who paid no compliments to his horse, and expressed no admiration at the splendour of his furniture, saying, "Shall a king cumber himself about the petition of a beggar, while the beggar disregards the king's splendour?" It is, I think, Sir John Harrington who recommends, as a sure mode to the king's favour, to praise the paces of the royal palfrey.

**PROCLAMATION AGAINST THE SCOTS COMING TO
ENGLAND.—P. 108.**

The English agreed in nothing more unanimously than in censuring James on account of the beggarly rabble which not only attended the King at his coming first out of Scotland, 'but,' says Osborne, "which, through his whole reign, like a fluent spring, were found still crossing the Tweed." Yet it is certain, from the number of proclamations published by the Privy Council in Scotland, and bearing marks of the King's own diction, that he was sensible of the whole inconveniencies and unpopularity attending the importunate crowd of disreputable suitors, and as desirous to get rid of them as his Southern subjects could be. But it was in vain that his Majesty argued with his Scottish subjects on the disrespect they were bringing on their native country and sovereign, by causing the English to suppose there were

no well-nurtured or independent gentry in Scotland, they who presented themselves being, in the opinion and conceit of all beholders, "but idle rascals, and poor, miserable bodies." It was even in vain that the vessels which brought up this unwelcome cargo of petitioners were threatened with fine and confiscation; the undaunted suitors continued to press forward, and, as one of the proclamations says, many of them under pretence of requiring payment of "auld debts due to them by the King," which, it is observed with great *naïveté*, "is, of all kinds of importunity, most displeasing to his Majesty." The expressions in the text are selected from these curious proclamations.

"I HAVE KNOWN A LEARNED MAN WRITE A THOUSAND PAGES WITH ONE QUILL."—
P. 137, l. 6 from bottom.

A biblical commentary by Gill, which (if the author's memory serves him) occupies between five and six hundred printed quarto pages, and must therefore have filled more pages of manuscript than the number mentioned in the text, has this quatrain at the end of the volume—

With one good pen I wrote this book,
Made of a grey goose quill;
A pen it was when it I took,
And a pen I leave it still.

KING JAMES.—P. 142-3.

The dress of this monarch, together with his personal appearance, is thus described by a contemporary—

"He was of a middle stature, more corpulent through [*i. e.* by means of] his clothes than his body, yet fat enough. His legs were very weak, having had, as was thought, some foul play in his youth, or rather before he was born, that he was not able to stand at seven years of age. That weakness made him ever leaning on other

men's shoulders. His walk was even circular; his hands are in that walk ever fiddling about—[a part of dress now laid aside.] He would make a great deal too bold with God in his passion, both with cursing and swearing, and a strain higher verging on blasphemy; but would, in his better temper, say, he hoped God would not impute them as sins, and lay them to his charge, seeing they proceeded from passion. He had need of great assistance, rather than hope, that would daily make thus bold with God."—DALZELL'S *Sketches of Scottish History*, p. 86.

SIR MUNGO MALAGROWTHER.—P. 189, l. 6.

It will perhaps be recognised by some of my countrymen, that the caustic Scottish knight, as described in the preceding chapter, borrowed some of his attributes from a most worthy and respectable baronet, who was to be met with in Edinburgh society about twenty-five or thirty years ago. It is not by any means to be inferred, that the living person resembled the imaginary one in the course of life ascribed to him, or in his personal attributes. But his fortune was little adequate to his rank and the antiquity of his family; and, to avenge themselves of this disparity, the worthy baronet lost no opportunity of making the more avowed sons of fortune feel the edge of his satire. This he had the art of disguising under the personal infirmity of deafness, and usually introduced his most severe things by an affected mistake of what was said around him. For example, at a public meeting of a certain county, this worthy gentleman had chosen to display a laced coat, of such a pattern as had not been seen in society for the better part of a century. The young men who were present amused themselves with rallying him on his taste, when he suddenly singled out one of the party:—"Auld d'ye think my coat—auld-fashioned?—indeed it canna be new; but it was the wark of a braw tailor, and that was your grandfather,

who was at the head of the trade in Edinburgh about the beginning of last century." Upon another occasion, when this type of Sir Mungo Malagrowther happened to hear a nobleman, the high chief of one of those Border clans who were accused of paying very little attention in ancient times to the distinctions of *Meum* and *Tuum*, addressing a gentleman of the same name, as if conjecturing there should be some relationship between them, he volunteered to ascertain the nature of the connexion by saying that the "Chief's ancestors had *stolen* the cows, and the other gentleman's ancestors had *killed* them,"—same ascribing the origin of the latter family to a butcher. It may be well imagined, that among a people that have been always punctilious about genealogy, such a person, who had a general acquaintance with all the flaws and specks in the shields of the proud, the pretending, and the *nouveaux riches*, must have had the same scope for amusement as a monkey in a china shop.

EARLS OF DALWOSLEY, (DALHOUSIE.)—P. 215,
l. 17.

The head of the ancient and distinguished house of Ramsay, and to whom, as their chief, the individuals of that name look as their origin and source of gentry. Allan Ramsay, the pastoral poet, in the same manner, makes

"Dalhousie of an auld descent,
My chief, my stoup, my ornament."

MRS ANNE TURNER.—P. 215, l. 7.

Mrs Anne Turner was a dame somewhat of the occupation of Mrs Saddlechop in the text; that is, half milliner half procuress, and secret agent in all manner of proceedings. She was a trafficker in the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury, for which so many subordinate

agents lost their lives, while, to the great scandal of justice, the Earl of Somerset and his Countess were suffered to escape, upon a threat of Somerset to make public some secret which nearly affected his master, King James. Mrs Turner introduced into England a French custom of using yellow starch in *getting up* bands and cuffs, and, by Lord Coke's orders, she appeared in that fashion at the place of execution. She was the widow of a physician, and had been eminently beautiful, as appears from the description of her in the poem called *Overbury's Vision*. There was produced in court a parcel of dolls or puppets belonging to this lady, some naked, some dressed, and which she used for exhibiting fashions upon. But, greatly to the horror of the spectators, who accounted these figures to be magical devices, there was, on their being shown, "heard a crack from the scaffold, which caused great fear, tumult, and confusion, among the spectators and throughout the hall, every one fearing hurt, as if the devil had been present, and grown angry to have his workmanship showed to such as were not his own scholars." Compare this curious passage in the *History of King James for the First Fourteen Years*, 1651, with the *Aulicus Coquinarius* of Dr Heylin. Both works are published in the *Secret History of King James*.

LORD HUNTINGLEN.—P. 297, l. 4.

The credit of having rescued James I. from the dagger of Alexander Ruthven, is here fictitiously ascribed to an imaginary Lord Huntinglen. In reality, as may be read in every history, his preserver was John Ramsay, afterwards created Earl of Holderness, who stabbed the younger Ruthven with his dagger while he was struggling with the King. Sir Anthony Weldon informs us, that, upon the annual return of the day, the King's deliverance was commemorated by an anniversary feast." The time was the fifth of August, "upon which," proceeds

the satirical historian, "Sir John Ramsay, for his good service in that preservation, was the principal guest, and so did the King grant him any boon he would ask that day. But he had such limitation made to his asking, as made his suit unprofitable, as the action for which he asked it for was unserviceable to the King."

BUCKINGHAM.—P. 246, l. 12.

Buckingham, who had a frankness in his high and irascible ambition, was always ready to bid defiance to those by whom he was thwarted or opposed. He aspired to be created Prince of Tipperary in Ireland, and Lord High Constable of England. Coventry, then Lord Keeper, opposed what seemed such an unreasonable extent of power as was annexed to the office of Constable. On this opposition, according to Sir Anthony Weldon, "the Duke peremptorily accosted Coventry, 'Who made you Lord Keeper, Coventry?' He replied, 'The King.' Buckingham replied, 'It's false; 'twas I did make you, and you shall know that I, who made you, can, and will, unmake you.' Coventry thus answered him, 'Did I conceive that I held my place by your favour, I would presently unmake myself, by rendering up the seals to his Majesty.' Then Buckingham, in a scorn and fury, flung from him, saying, 'You shall not keep it long;' and surely, had not Felton prevented him, he had made good his word."—WELDON'S *Court of King James and Charles*.

THE DOUGLAS WARS.—P. 267, l. 20.

The cruel civil wars waged by the Scottish barons during the minority of James VI., had this name from the figure made in them by the celebrated James Douglas Earl of Morton. Both sides executed their prisoners without mercy or favour.

TOMB OF REGENT MURRAY.—P. 271, l. 20.

As each covenant in those days of accuracy had a special place nominated for execution, the tomb of the Regent Earl of Murray in Saint Giles's Church was frequently assigned for the purpose.

PAGES IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.—P. 281, l. 4.

About this time the ancient customs arising from the long prevalence of chivalry, began to be grossly varied from the original purposes of the institution. None was more remarkable than the change which took place in the breeding and occupation of *pages*. This peculiar species of menial originally consisted of youths of noble birth, who, that they might be trained to the exercise of arms, were early removed from their paternal homes, where too much indulgence might have been expected, to be placed in the family of some prince or man of rank and military renown, where they served, as it were, an apprenticeship to the duties of chivalry and courtesy. Their education was severely moral, and pursued with great strictness in respect to useful exercises, and what were deemed elegant accomplishments. From being *pages*, they were advanced to the next gradation of *squires*; from *squires*, these candidates for the honours of knighthood were frequently made knights.

But in the sixteenth century the *page* had become, in many instances, a mere domestic, who sometimes, by the splendour of his address and appearance, was expected to make up in show for the absence of a whole band of retainers with swords and bucklers. We have Sir John's authority when he cashiers part of his train.

"Falstaff will learn the humour of the age,
French thrift, you rogues, myself and skirted page."

Jonson, in a high tone of moral indignation, thus reprobated the change. The Host of the New Inn replies

to Lord Lovel, who asks to have his son for a page, that he would, with his own hands, hang him sooner:

"Than damn him to this desperate course of life.

Lovel. Call you that desperate, which, by a line
Of institution, from our ancestors
Hath been derived down to us, and received
In a succession, for the noblest way
Of brushing up our youth, in letters, arms,
Fair mien, discourses civil, exercise,
And all the blazon of a gentleman?
Where can he learn to vault, to ride, to fence,
To move his body gracefully, to speak
The language pure, or to turn his mind
Or manners more to the harmony of nature,
Than in these nurseries of nobility?

Host. Ay, that was when the nursery's self was noble,
And only virtue made it, not the market,
That titles were not vended at the drum
And common outcry; goodness gave the greatness,
And greatness worship; every house became
An academy, and those parts
We see departed in the practice now
Quite from the institution.

Lovel. Why do you say so,
Or think so enviously? do they not still
Learn us the Centaur's skill, the art of Thrace,
To ride? or Pellux' mystery, to fence?
The Pyrrhick gestures, both to stand and spring
In armour; to be active for the wars;
To study figures, numbers, and proportions;
May yield them great in counsels and the arts;
To make their English sweet upon the tongue;
As reverend Chaucer says.

Host. Sir, you mistake;
To play Sir Pandarus, my copy hath it,
And carry messages to Madam Cremaid;
Instead of backing the brave steed o' mottings.

To kiss the chambermaid, and for a leap
 O' the vaulting horse, to ply the vaulting house ;
 For exercise of arms a bale of dice,
 And two or three packs of cards to show the cheat,
 And nimbleness of hand ; mis-take a cloak
 From my lord's back, and pawn it ; ease his pockets
 Of a superfluous watch, or geld a jewel
 Of an odd stone or so ; twinge three or four buttons
 From off my lady's gown ; These are the arts,
 Or seven liberal deadly sciences,
 Of pagery, or rather paganism,
 As the tides run ; to which, if he apply him,
 He may, perhaps, take a degree at Tyburn,
 A year the earlier come to read a lecture
 Upon Aquinas, at Saint Thomas-a-Watering's,
 And so go forth a laureate in hemp circle. "

The New Inn, Act I.

LORD HENRY HOWARD.—P. 283, l. 3 *from*
bottom.

Lord Henry Howard was the second son of the poetical Earl of Surrey, and possessed considerable parts and learning. He wrote, in the year 1583, a book called "A Defensative against the Poison of supposed Prophecies." He gained the favour of Queen Elizabeth, by having, he says, directed his battery against a sect of prophets and pretended soothsayers, whom he accounted *infesti regibus*, as he expresses it. In the last years of the Queen, he became James's most ardent partisan, and conducted with great pedantry, but much intrigue, the correspondence betwixt the Scottish King and the younger Cecil. Upon James's accession, he was created Earl of Northampton, and Lord Privy Seal. According to De Beaumont the French Ambassador, Lord Henry Howard was one of the greatest flatterers and calumniators that ever lived.

SKIRMISHES IN THE PUBLIC STREETS.—
P. 286, l. 10.

Edinburgh appears to have been one of the most disorderly towns in Europe, during the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century. The Diary of the honest citizen Birrel, repeatedly records such incidents as the following : “ The 24 of November [1567], at two afternoon, the Laird of Airth and the Laird of Weems met on the High Gate of Edinburgh, and they and their followers fought a very bloody skirmish, where there were many hurt on both sides with the shot of pistol.” These skirmishes also took place in London itself. In Shadwell’s play of the *Scowerers*, an old rake thus boasts of his early exploits :—“ I knew the Hectors, and before them the Muns and the Tityretu’s ; they were brave fellows indeed ! In these days a man could not go from the Rose Garden to the Piazza once, but he must venture his life twice, my dear Sir Willie.” But it appears that the affrays, which, in the Scottish capital, arose out of hereditary quarrels and ancient feuds, were in London the growth of the licentiousness and arrogance of young debauchees.

FRENCH COOKERY.—P. 299, l. 19.

The exertion of French ingenuity mentioned in the text is noticed by some authorities of the period ; the siege of Leith was also distinguished by the protracted obstinacy of the besieged, in which was displayed all that the age possessed of defensive war, so that Brantome records that those who witnessed this siege, had, from that very circumstance, a degree of consequence yielded to their persons and opinions. He tells a story of Strozzi himself, from which it appears that his jests lay a good deal in the line of the *cuisine*. He caused a mule to be stolen from one Brusquet, on whom he wished to play a trick,

and served up the flesh of that unclean animal so well disguised, that it passed with Brusquet for venison.

CUCKOO'S NEST.—P. 302, l. 17.

The quarrel in this chapter between the pretended captain and the citizen of London, is taken from a burlesque poem called *The Counter Scuffle*, that is, the Scuffle in the Prison at Wood Street, so called. It is a piece of low humour, which had at the time very considerable vogue. The prisoners, it seems, had fallen into a dispute amongst themselves "which calling was of most repute," and a lawyer put in his claim to be most highly considered. The man of war repelled his pretence with much arrogance.

"We're not for us, thou swab," quoth he,

"Where wouldst thou say to get a fee?"

But to defend such things as thee

'Tis pity;

For such as you esteem us least,

Who ever have been ready prest

To guard you and your cuckoo's nest,

The City."

The offence is no sooner given than it is caught up by a gallant citizen, a goldsmith, named Ellis.

"Of London city I am free,

And there I first my wife did see,

And for that very cause," said he,

"I love it.

And he that calls it cuckoo's nest,

Except he say he speaks in jest,

He is a villain and a beast,—

"I'll prove it."

For though I am a man of trade,

And free of London city made,

Yet can I use gun, bill, and blade,

In battle."

And citizens, if need require,
Themselves can force the foe retire,
Whatever this low country squire
May prattle, "

The dispute terminates in the scuffle, which is the subject of the poem. The whole may be found in the second edition of Dryden's *Miscellany*, 12mo, vol. iii. 1716.

BURBAGE.—P. 312, l. 13.

Burbage, whom Camden terms another *Roscias*, was probably the original representative of Richard III., and seems to have been early almost identified with his prototype. Bishop Corbet, in his *Iter Boreale*, tells us that mine host of Market Bosworth was full of ale and history.

"Hear him, See you wood? there Richard lay
With his whole army; look the other way,
And lo, where Richmond, in a field of gorse,
Encamp'd himself in might and all his force.
Upon this hill they met. Why, he could tell
The inch where Richmond stood, where Richard fell;
Besides, what of his knowledge he could say,
He had authentic notice from the play,
Which I might guess by's mustering up the ghosts
And policies not incident to hosts;
But chiefly by that one perspicuous thing,
Where he mistook a player for a king,
For when he would have said, that Richard died,
And call'd, a horse! a horse! he Burbage cried."

RICHARD CORBET's *Poems*, Edition 1815, p. 193.

FATE OF GENIUS IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.
—P. 315, l. 12.

The condition of men of wit and talents was never more melancholy than about this period. Their lives

were so irregular, and their means of living so precarious, that they were alternately rioting in debauchery, or encountering and struggling with the meanest necessities. Two or three lost their lives by a surfeit brought on by that fatal banquet of Rhenish wine and pickled herrings, which is familiar to those who study the lighter literature of that age. The whole history is a most melancholy picture of genius, degraded at once by its own debaucheries, and the patronage of heartless rakes and profligates.

NOVELS AND ROMANCES. VOL. IV.

THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL.

INAUGURATORY ORATION.—P. 24-5.

Of the cant words used in this inaugural oration, some are obvious in their meaning, others, as Harman Beck (constable), and the like, derive their source from that ancient piece of lexicography, the Slang Dictionary.

DISLIKE TO PORK.—P. 223, l. 2, (*bottom.*)

The Scots, till within the last generation, disliked swine's flesh as an article of food as much as the Highlanders do at present. It was remarked as extraordinary rapacity, when the Border depredators condescended to make prey of the accursed race, whom the fiend made his habitation. Ben Jonson, in drawing James's character, says, he loved "no part of a swine."

MHIC-ALLASTAR-MORE.—P. 244, l. 18.

This is the Highland patronymic of the late gallant Chief of Glengarry. The allusion in the text is to an unnecessary alarm taken by some lady, at the ceremonial of the coronation of George IV., at the sight of the pistols which the Chief wore as a part of his Highland dress. The circumstance produced some confusion, which was talked of at the time. All who knew Glengarry

(and the Author knew him well) were aware that his principles were of devoted loyalty to the person of his sovereign.

KING JAMES'S HUNTING BOTTLE.—P. 243, l. 7,
(bottom.)

Roger Coke, in his detection of the Court and State of England, London, 1697, p. 70, observes of James I., "The king was excessively addicted to hunting and drinking, not ordinary French and Spanish wines, but strong Greek wines, and thought he would compound his hunting with these wines; and to that purpose, he was attended by a special officer, who was, as much as he could be, always at hand to fill the King's cup in hunting when he called for it. I have heard my father say, that, hunting with the King, after the King had drank of the wine, he also drank of it; and though he was young, and of a healthful disposition, it so disordered his head, that it spoiled his pleasure, and disordered him for three days after. Whether it was from drinking these wines, or from some other cause, the King became so lazy and so unwieldy, that he was trussed on horse-back, and as he was set, so would he ride, without stirring himself in the saddle; nay, when his hat was set upon his head, he would not take the trouble to alter it, but it sate as it was put on."

The trussing, for which the demipique saddle of the day afforded particular facility, is alluded to in the text; and the author, among other nicknacks of antiquity, possesses a leathern flask, like those carried by sportsmen, which is labelled, "King James's Hunting Bottle," with what authenticity is uncertain. Coke seems to have exaggerated the King's taste for the bottle. Weldon says James was not intemperate in his drinking. "However, in his old age, Buckingham's jovial suppers, when he had any turn to do with him, made him sometimes overtaken, which he would the next day remember, and re-

pent with tears. It is true he drank very often, which was rather out of a custom than any delight; and his drinks were of that kind for strength, as Frontiniack, Canary, high country wine, tent wine, and Scottish ale, that had he not had a very strong brain, he might have been daily overtaken, though he seldom drank at any one time above four spoonfuls, many times not above one or two." —*Secret History of King James*, vol. ii., p. 3. Edin. 1811.

SCENE IN GREENWICH PARK.—P. 247.

I cannot here omit mentioning, that a painting of the old school is in existence, having a remarkable resemblance to the scene described in the foregoing chapter, although it be nevertheless true that the similarity is in all respects casual, and that the author knew not of the existence of the painting till it was sold, amongst others, with the following description attached to it in a well-drawn-up catalogue.

"FREDERIGO ZUCCHERO.

Scene as represented in the Fortunes of Nigel, by Frederigo Zuccherò, the King's painter.

"This extraordinary picture, which, independent of its pictorial merit, has been esteemed a great literary curiosity, represents most faithfully the meeting, in Greenwich Park, between King James and Nigel Oliphant, as described in the *Fortunes of Nigel*, showing that the author must have taken the anecdote from authenticated facts. In the centre of the picture sits King James on horseback, very erect and stilly. Between the King and Prince Charles, who is on the left of the picture, the Duke of Buckingham is represented riding a black horse, and pointing eagerly towards the culprit, Nigel Oliphant, who is standing on the right side of the picture. He grasps with his right hand a gun, or crossbow, and looks

angrily towards the King, who seems somewhat confused and alarmed. Behind Nigel, his servant is restraining two dogs which are barking fiercely. Nigel and his servant are both clothed in red, the livery of the Oliphaunt family, in which, to this day, the town-officers of Perth are clothed, there being an old charter, granting to the Oliphaunt family, the privilege of dressing the public officers of Perth in their livery. The Duke of Buckingham is in all respects equal in magnificence of dress to the King or the Prince. The only difference that is marked between him and royalty is, that his head is uncovered. The King and the Prince wear their hats. In Letitia Aiken's *Memoirs of the Reign of King James*, will be found a letter from Sir Thomas Howard to Lord L. Harrington, in which he recommends the latter to come to court, mentioning that his Majesty has spoken favourably of him. He then proceeds to give him some advice, by which he is likely to find favour in the King's eyes. He tells him to wear a bushy ruff, well starched; and after various other directions as to his dress, he concludes, 'but above all things fail not to praise the roan jennet whereon the King doth daily ride.' In this picture King James is represented on the identical roan jennet. In the background of the picture are seen two or three suspicious-looking figures, as if watching the success of some plot. These may have been put in by the painter, to flatter the King, by making it be supposed that he had actually escaped, or successfully combated, some serious plot. The King is attended by a numerous band of courtiers and attendants, all of whom seem moving forward to arrest the defaulter. The painting of this picture is extremely good, but the drawing is very Gothic, and there is no attempt at the keeping of perspective. The picture is very dark and obscure, which considerably adds to the interest of the scene."

KING JAMES'S TIMIDITY.—P. 247, l. 19.

The fears of James for his personal safety were often excited without serious grounds. On one occasion, having been induced to visit a coal-pit on the coast of Fife, he was conducted a little way under the sea, and brought to daylight again on a small island, or what was such at full tide, down which a shaft had been sunk. James, who conceived his life or liberty aimed at, when he found himself on an islet surrounded by the sea, instead of admiring, as his cicerone hoped, the unexpected change of scene, cried *Treason* with all his might, and could not be pacified till he was rowed ashore. At Lochmaben he took an equally causeless alarm from a still slighter circumstance. Some *vendisses*, a fish peculiar to the Loch, were presented to the royal table as a delicacy; but the King, who was not familiar with their appearance, concluded they were poisoned, and broke up the banquet "with most admired disorder."

TRAITOR'S GATE.—P. 252, l. 5.

Traitor's Gate, which opens from the Tower of London to the Thames, was, as its name implies, that by which persons accused of state offences were conveyed to their prison. When the tide is making, and the ancient gate is beheld from within the buildings, it used to be a most striking part of the old fortress; but it is now much injured in appearance, being half built up with masonry to support a steam-engine, or something of that sort.

NAMES ON THE PRISON-WALLS OF THE TOWER.—

P. 257, l. 21.

These memorials of illustrious criminals, or of innocent persons who had the fate of such, are still preserved, though at one time, in the course of repairing the rooms, they were in some danger of being whitewashed. They are preserved at present with becoming respect, and have

most of them been engraved.—See BAYLEY'S *History and Antiquities of the Tower of London*.

KING JAMES'S DISLIKE OF ARMS.—P. 308, L. 21.

Wilson informs us that when Colonel Grey, a Scotsman who affected the buff dress even in the time of peace, appeared in that military garb at Court, the King, seeing him with a case of pistols at his girdle, which he never greatly liked, told him, merrily, "he was now so fortified, that, if he were but well victualled, he would be impregnable."—WILSON'S *Life and Reign of James VI.*, *apud* KENNET'S *History of England*, vol. ii. p. 389. In 1612, the tenth year of James's reign, there was a rumour abroad that a shipload of pocket-pistols had been exported from Spain, with a view to a general massacre of the Protestants. Proclamations were of consequence sent forth, prohibiting all persons from carrying pistols under a foot long in the barrel.—*Ibid.* p. 690.

PUNISHMENT OF STUBBS BY MUTILATION.—P. 311,
L. 11.

This execution, which so captivated the imagination of Sir Mungo Malagrowth, was really a striking one. The criminal, a furious and bigoted Puritan, had published a book in very violent terms against the match of Elizabeth with the Duke of Alençon, which he termed an union of a daughter of God with a son of antichrist! Queen Elizabeth was greatly incensed at the freedom assumed in this work, and caused the author Stubbs, with Page the publisher, and one Singleton the printer, to be tried on an act passed by Philip and Mary against the writers and dispersers of seditious publications. They were convicted; and although there was an opinion strongly entertained by lawyers that the act was only temporary, and expired with Queen Mary, Stubbs and Page received sentence to have their right hands struck off.

They accordingly suffered the punishment, the wrist being divided by a cleaver driven through the joint by force of a mallet. The printer was pardoned. "I remember," says the historian Camden, "being then present, that Stubbs, when his right hand was cut off, plucked off his hat with the left, and said, with a loud voice, "God save the Queen!" The multitude standing about was deeply silent, either out of horror of this new and unwonted kind of punishment, or out of commiseration towards the man, as being of an honest and unblamable repute, or else out of hatred to the marriage, which most men presaged would be the overthrow of religion."—CAMDEN'S *Annals for the Year 1581*.

RICHIE MONIPLIES BEHIND THE ARRAS.—P. 338,
l. 10.

The practical jest of Richie Moniplies going behind the arras to get an opportunity of teasing Heriot, was a pleasantry such as James might be supposed to approve of. It was customary for those who knew his humour to contrive jests of this kind for his amusement. The celebrated Archie Armstrong, and another jester called Drummond, mounted on other people's backs, used to charge each other like knights in the tilt-yard, to the monarch's great amusement. The following is an instance of the same kind, taken from Webster upon Witchcraft. The author is speaking of the faculty called ventriloquism.

"But to make this more plain and certain, we shall add a story of a notable impostor, or ventriloquist, from the testimony of Mr Ady, which we have had confirmed from the mouth of some courtiers, that both saw and knew him, and is this:—It hath been (saith he) credibly reported, that there was a man in the court in King James his days, that could act this imposture so lively, that he could call the King by name, and cause the

King to look round about him, wondering who it was that called him, whereas he that called him stood before him in his presence, with his face towards him. But after this imposture was known, the King, in his meriment, would sometimes take occasionally this impostor to make sport upon some of his courtiers, as, for instance—

“ There was a knight belonging to the court, whom the King caused to come before him in his private room, (where no man was but the King, and this knight and the impostor,) and feigned some occasion of serious discourse with the knight; but when the King began to speak, and the knight bending his attention to the King, suddenly there came a voice as out of another room, calling the knight by name, ‘ Sir John, Sir John; come away, Sir John;’ at which the knight began to frown that any man should be so unmannerly as to molest the King and him; and still listening to the King’s discourse, the voice came again, ‘ Sir John, Sir John; come away and drink off your sack.’ At that Sir John began to swell with anger, and looked into the next rooms to see who it was that dared to call him so importunately, and could not find out who it was; and having chid with whomsoever he found, he returned again to the King. The King had no sooner begun to speak as formerly, but the voice came again, ‘ Sir John, come away, your sack stayeth for you.’ At that Sir John began to stamp with madness, and looked out and returned several times to the King, but could not be quiet in his discourse with the King, because of the voice that so often troubled him, till the King had sported enough.”

WEBSTER on *Witchcraft*, p. 124.

LEGLIN-GIRTH.—P. 354, l. 3.

A leglin-girth is the lowest hoop upon a *leglin*, or milk-pail. Allan Ramsay applies the phrase in the same metaphorical sense.

" Or hairns can read, they first mann spell
 I learn'd this frae my mammy,
 And cast a leglin-girth mysell,
 Lang ere I married Tammy."

Christ's Kirk on the Green.

JEDDART-STAVES.—P. 368, l. 8, (*bottom*).

The old-fashioned weapon called the Jeddart staff was a species of battle-axe. Of a very great tempest, it is said in the south of Scotland, that it rains Jeddart staffs, as in England the common people talk of its raining cats and dogs.

LADY LAKE.—P. 369, l. 11.

Whether out of a meddling propensity common to all who have a gossiping disposition, or from the love of justice, which ought to make part of a prince's character, James was very fond of enquiring personally into the *causes célèbres* which occurred during his reign. In the imposture of the Boy of Bilson, who pretended to be possessed, and of one Richard Haydock, a poor scholar, who pretended to preach during his sleep, the King, to use the historian Wilson's expression, took delight in sounding with the line of his understanding the depth of these brutish impositions, and in doing so showed the acuteness with which he was endowed by Nature. Lady Lake's story consisted in a clamorous complaint against the Countess of Exeter, whom she accused of a purpose to put to death Lady Lake herself, and her daughter, Lady Ross, the wife of the Countess's own son-in-law, Lord Ross; and a forged letter was produced, in which Lady Exeter was made to acknowledge such a purpose. The account given of the occasion of obtaining this letter was, that it had been written by the Countess at Wimbledon, in presence of Lady Lake and her daughter, Lady Ross, being designed to procure their forgiveness for her mischievous intention. The King remained still

unsatisfied, the writing, in his opinion, bearing strong marks of forgery. Lady Lake and her daughter then alleged, that, besides their own attestation, and that of a confidential domestic, named Diego, in whose presence Lady Exeter had written the confession, their story might also be supported by the oath of their waiting-maid, who had been placed behind the hangings at the time the letter was written, and heard the Countess of Exeter read over the confession after she had signed it. Determined to be at the bottom of this accusation, James, while hunting one day near Wimbledon, the scene of the alleged confession, suddenly left his sport, and galloping hastily to Wimbledon, in order to examine personally the room, discovered, from the size of the apartment, that the alleged conversation could not have taken place in the manner sworn to; and that the tapestry of the chamber, which had remained in the same state for thirty years, was too short by two feet, and, therefore, could not have concealed any one behind it. This matter was accounted an exclusive discovery of the King by his own spirit of shrewd investigation. The parties were punished in the Star Chamber by fine and imprisonment.

NOVELS AND ROMANCES. VOL. V.

THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL.

MILITARY EXERCISE.—P. 13, l. 9.

Clarendon remarks, that the importance of the military exercise of the citizens was severely felt by the cavaliers during the civil war, notwithstanding the ridicule that had been showered upon it by the dramatic poets of the day. Nothing less than habitual practice could, at the battle of Newbury and elsewhere, have enabled the Londoners to keep their ranks as pikemen, in spite of the repeated charge of the fiery Prince Rupert and his gallant cavaliers.

THE DUKE OF EXETER'S DAUGHTER.—P. 14, l. 19.

A particular species of rack, used at the Tower of London, was so called.

“THE MAN SITS FULL STILL THAT HAS A RENT
IN HIS BREEKS.”—P. 18, l. 12.

This elegant speech was made by the Earl of Douglas, called Tineman, after being wounded and made prisoner at the battle of Shrewsbury, where

“His well labouring sword
Had three times slain the semblance of the King.”

PENNY-WEDDING.—P. 44, l. 22.

The penny-wedding of the Scots, now disused even among the lowest ranks, was a peculiar species of merry-making, at which, if the wedded pair were popular, the guests who convened, contributed considerable sums under pretence of paying for the bridal festivity, but in reality to set the married folk afloat in the world.

INTRODUCTION

AND

NOTES

TO

PEVERIL OF THE PEAK.

2. THE CHINESE EVIDENCE

2.1

There are two Chinese sources of evidence:

2.1.1. *China*

China is a country of 1,200 million people, with a long history of agriculture. It is a country of great diversity, with many different ethnic groups and languages. The Chinese people are known for their hard work and determination. They have a long tradition of agriculture, and they are now becoming more and more interested in modern agriculture. The Chinese government has been working hard to improve the country's agricultural production. They have been building new roads and bridges, and they have been investing in modern farming equipment. They have also been working to improve the lives of the Chinese people. They have been building schools and hospitals, and they have been providing better healthcare. The Chinese people are proud of their country and their culture. They are working hard to make China a better place for everyone. The Chinese government is committed to improving the lives of the Chinese people and to making China a more prosperous and powerful country. The Chinese people are working hard to achieve their dreams and to make their country a better place for everyone. The Chinese government is committed to improving the lives of the Chinese people and to making China a more prosperous and powerful country. The Chinese people are working hard to achieve their dreams and to make their country a better place for everyone.

INTRODUCTION

TO

PEVERIL OF THE PEAK.

IF I had valued my own reputation, as it is said I ought in prudence to have done, I might have now drawn a line, and remained for life, or (who knows?) perhaps for some years after death, the "ingenious author of Waverley." I was not, however, more desirous of this sort of immortality, which might have lasted some twenty or thirty years, than Falstaff of the embowelling which was promised him after the field of Shrewsbury, by his patron the Prince of Wales. "Embowel'd? If you embowel me to-day, you may powder and eat me to-morrow!"

If my occupation as a romancer were taken from me, I felt I should have at a late hour in life to find me out another; when I could hardly expect to acquire those new tricks, which are

proverbially said not to be learned by those dogs who are getting old. Besides, I had yet to learn from the public, that my intrusions were disagreeable; and while I was endured with some patience, I felt I had all the reputation which I greatly coveted. My memory was well stored, both with historical, local, and traditional notices, and I had become almost as licensed a plague to the public as the well-remembered beggar of the ward, whom men distinguish by their favour, perhaps for no better reason than that they had been in the habit of giving him alms, as a part of the business of their daily promenade. The general fact is undeniable,—all men grow old, all men must wear out; but men of ordinary wisdom, however aware of the general fact, are unwilling to admit in their own case any special instances of failure. Indeed, they can hardly be expected themselves to distinguish the effects of the Archbishop of Granada's apoplexy, and are not unwilling to pass over in their composition, as instances of mere carelessness or bad luck, what others may consider as symptoms of mortal decay. I had no choice save that of absolutely laying aside the pen, the use of which at my time of life was become a habit, or to continue its vagaries, until the public should let me plainly understand they would no more of

me; a hint which I was not unlikely to meet with, and which I was determined to take without waiting for a repetition. This hint, that the reader may plainly understand me, I was determined to take, when the publication of a new Waverley novel should not be the subject of some attention in the literary world.

An accidental circumstance decided my choice of a subject for the present work. It was now several years since my immediate younger brother, Thomas Scott, already mentioned in these notes, had resided for two or three seasons in the Isle of Man, and, having access to the registers of that singular territory, had copied many of them, which he subjected to my perusal. These papers were put into my hands while my brother had thoughts of making some literary use of them, I do not well remember what; but he never came to any decision on that head, and grew tired of the task of transcription. The papers, I suppose, were lost in the course of a military man's life. The tenor of them, that is, of the most remarkable, remained engraved on the memory of the author.

The interesting and romantic story of William Christian especially struck my fancy. I found the same individual, as well as his father, *particularly noticed in some memorials of the*

island, preserved by the Earl of Derby, and published in Dr Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa*. This gentleman was the son of Edward, formerly governor of the island; and William himself was afterwards one of its two Dempsters, or supreme judges. Both father and son embraced the party of the islanders, and contested some feudal rights claimed by the Earl of Derby as King of the Island. When the Earl had suffered death at Bolton-le-Moors, Captain Christian placed himself at the head of the Round-heads, if they might be so called, and found the means of holding communication with a fleet sent by the Parliament. The island was surrendered to the Parliament by the insurgent Manxmen. The high-spirited Countess and her son were arrested, and cast into prison, where they were long detained, and very indifferently treated. When the restoration took place, the Countess, or by title the Queen-dowager of the Island, seized upon William Dhône, or Fair-haired William, as William Christian was termed, and caused him to be tried and executed, according to the laws of the island, for having dethroned his liege mistress, and imprisoned her and her family. Romancers, and readers of romance, will generally allow, that the fate of Christian, and the contrast of his character with that of the high-minded, but vindictive

Countess of Derby, famous during the civil wars for her valiant defence of Latham House, contained the essence of an interesting tale. I have, however, dwelt little either on the death of William Christian, or on the manner in which Charles II. viewed that stretch of feudal power, and the heavy fine which he imposed upon the Derby estates, for that extent of jurisdiction of which the Countess had been guilty. Far less have I given any opinion on the justice or guilt of that action, which is to this day judged of by the people of the island as they happen to be connected with the sufferer, or perhaps as they may look back with the eyes of favour upon the Cavaliers or Roundheads of those contentious days. I do not conceive that I have done injury to the memory of this gentleman, or any of his descendants in his person; at the same time I have most willingly given his representative an opportunity of stating in this edition of the Novel what he thinks necessary for the vindication of his ancestor, and the reader will find the exposition in the Notices, for which Mr. Christian desires admission. * I could do no less, considering the polite and gentleman-like manner in which he stated feelings concerning his an-

cestry, to which a Scotsman can hardly be supposed to be indifferent.

In another respect, Mr Christian with justice complains, that Edward Christian, described in the romance as the brother of the gentleman executed in consequence of the Countess's arbitrary act of authority, is portrayed as a wretched obnoxious depravity, having only ingenuity and courage to rescue him from abhorrence, as well as hatred. Any personal allusion was entirely undesigned on the part of the author. The Edward Christian of the tale is a mere creature of the imagination. Commentators have naturally enough identified him with a brother of William Christian, named Edward, who died in prison after being confined seven or eight years in Peel Castle, in the year 1650. Of him I had no access to know any thing; and as I was not aware that such a person had existed, I could hardly be said to have traduced his character. It is sufficient for my justification, that there lived at the period of my story a person named Edward Christian, "with whom connected, or by whom begot," I am a perfect stranger, but whom we know to have been engaged in such actions as may imply his having been guilty of any thing bad. The fact is, that upon the 5th June, 1680, Thomas Blood, (the

famous crown-stealer,) *Edward Christian*, Arthur O'Brien, and others, were found guilty of being concerned in a conspiracy for taking away the life and character of the celebrated Duke of Buckingham; but that this Edward was the same with the brother of William Christian, is impossible, since that brother died in 1650; nor would I have used his christened name of Edward, had I supposed there was a chance of its being connected with any existing family. These genealogical matters are fully illustrated in the notes to the Appendix.

I ought to have mentioned in the former editions of this romance, that Charlotte de la Tremouille, Countess of Derby, represented as a Catholic, was, in fact, a French Protestant. For misrepresenting the noble dame in this manner, I have only Lucio's excuse—"I spoke according to the trick." In a story, where the greater part is avowedly fiction, the author is at liberty to introduce such variations from actual fact as his plot requires, or which are calculated to enhance it; in which predicament the religion of the Countess of Derby, during the Popish Plot, appeared to fall. If I have over-estimated a romancer's privileges and immunities, I am afraid this is not the only, nor most important, case in which I have done so. To speak big-

words, the heroic Countess has far less grounds for an action of scandal, than the memory of Virgil might be liable to for his posthumous scandal of Dido.

The character of Fenella, which, from its peculiarity, made a favourable impression on the public, was far from being original. The fine sketch of Mignon, in Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre, a celebrated work from the pen of Goethe, gave the idea of such a thing. But the copy will be found greatly different from my great prototype; nor can I be accused of borrowing any thing, save the general idea, from an author, the honour of his own country, and an example to the authors of other kingdoms, to whom all must be proud to own an obligation.

Family tradition supplied me with two circumstances, which are somewhat analogous to that in question. The first is an account of a lawsuit, taken from a Scottish report of adjudged cases, quoted in note to Chapter VI. p. 129.

The other—of which the editor has no reason to doubt, having often heard it from those who were witnesses of the fact—relates to the power of a female in keeping a secret, (sarcastically said to be impossible,) even when that secret refers to the exercise of her tongue.

In the middle of the eighteenth century, a fe-

male wanderer came to the door of Mr Robert Scott, grandfather of the present author, an opulent farmer in Roxburghshire, and made signs that she desired shelter for the night, which, according to the custom of the times, was readily granted. The next day the country was covered with snow, and the departure of the wanderer was rendered impossible. She remained for many days, her maintenance adding little to the expense of a considerable household; and by the time that the weather grew milder, she had learned to hold intercourse by signs with the household around her, and could intimate to them that she was desirous of staying where she was, and working at the wheel and other employment, to compensate for her food. This was a compact not unfrequent at that time, and the dumb woman entered upon her thrift, and proved a useful member of the patriarchal household. She was a good spinner, knitter, carder, and so forth, but her excellence lay in attending to the feeding and bringing up the domestic poultry. Her mode of whistling to call them together was so peculiarly elfish and shrill, that it was thought, by those who heard it, more like that of a fairy than a human being.

In this manner she lived three or four years,

nor was there the slightest idea entertained in the family that she was other than the mute and deprived person she had always appeared. But in a moment of surprise, she dropped the mask which she had worn so long.

It chanced upon a Sunday that the whole inhabitants of the household were at church excepting Dumb Lizzie, whose infirmity was supposed to render her incapable of profiting by divine service, and who therefore stayed at home to take charge of the house. It happened that, as she was sitting in the kitchen, a mischievous shepherd boy, instead of looking after his flock on the lea, as was his duty, slunk into the house to see what he could pick up, or perhaps out of mere curiosity. Being tempted by something which was in his eyes a nicety, he put forth his hand, unseen, as he conceived, to appropriate it. The dumb woman came suddenly upon him, and in the surprise, forgot her part, and exclaimed, in loud Scotch, and with distinct articulation, "Ah, you little deevil's limb!" The boy, terrified more by the character of the person who rebuked him, than by the mere circumstance of having been taken in the insignificant offence, fled in great dismay to the church, to carry the miraculous news that the dumb woman had found her tongue.

The family returned home in great surprise, but found that their inmate had relapsed into her usual mute condition, would communicate with them only by signs, and in that manner denied positively what the boy affirmed.

From this time confidence was broken betwixt the other inmates of the family and their dumb, or rather silent, guest. Traps were laid for the supposed impostor, all of which she skillfully eluded; fire-arms were often suddenly discharged near her, but never on such occasions was she seen to start. It seems probable, however, that Lizzie grew tired of all this mistrust, for she one morning disappeared as she came, without any ceremony of leave-taking.

She was seen, it is said, upon the other side of the English Border, in perfect possession of her speech. Whether this was exactly the case or not, my informers were no way anxious in enquiring, nor am I able to authenticate the fact. The shepherd boy lived to be a man, and always averred that she had spoken distinctly to him. What could be the woman's reason for persevering so long in a disguise as unnecessary as it was severe, could never be guessed, and was perhaps the consequence of a certain aberration of the mind. I can only add, that I have every reason to believe the tale to be per-

fectly authentic, so far as it is here given, and it may serve to parallel the supposed case of Fenella.

ABBOTSFORD, }
1st July, 1831. }

APPENDIX.

No. I.

THE following Notices were recommended to my attention, in the politest manner possible, by John Christian, Esq. of Milntown, in the Isle of Man, and Unrigg, in Cumberland, Dempster at present of the Isle of Man. This gentleman is naturally interested in the facts which are stated, as representative of the respectable family of Christian, and lineally descended from William Dhône, put to death by the Countess of Derby. I can be no way interested in refusing Mr Christian this justice, and willingly lend my aid to extend the exculpation of the family.

HISTORICAL NOTICES

OF

EDWARD AND WILLIAM CHRISTIAN; TWO CHARACTERS IN "PEVERIL OF THE PEAK."

The venerable Dr Dryasdust, in a preparatory dialogue, apprises the Eidolon, or apparition of the author, that he stood "much accused for adulterating the pure sources of historical knowledge;" and is answered by

that emanation of genius, "that he has done some service to the public if he can present to them a lively fictitious picture, for which the original anecdote or circumstance which he made free to press into his service, only furnished a slight sketch;" "that by introducing to the busy and the youthful,

'Truths severe in fairy fiction dress'd,'

and by creating an interest in fictitious adventures ascribed to a historical period and characters, the reader begins next to be anxious to learn *what the facts really were*, and how far the novelist has justly represented them."

The adventures ascribed to "historical characters" would, however, fail in their moral aim, if fiction were placed at variance with truth; if Hampden, or Sydney, for example, were painted as swindlers; or Lady Jane Grey, or Rachel Russel, as abandoned women.

"Odzooks! must one swear to the truth of a song?" although an excellent joke, were a bad palliation in such a case. Fancy may be fairly indulged in the illustration, but not in the perversion of fact; and if the fictitious picture should have no general resemblance to the original, the flourish of

"Truths severe in fairy fiction dress'd,"

were but an aggravation of the wrong.

The family of CHRISTIAN is indebted to this splendid luminary of the North for abundant notoriety.

The William Christian represented on one part as an ungrateful traitor, on the other as the victim of a judicial murder, and his brother (or relative) Edward, one of the suite of a Duke* of Buckingham, were so far real historical persons. Whether the talents and skill of Edward in imposing on Fenella a feigned silence of several years, be among the legitimate or supernatural wonders

* Not the Duke described in Peveril, but the companion of Charles I. in his Spanish romance.

of this fertile genius, his fair readers do not seem to be agreed. Whether the residue of the canvas, filled up with a masterly picture of the most consummate hypocrite and satanic villain ever presented to the imagination, be consistent with the historical character of this individual, is among the subjects of research to which the Novelist has given a direct invitation in his prefatory chapter.

English history furnishes few materials to aid the investigation of transactions chiefly confined to the Isle of Man. Circumstances led me, many years ago, to visit this ancient Lilliput; whether as one of those "smart fellows worth talking to," "in consequence of a tumble from my barouche," as "a ruined miner," or as "a disappointed speculator," is of no material import. It may be that temporary embarrassment drove me into seclusion, without any of the irresistible inducements alluded to; and want of employment, added to the acquaintance and aid of a zealous local antiquary, gradually led to an examination of all accessible authorities on this very subject among others. So it happened, that I had not landed many hours before I found the mournful ditty of "William Dhône" (*brown or fair-haired William*, this very identical William Christian) twanged through the demi-nasal, demi-guttural trumpet of the carman, and warbled by the landlady's pretty daughter; in short, making as great a figure in its little sphere as did once the more important ballad of Chevy Chase in its wider range; the burden of the song purporting that William Dhône was the mirror of virtue and patriotism, and that envy, hatred and malice, and all uncharitableness, operate the destruction of the wisest and the best.

Themes of popular feeling naturally attract the earliest notice of a stranger; and I found the story of this individual, though abundantly garbled and discoloured on the insular records, full of circumstances to excite the deepest interest, but which, to be rendered intelligible,

must be approached by a circuitous route, in which neither elfin page, nor maiden fair, can be the companion of our walk.

The loyal and celebrated James, seventh Earl of Derby, was induced, by the circumstances of the times, to fix his chief residence in the Isle of Man from 1643 to 1651.* During this period he composed, in the form of a letter† to his son Charles, (Lord Strange,) an historical account of that island, with a statement of his own proceedings there; interspersed with much political advice for the guidance of his successor; full of acute observation, and evincing an intimate acquaintance with the works of Machiavelli, which it appears, by a quotation,‡ that he had studied in a Latin edition. The work, although formally divided into chapters and numbered paragraphs, is professedly desultory,§ and furnishes few means of determining the relative dates of his facts, which

* His countess resided at Latham House (her heroic defence of which is well known) until 1644 or 5, when she also retired to the Isle of Man. A contemporary publication, the *Mercurius Anglicus*, by John Birkenhead, says, "the Countesse, it seems, stole the Earl's breeches, when he fled long since into the Isle of Man, and hath in his absence played the Man at Latham." This insinuation is certainly unjust; but the Earl seems to consider some explanation necessary, "why he left the land, when every gallant spirit had engaged himself for king and country." Danger of revolt and invasion of the island constitute the substance of this explanation. There is reason, however, to conjecture, that he had been disappointed of the command he had a right to expect, when he brought a considerable levy to join the King at York. Any explanation, in short, might be listened to, except a doubt of his loyalty and ardent military spirit, which were above all impeachment.

† Published in Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa*, in 1779.

‡ Peck, p. 446,—*fortiter calumniari aliquid adhærebit.*

§ Peck, 446. "Loath to dwell too long on one subject," skip over to some other matter.

must accordingly be supplied by internal evidence; and in some cases by conjecture.

He appears to have been drawn thither, in 1643, by letters * intimating the danger of a revolt; the "people had begun the fashion of England in murmuring;" "assembled in a tumultuous manner; desiring new laws, they would have no bishops, pay no tithes to the clergy, despised authority, rescued people committed by the Governor," &c. &c.

The Earl's first care was to apply himself to the consideration of these insurrectionary movements; and as he found some interruption to his proceedings in the conduct of *Edward Christian*, † an attempt shall be made, so far as our limits will admit, to extract the Earl's own account of this person. "I was newly ‡ got acquainted with Captain Christian, whom I perceived to have abilities enough to do me service. I was told he had made a good fortune in the Indies; that he was a Mankesman born." - - "He is excellent good companie; as rude as a sea captain should be; but refined as one that had civilized himself half a year at Court, where he served the Duke of Buckingham." - - "While he governed here some few years he pleased me very well," &c. &c. "But such is the condition of man, that most will have some fault or other to blurr all their best vertues; and his was of that condition which

* Peck, p. 434.

† For a history of this family, established in the Isle of Man so early as 1422, see Hutchinson's History of Cumberland, vol. iii. p. 146. They had previously been established in Wigtonshire.

‡ This is an example of the difficulty of arranging the relative dates; the word *newly*, thus employed at the earliest in 1643, refers to 1628, the date of the appointment of E. Christian to be governor of the Isle of Man, which office he had till 1635, (*Sacheverill's Account of the Isle of Man*, published in 1702, p. 100,) the Earl being then Lord Strange, but apparently taking the lead in public business during his father's lifetime.

is reckoned with drunkenness, viz. *covetousness*, both marked *with age* to increase and grow in man." - -
 "When a Prince has given all, and the favourite can desire no more, they both grow weary of one another." *

An account of the Earl's successive public meetings, short from the limits of our sketch, is extracted in a note † from the headings of the chapters (apparently

* Peck, p. 444. There is apparently some error in Hutchinson's genealogy of the family in his History of Cumberland: 1st brother, John, born 1602; 2d, died young; 3d, William, born 1608; 4th, Edward, Lieut.-Governor of the Isle of Man, 1629, (according to Sacheverill, p. 100, 1628.) This Edward's birth cannot be placed earlier than 1609, and he could not well have made a fortune in the Indies, have frequented the Court of Charles I., and be selected as a fit person to be a governor, at the age of 19 or 20. The person mentioned in the text was obviously of *mature age*; and *Edward the governor* appears to have been the younger brother of *William Christian*, a branch of the same family, possessing the estate of Knockrushen, near Castle Rushen, who, as well as Edward, was imprisoned in Peel Castle in 1643.

† Peck, 338, et seq. "Chap. viii. The Earl appoints a meeting of the natives, every man to give in his grievances; upon which some think to outwit him, which he winks at, being not ready for them, therefore cajoles and divides them; on the appointed day he appears with a good guard; the people give in their complaints quietly and retire. Chap. ix. Another meeting appointed, when he also appears with a good guard. Many busy men speak only *Mankes*, which a more designing person (probably Captain Christian, a late governor) would hinder, but the Earl forbids it; advice about it appearing in public; the *Mankesmen* great talkers and wranglers; the Earl's spies get in with them and wheedle them. Chap. x. The night before the meeting the Earl consults with his officers what to answer; but tells them nothing of his spies; compares both reports, and keeps back his own opinion; sends some of the officers, who he knew would be troublesome, out of the way,

composed by Peck.) In the last of these meetings it appears that Edward Christian attempted at its close to recapitulate the business of the day: "Asked if we did not agree thus and thus," mentioning some things (says the Earl) "he had instructed the people to ask; which happily they had forgot." The Earl accordingly rose in wrath, and, after a short speech, "bade the court to rise, and no man to speak more."—"Some," he adds, "were *committed to prison*, and there abided, until, upon *submission* and assurance of *being very good and quiet*, they were released, and others were put into their rooms.—I thought fit to make them be *deeply fined*; since this they all come in most submissive and *loving manner*." * Pretty efficient means of producing *quiet*, if the despot be strong enough, and with it such *love* as suits a despot's fancy! Among the prisoners were *Edward Christian* and his brother William of Knockrushen; the latter was released in 1644, on giving bond, among other conditions, *not to depart the island without license*.

Of Edward, the Earl says, "I will return unto Captain Christian, whose business must be heard next week" (either in 1644 or early in 1645.) "*He is still in prison*, and I believe many wonder thereof, as savouring of injustice, and that his trial should be deferred so long." "Also his business is of that condition that it *concerns not himself alone*." "If a Jurie of the people do passe

about other matters; the (present) governor afresh commanded; what counsellors the properest. Chap. xi. The Earl's carriage to the people at his first going over; his carriage at the meeting to modest petitioners, to impudent, to the most confident, and to the most dangerous, *viz.* them who stood behind and prompted others. All things being agreed, Captain Christian cunningly begins disturbance; the Earl's reply and speech to the people; Christian is stroke blank; several people committed to prison and fined, which quiets them."

* Peck, 442.

upon him; (being he had so cajoled them to believe he suffers for their sakes,) it is likely they should quit him; and then might he laugh at us, whom I had rather he had betrayed." "I remember one said it was much safer to take men's lives than their estates; for their children will sooner much forget the death of their father than the loss of their patrimonies." Edward died in custody in Peel Castle in 1650;† after an imprisonment of between seven and eight years; and so far, at least, no ground can be discovered for that gratitude which is afterwards said to have been violated by this family, unless indeed we transplant ourselves to those countries where it is the fashion to flog a public officer one day and replace him in authority the next.

The insular records detail with minuteness the complaints of the people relative to the exactions of the church, and their adjustment by a sort of public arbitration in October 1643. But it is singular, that neither in these records, nor in the Earl's very studied narrative of the modes of discussion, the offences, and the punishments, is one word to be found regarding the more important points actually at issue between himself and the people. The fact, however, is fully developed, as if by accident, in one of the chapters (xvi.) of this very desultory but sagacious performance. "There comes this very instant an occasion to me to acquaint you with a special matter, which, if by reason of these troublesome and dangerous times, I cannot bring to passe my intents therein, you may in your better leisure consider thereof, and make some use hereafter of my present labors, in the matter of a certain holding in this country, called the

Peel, 448-9.

† Feltham's Tour, p. 161, places this event, (while a prisoner in Peel Castle,) on the authority of a tombstone, in 1660, "John Greenhalgh being governor." Now John Greenhalgh ceased to be governor in 1651; the date is probably an error in the press for 1650.

tenure of the straw ; * whereby *men thinke their dwellings are their own auintient inheritances*, and that they may passe the same to any, and dispose thereof *without license* from the Lord, but paying him a bare small rent like unto a fee-farme in England ; wherein they are much deceived. "

William the Conqueror, among his plans *for the benefit of his English subjects*, adopted that of inducing or compelling them to surrender their allodial lands, and receive them back to hold by feudal tenure. The Earl of Derby projected the surrender of a similar right, in order to create tenures more profitable to himself—a simple lease for three lives, or twenty-one years. The measure was entirely novel, although the attempt to prevent † alienation without license from the lord, for pur-

* In the transfer of real estates both parties came into the common law court, and the grantor, in the face of the court, transferred his title to the purchaser by the delivery of a straw ; which being recorded, was his title. The same practice prevailed in the transfer of personal property. Sir Edward Coke, iv. 69, when speaking of the Isle of Man, says, " upon the sale of a horse, or any contract for any other thing, they make the stipulation perfect *per traditionem stipulae*," (by the delivery of a straw.) Perhaps a more feasible etymology of *stipulation*, than the usual derivation from *stipes* (a stake or land-mark), or *stips* (a piece of money or wages.)

† Among those instances in which " the commands of the lord proprietor have " (in the emphatic words of the commissioners of 1791, p. 67) " been *obtruded on the people as laws*," we find, in 1583, the prohibition to dispose of lands without license of the lord, is prefaced by the broad admission, that, " contrary to good and laudable order, and divers and sundry general restraints made, the inhabitants *have, and daily do*, notwithstanding the said restraints, *buy, sell, give, grant, chop and exchange* their farms, lands, tenements, &c. at their liberties and pleasures." Alienation fines were first exacted in 1643. Report of Commissioners of 1791. App. A., No. 71, Rep. of Law Officers.

poses of a less profitable exaction, may be traced, together with the scenes of violence it produced, through many passages in the ancient records, which would be inexplicable without this clue.

The Earl proceeded, certainly with sufficient energy and considerable skill, to the accomplishment of his object. In the very year of his arrival, Dec. 1643, he appointed commissioners * to compound for leases, consisting of some of his principal officers, (members of council,) who had themselves been prevailed on by adequate considerations to surrender their estates, and are by general tradition accused of having conspired to delude their simple countrymen into the persuasion, that, having no title-deeds, their estates were insecure; that leases were title-deeds; and although nominally for limited terms, declared the lands to be descendible to their eldest sons. It is remarkable that the names of *Ewan* and *William Christian*, two of the council, are alone excluded from this commission.

We have already seen two of the name committed to prison. The following notices, which abundantly unfold the ground of the Earl's hostility to the name of Christian, relate to Ewan Christian, the father of William Dhône, and one of the Deemsters excluded from the commission. "One presented me a petition against Deemster † Christian, on the behalf of an infant who is conceived to have a right unto his Farme Rainsway (Ronaldsway), one of the principal holdings in this country, who, by reason of his eminencie here, and that he holdeth much of the same tenure of the straw in other places, he is soe observed, that certainly as I temper the

* The governor-comptroller, receiver; and John Cannel, deemster.

† Deemster, evidently Anglicized, the person who deems the law; a designation anciently unknown among the natives, who continue to call this officer *Brehon*, identical with the name of those judges and laws so often mentioned in the Histories of Ireland.

matter with him in this, soe shall I prevail with others. *
 --- " By policie † they (the Christians) are crept into the principal places of power, and they be seated round about the country, and in the heart of it; they are matched with the best families," &c.

" The prayer of the petition ‡ formerly mentioned was to this effect, that there might be a fair tryal, and *when the right was recovered, that I would graunt them a lease thereof—this being in the tenure of the straw.*"

--- " Upon some conference with the petitioner, I find a motion heretofore was made by my commissioners, that the Deemster should give this fellow a summe of money. But he would part with none, neverthelesse now it may be he will, and I hope be so wise as to assure unto himself his holding, by compounding with me for the lease of the same, to which, if they two agree, I shall grant it him on easy terms. For if he break the ice, I may haply catch some fish. § "

The issue of this piscatory project was but too successful. Ewan bent to the *reign of terror*, and gave up Ronaldsway to his son William, who accepted the lease, and named his own descendants for the lives. Still the objects attained were unsubstantial, as being contrary to all law, written or oral; and the system was incomplete, until sanctioned by the semblance of legislative confirmation.

We have seen that the Earl had in the island a con-

* Peck, 447.

† Ib. 448.

‡ I have ascertained the date of this petition to be 1648.

§ *Covetousness* is not attributed to the head of this family; but the Earl makes himself merry with his gallantry—natural children, it seems, took the name of their father, and not of their mother, as elsewhere, and " the deemster did not get soe many for lust's sake, as to make the name of Christian flourish. " Of him, or a successor of the same name, it is related, that he " won L.500 at play from the Bishop of Sodor and Man, with which he purchased the manor of *Ewanrigg* in Cumberland; still possessed by that family. "

siderable military force, and we know from other sources* that they lived in a great measure at free quarters. We have his own testimony for stating, that he achieved his objects by imprisoning, until his prisoners "*promised to be good*;" and successively filling their places with others, until they also *conformed to his theory of public virtue*. And the reader will be prepared to hear, without surprise, that the same means enabled him, in 1645, to arrange a legislature † capable of yielding forced assent to this notable system of submission and loving-kindness.

This is perhaps the most convenient place for stating that, in the subsequent surrender of the Island to the troops of the Parliament, the only stipulation made by the Islanders was, "that they might enjoy their lands and liberties as they formerly had." In what manner this stipulation was performed, my notes do not enable me to state. The restoration of Charles II., propitious in other respects, inflicted on the Isle of Man the revival of the feudal government; and the affair of the tentures continued to be a theme of perpetual contest and unavailing complaint, until finally adjusted in 1703, through the mediation of the excellent Bishop Wilson in a legislative compromise, known by the name of the Act of Settlement, whereby the people obtained a full recognition of their ancient rights, on condition of doubling the actual quit-rents, and consenting to alienation fines, first exacted by the Earl James in 1648. ‡

In 1648, William Dhône was appointed Receiver General; and in the same year we find his elder brother, John, (assistant Deemster to his father Ewan,) committed to Peel Castle on one of these occasions, which strongly

* Evidence on the mock trial of William Dhône.

† We shall see, by and by, a very simple method of packing a judicial and legislative body, by removing and replacing seven individuals by one and the same mandate.

‡ Report of 1791. App. A. No. 71.

marks the character of the person and the times, and affords also a glimpse at the feeling of the people, and at the condition of the devoted family of Christian. The inquisitive will find it in a note; * other readers will pass on.

The circumstances are familiarly known, to the reader of English history, of the march of the Earl of Derby, in 1651, with a corps from the Isle of Man for the service of the King; his joining the royal army on the eve of the battle of Worcester; his flight and imprisonment at Chester, after that signal defeat; and his trial and execution at Bolton in Lancashire, by the officers of the Parliament, on the 15th October of that year.

Immediately afterwards, Colonel Duckenfield, who commanded at Chester on behalf of the Parliament, proceeded with an armament of ten ships, and a considerable military force, for the reduction of the Isle of Man.

William Christian was condemned and executed in 1662-3, for acts connected with its surrender twelve years before, which are still involved in obscurity; and it

* A person named Charles Vaughan is brought to lodge an information, that, being in England, he fell into company with a young man named Christian, who said he had lately left the Isle of Man, and was in search of a brother, who was clerk to a Parliament Officer; that in answer to some questions, he said, "The Earl did use the inhabitants of that Isle very hardly; had extorted great fines from the inhabitants; had changed the ancient tenures, and forced them to take leases. That he had taken away one hundred pounds a-year from his father, and had kept his uncle in prison four or five years. But if ever the Earl came to England, he had used the inhabitants so hardly, that he was sure they would never suffer him to land in that island again." An order is given to imprison John Christian (probably the reputed head of the family, his father being advanced in years) in Peel Castle, until he entered into bonds to be of good behaviour, and not to depart the Isle without license.—(Insular Records.) The young man in question is said to have been the son of William Christian of Knockrushen.

will be most acceptable to the general reader that we should pass over the intermediate period, * and leave the facts regarding this individual, all of them extraordinary, and some of peculiar interest, to be developed by the record of the trial, and documents derived from other sources.

A mandate by Charles, 8th Earl of Derby, dated at Latham in September 1662, after descanting on the heinous sin of rebellion, "aggravated by its being instrumental † in the death of the Lord; and stating that he is himself concerned to revenge a father's blood," orders William Christian to be proceeded against forthwith, for all his illegal actions at, before, or after, the year 1651,

* Some readers may desire an outline of this period. The lordship of the Island was given to Lord Fairfax, who deputed commissioners to regulate its affairs; one of them (Chaloner) published an account of the Island in 1656. He puts down William Christian as Receiver General in 1653. We find his name as Governor, from 1656 to 1658, (Sacheverill, p. 101.) in which year he was succeeded by Chaloner himself. Among the anomalies of those times, it would seem that he had retained the office of Receiver while officiating as Governor; and Episcopacy having been abolished, and the receipts of the see added to those of the exchequer, he had large accounts to settle, for which Chaloner sequestered his estates in his absence, and imprisoned and held to bail his brother John, for aiding what he calls his escape; his son George returned from England, by permission of Lord Fairfax, to settle his father's accounts. Chaloner informs us, that the revenues of the suppressed see were *not appropriated* to the private use of Lord Fairfax, who, "for the better encouragement and support of the ministers of the Gospel, and for the promoting of learning, hath conferred all this revenue upon the ministers, and also for maintaining free schools, *i. e.* at Castletown, Peel, Douglass, and Ramsay." Chaloner pays a liberal tribute to the talents of the clergy, and the learning and piety of the late bishops.

† See the remark in Christian's dying speech, that the late Earl had been executed eight days before the insurrection.

(a pretty sweeping range). The indictment charges him with "being the head of an insurrection against the Countess of Derby in 1651, assuming the power unto himself, and depriving her Ladyship, his Lordship, and heirs thereof."

A series of depositions appear on record from the 3d to the 13th October, and a reference by the precious depositaries of justice of that day, to the twenty-four Keys, * "Whether upon the examination taken and read before, you find Mr W. Christian of Ronaldsway, within compass of the statute of the year 1422,—that is, to receive a sentence *without quest*, or to be tried in the ordinary course of law." This body, designated on the record, "so many of the Keys as were then present," were in number seventeen; but not being yet sufficiently select to approve of *sentence without trial*, made their return, To be tried by course of law.

On the 26th November, it is recorded, that the Governor and Attorney-General having proceeded to the jail "with a guard of soldiers, to require him (Christian) to the bar to receive his trial, he refused, and denied to come, and abide the same"—(admirable courtesy to invite, instead of bringing him to the bar!) Whereupon the Governor demanded the law of Deemster Norris, who then sat in judication. Deemster John Christian having not appeared, and Mr Edward Christian, †

* The court for criminal trials was composed of the governor and council (including the deemsters) and the keys, who also, with the lord, composed the three branches of the legislative body; and it was the practice in cases of doubt to refer points of customary law to the deemsters and keys.

† The grandson of Evan. It appears by the proceedings of the King in council, 1663, that "he did, when the court refused to admit of the deceased William Christian's plea of the Act of Indemnity, make his protestation against their illegal proceedings, and did withdraw himself, and came to England to solicit his Majesty, and implore his justice."

his son, and assistant, having also *foreborne to sit* in this Court, he the said Deemster Norris craved the advice and assistance of the twenty-four Keys; and the said Deemster and Keys deemed the law therein, to wit, that he is at the mercy of the Lord for life and goods.

It will be observed, that seven of the Keys were formerly absent, on what account we shall presently see. All this was very cleverly arranged by the following recorded order, 29th December—" *These of the twenty-four Keys are removed of that Company; in reference to my Honourable Lord's order in that behalf;*" enumerating seven names, not of the seventeen before mentioned, and naming seven others who "are sworn * in their places." The judicature is farther improved by transferring an eighth individual of the first seventeen to the council, and filling his place with another proper person. These facts have been related with some minuteness of detail for two reasons; 1st, Although nearly equalled by some of the subsequent proceedings, they would not be credited on common authority; and, 2d, They render all comment unnecessary, and prepare the reader for any judgment, however extraordinary, to be expected from such a tribunal.

Then come the proceedings of the 29th December—The Proposals, as they are named, to the Deemsters† and twenty-four Keys now assembled, "to be answered in point of law." 1st, Any malefactor, &c. being indicted, &c. and denying to abide the law of his country in that course, (notwithstanding any argument or plea he may offer for himself,) and thereupon deemed to forfeit body and goods, &c. whether he may afterwards obtain the same benefit, &c. &c.; to which, on the same day, they answered in the negative. It was found practicable,

* The Commissioners of 1791 are in doubt regarding the time when, and the manner in which, the Keys were first elected; this notable precedent had perhaps not fallen under their observation.

† Hugh Cannel was now added as a second Deemster.

on the 31st to *bring* the prisoner to the bar, to hear his sentence of being "*shot to death, that thereupon his life may depart from his body;*" which sentence was executed on the 2d of January, 1663.

That he made "an excellent speech" at the place of execution, is recorded, where we should little expect to find it, in the Parochial Register; the accuracy of that which has been preserved as such in the family of a clergyman, (and appears to have been printed on or before 1776,*) rests chiefly on internal evidence; and on its accordance, in some material points, with facts suppressed or distorted in the Records, but established in the proceedings of the Privy Council. It is therefore given without abbreviation, and the material points of evidence in the voluminous depositions on both trials† are extracted for reference in a note. §

* One of the copies in my possession is stated to be transcribed in that year from the printed speech, the other as stated in the text.

† Both trials; the first is for the same purposes as the English grand jury, with this most especial difference, that evidence is admitted *for the prisoner*, and it thus becomes, what it is frequently called, the first trial; the second, if the indictment be found, is in all respects like that by petty jury in England.

§ This testimony will of course be received with due suspicion, and confronted with the only defence known, that of his dying speech. It goes to establish that Christian had placed himself at the head of an association, bound by a secret oath, to "withstand the Lady of Derby in her designs, until she had yielded or condescended to their aggressances;" among which grievances, during the Earl's residence, we find incidentally noticed, "the troop that was in the Isle and their free quarterage;" that he had represented her ladyship to have deceived him, by entering into negotiations with the Parliament, contrary to her promise to communicate with him in such a case; that Christian and his associates declared that she was about to sell them for twopence or threepence a-piece; that he told his associates, that he had entered into correspondence with Major Fox and the Parliament, and received their authority to raise the country; that in con-

The last speech of William Christian, Esq., who was executed 2d January, 1662-3:

"Gentlemen, and the rest of you who have accompanied me this day to the gate of death, I know you expect I should say something at my departure; and indeed I am in some measure willing to satisfy you, having not had the least liberty, since my imprisonment, to acquaint any with the sadness of my sufferings, which flesh and blood could not have endured, without the power

sequence of this insurrection, her ladyship appointed commissioners to treat with others "*on the part of the country*," and articles of agreement were concluded (see the speech) which nowhere now appear; that on the appearance of Duckenfield's ships, standing for Ramsay Bay, one of the insurgents boarded them off Douglas, "to give intelligence of the condition of the country;" the disposable troops marched under the governor, Sir Philip Musgrave, for Ramsay; that when the shipping had anchored, a deputation of three persons, viz. John Christian, Ewan Curphey, and William Standish, proceeded on board, to negotiate for the surrender of the Island (where William does not appear.) The destruction of the articles of agreement, and the silence of the records regarding the relative strength of the forces, leave us without the means of determining the degree of merit or demerit to be ascribed to these negotiators, or the precise authority under which they acted; but the grievances to be redressed are cleared from every obscurity by the all-sufficient testimony of the terms demanded from the victors, "*that they might enjoy their lands and liberties as formerly they had*; and that it was demanded whether they asked any more, but nothing else was demanded that this examinant heard of." The taking of Loyal Fort near Ramsay, (commanded by a Major Duckenfield, who was made prisoner,) and of Peel Castle, appear on record; but nothing could be found regarding the *surrender of Castle Rushen, or of the Countess of Derby's subsequent imprisonment*. Had the often repeated tale, of William Christian having "treacherously seized upon the lady and

and assistance of my most gracious and good God, into whose hands I do now commit my poor soul, not doubting but that I shall very quickly be in the arms of his mercy.

"I am, as you now see, hurried hither by the power of a *pretended court of justice*, the members whereof, or at least the greatest part of them, are by no means qualified, but very ill befitting their new places. The reasons you may give yourselves.

"The cause for which I am brought hither, as the *prompted and threatened* jury has delivered, is high treason against the Countess Dowager of Derby, for that I did, as they say, in the year fifty-one, raise a force against her for the suppressing and rooting out that family. How unjust the accusation is, very few of you

her children, with the governors of both castles, in the middle of the night"—(Rolt's History of the Isle of Man, published in 1773, p. 89)—rested on the slightest semblance of truth, we should inevitably have found an attempt to prove it in the proceedings of this mock trial. In the absence of authentic details, the tradition may be adverted to, that her ladyship, on learning the proceedings at Ramsay, hastened to embark in a vessel she had prepared, but was intercepted before she could reach it. The same uncertainty exists with regard to any negotiations on her part, with the officers of the Parliament, as affirmed by the insurgents; the Earl's first letter, after his capture and before his trial, says, "Truly, as matters go, it will be best for you to make conditions for yourself, children, and friends, in the manner as we have proposed, or as you can farther agree with Col. Duckenfield; who being so much a gentleman born, will doubtless, for his own honour, deal fairly with you." He seems also to have hoped at that time that it might influence his own fate; and the eloquent and affecting letter written immediately before his execution, repeats the same admonitions to treat. Rolt, pp. 74 and 84.

that hear me this day but can witness ; and *that the then rising of the people*, in which afterwards I came to be engaged, did not at all, or in the least degree, intend the prejudice or ruin of that family ! *the chief whereof being, as you well remember, dead eight days, or thereabout, before that action happened.* But the true cause of that rising, as * *the jury did twice bring in*, was to present grievances to our Honourable Lady ; which was done by me, and afterwards approved by her Ladyship, under the hand of her then secretary, M. Trevach, who is yet living ; *which agreement hath since, to my own ruin and my poor family's endless sorrow, been forced from me.* The Lord God forgive them the injustice of their dealings with me, and I wish from my heart it may not be laid to their charge another day !

“ You now see me here *a sacrifice ready to be offered up for that which was the preservation of your lives and fortunes, which were then in hazard, but that I stood between you and your (then in all appearance) utter ruin.* I wish you still may, as hitherto, enjoy the sweet benefit and blessing of peace, though from that minute until now I have still been prosecuted and persecuted, nor have I ever since found a place to rest myself in. But my God be for ever blessed and praised, who hath given me so large a measure of patience !

“ What services I have done for that Noble Family, by whose power I am now to take my latest breath, I dare appeal to themselves, whether I have not deserved better things from some of them, than the sentence of my bodily destruction, and seizure of the poor estate my son ought to enjoy, being purchased and left him by his grandfather. It might have been much better had I not spent it in the service of my Honourable Lord of Derby and his family ; these things I need not mention to you,

* This fact, as might be expected, is not to be traced on the record of the trial.

for that most of you are witnesses to it. I shall now beg your patience while I tell you here, in the presence of God, that I never in all my life acted any thing with intention to prejudice my Sovereign Lord the King, nor the late Earl of Derby, nor the now Earl; yet notwithstanding, *being in England at the time* of his sacred Majesty's happy restoration, I went to London, with many others, to have a sight of my gracious King, whom God preserve, and whom until then, I never had seen. But I was not long there when I was arrested upon an action of twenty thousand pounds, and clapped up in the Fleet; unto which action I being a stranger, could give no bail, but was there kept nearly a whole year. How I suffered God he knows; but at last, having gained my liberty, I thought good to advise with several gentlemen concerning his Majesty's gracious Act of Indemnity that was then set forth, in which I thought myself concerned; unto which they told me, there was no doubt to be made but that all actions committed in the Isle of Man, relating in any kind to the war, were pardoned by the Act of Indemnity, and all other places within his Majesty's dominions and countries. Whereupon, and having been forced to absent myself from my poor wife and children near three years, being all that time under persecution, I did with great content and satisfaction return into this island, hoping then to receive the comfort and sweet enjoyment of my friends and poor family. But, alas! I have fallen into the snare of the fowler; but my God shall ever be praised,—though he kill me, yet will I trust in him.

“I may justly say no man in this island knows better than myself the power the Lord Derby hath in this Island, subordinate to his sacred Majesty, of which *I have given a full account in my declaration presented to my judges, which I much fear will never see light,* which is no small trouble to me.*

* The apprehension was but too correct.

"It was his Majesty's most gracious Act of Indemnity gave me the confidence and assurance of my safety ; on which, and an appeal I made to his sacred Majesty and Privy Council, from the unjustness of the proceedings had against me, I did much rely, being his Majesty's subject here, and a denizen of England both by birth and fortune. And *in regard I have disobeyed the power of my Lord of Derbys Act of Indemnity, which you now look upon, and his Majesty's Act cast out as being of no force*, I have with greater violence been persecuted ; yet nevertheless I do declare, that no subject whatever can or ought to take upon them acts of indemnity but his sacred Majesty only, with the confirmation of Parliament.

"It is very fit I should say something as to my education and religion. I think I need not inform you, for you all know, I was brought up a son of the Church of England, which was at that time in her splendour and glory ; and to my endless comfort I have ever since continued a faithful member, witness several of my actions in the late times of liberty. And as for government, I never was against monarchy, which now, to my soul's great satisfaction, I have lived to see settled and established. I am well assured that men of upright life and conversation may have the favourable countenance of our gracious King, under whose happy government, God of his infinite mercy long continue these his kingdoms and dominions. And now I do most heartily thank my good God that I have had so much liberty and time to disburden myself of several things that have laid heavy upon me all the time of my imprisonment, in which I have not had *time or liberty to speak or write* any of my thoughts ; and from my soul I wish all animosity may after my death be quite laid aside, and my death by none be called in question, for I do freely forgive all that have had any hand in my persecution ; and may our good God preserve you all in peace and quiet the remainder of your days !

“ Be ye all of you his Majesty’s liege people, loyal and faithful to his sacred Majesty; and, according to your oath of faith and fealty to my Honourable Lord of Derby, *do you likewise, in all just and lawful ways, observe* his commands; and know that you must one day give an account of all your deeds. And now the blessing of Almighty God be with you all, and preserve you from violent death, and keep you in peace of conscience all your days!

“ I will now hasten, for my flesh is willing to be dissolved, and my spirit to be with God, who hath given me full assurance of his mercy and pardon for all my sins, of which his unspeakable goodness and loving kindness my poor soul is exceedingly satisfied.”

*Note.** Here he fell upon his knees, and passed some time in prayer; then rising exceedingly cheerful, he addressed the soldiers appointed for his execution, saying—“ Now for you, who are appointed by lot my executioners, I do freely forgive you.” He requested them and all present to pray for him, adding, “ There is but a thin veil betwixt me and death; once more I request your prayers, for now I take my last farewell.”

The soldiers wished to bind him to the spot on which he stood. He said, “ Trouble not yourselves or me; for I that dare face death in whatever form he comes, will not start at your fire and bullets; nor can the power you have deprive me of my courage.” At his desire a piece of white paper was given him, which with the utmost composure he pinned to his breast, to direct them where to aim; and after a short prayer addressed the soldiers thus—“ Hit this, and you do your own and my work.” And presently after, stretching forth his arms, which was the signal he gave them, he was shot through the heart and fell.

Edward Christian, the nephew, and George, the son

* This note is annexed to all the copies of the speech.

of the deceased, lost no time in appealing to his Majesty in Council against this judicial murder; and George was furnished with an order "to pass and repass," &c. "and bring with him such records and persons as he should desire, to make out the truth of his complaint." Edward returned with him to the Island for that purpose; for we find him, in April 1663, compelled, in the true spirit of the day, to give bond "that he would at all times appear and answer to such charges as might be preferred against him, and *not depart the Isle without license.*" George was prevented, by various contrivances, from serving the King's order; but on presenting a second petition, the Governor, Deemster, and Members of Council, were brought up to London by a Sergeant-at-Arms; and these six persons, together with the Earl of Derby, being compelled to appear, a full hearing took place before the King in person, the Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Chief Baron, and other Members of Council; judgment was extended on the 5th August, and that judgment was on the 14th of the same month ordered to be printed in folio, in such manner as Acts of Parliament are usually printed, and his Majesty's Arms prefixed.

This *authentic document* designates the persons brought up as "*Members of the pretended Court of Justice;*" declares "that the general Act of Pardon and Amnesty did extend to the Isle of Man, and ought to have been taken notice of by the Judges in that Island, *although it had not been pleaded;* that the court *refused to admit* the deceased William Christian's *plea* of the Act of Indemnity," &c. "Full restitution is ordered to be made to his heirs of all his estates, real and personal." Three * other persons "who were by the same Court of Justice imprisoned, and their estates *seized and*

* Ewan Curphey, Samuel Ratcliff, and John Cæsar, men of considerable landed property.

confiscated without any legal trial," are ordered, together with the Christians, "to be restored to all their estates, real and personal, and to be fully repaired in all the charges and expenses which they have been at since their first imprisonment, as well in the prosecution of this business, as in their journey hither, or in any other way thereunto relating." The mode of raising funds for the purpose of this restitution is equally peculiar and instructive; these "sums of money are ordered to be furnished by the Deemsters, Members, and Assistants of the said Court of Justice," who are directed "to raise and make due payment thereof to the parties."

"And to the end that the blood that has been unjustly spilt may in some sort be expiated," &c., the Deemsters are ordered to be committed to the King's Bench to be proceeded against, &c. &c., and receive condign punishment. [It is believed that this part of the order was afterwards relaxed or rendered nugatory.] The three Members of Council were released on giving security to appear, if required, and to make the restitution ordered. "And in regard that Edward Christian, being one of the Deemsters or Judges in the Isle of Man, *did, when the Court refused to admit of the deceased W. Christian's plea of the Act of Indemnity, make his protestation against their illegal proceedings, and did withdraw himself, and come to England to solicit his Majesty and implore his justice,* it is ordered that the Earl of Derby do forthwith, by commission, &c., restore and appoint him as Deemster, so to remain and continue, &c. [which order was disobeyed.] And lastly, that Henry Nowell, Deputy Governor, whose fault hath been *the not complying with, and yielding due obedience to, the order * of his Majesty and this*

* Tradition, in accordance with the dirge of William Dhône, says that the order to stop proceeding and suspend the sentence arrived on the day preceding that of his execution.

Board sent unto the Island, [O most lame and impotent conclusion!] be permitted to return to the Isle, and enforce the present Order of the King in Council."

Of the Earl of Derby no further mention occurs in this document. The sacrifices made by this noble family in support of the royal cause, drew a large share of indulgence over the exceptionable parts of their conduct; but the mortification necessarily consequent on this appeal, the incessant complaints of the people, and the difficulty subsequently experienced by them in obtaining access to a superior tribunal, received a curious illustration in an order of the King in council, dated 20th August, 1670, on a petition of the Earl of Derby, "that the clerk of the council in waiting receive no petition, appeal, or complaint, *against the lord or government of the Isle of Man*, without having first good security from the complaint to answer costs, damages and charges."

The historical notices of this kingdom * of Lilliput are curious and instructive with references to other times and different circumstances, and they have seemed to require little comment or antiquarian remark; but to condense what may be collected with regard to Edward Christian, the accomplished villain of Peveril, the insinuations of his accuser † constitute in themselves an abundant defence. When so little can be imputed by such an adversary, the character must indeed be invulnerable. Tradition ascribes to him nothing but what is amiable, patriotic, honourable, and good, in all the rela-

* Earl James, although studious of kingcraft, assigns good reasons for having never pretended to assume that title, and among others, "Nor doth it please a king that any of his subjects should too much love that name, were it but to act in a play."—PICK, 436.

† PICK, *passim*.

tions of public and private life. He died, after an imprisonment of seven or eight years, the victim of incorrigible obstinacy, according to one, of ruthless tyranny, according to another vocabulary; but resembling the character of the Novel in nothing but unconquerable courage.

Treachery and ingratitude have been heaped on the memory of William Christian with sufficient profusion. Regarding the first of these crimes: if all that has been affirmed or insinuated in the mock trial, rested on a less questionable basis, posterity would scarcely pronounce an unanimous verdict of moral and political guilt, against an association to subvert such a government as is described by its own author. The *peculiar* favours for which he or his family were ungrateful, are not to be discovered in these proceedings; except, indeed, in the form of "chastisements of the Almighty—blessings in disguise." But if credit be given to the dying words of William Christian, his efforts were strictly limited to a redress of grievances,—a purpose always criminal in the eye of the oppressor. If he had lived and died on a larger scene, his memory would probably have survived among the patriots and the heroes. In some of the manuscript narratives, he is designated as a *martyr* for the rights and liberties of his countrymen; who add, in their homely manner, that he was condemned without trial, and murdered without remorse.

We have purposely abstained from all attempt to enlist the passions in favour of the sufferings of a people, or in detestation of oppressions, which ought, perhaps, to be ascribed as much to the character of the times as to that of individuals. The naked facts of the case (unaided by the wild and plaintive notes in which the maidens of the isle were wont to bewail "*the * heart-rending death of fair-haired William*") are sufficient of them-

* The literal translation given to me by a young lady.

selves to awaken the sympathy of every generous mind ; and it were a more worthy exercise of that despotic power over the imagination, so eminently possessed by the Great Unknown, to embalm the remembrance of two such men in his immortal pages, than to load their memories with crimes such as no human being ever committed.

I AM enabled to add the translation of the lament over the fair-haired William Christian. It is originally composed in the Manx language, and consists of a series of imprecations of evil upon the enemies of Christian, and prophecies to the same purpose :—

On the Death and Murder of Receiver-General William Christian of Ronaldsway, who was shot near Hango Hill, January 2, 1662.

1.

In so shifting a scene, who would confidence place
In family power, youth, or in personal grace ?
No character's proof against enmity foul ;
And thy fate, William Dhône, sickens our soul.

2.

You are Derby's receiver of patriot zeal,
Replete with good sense, and reputed genteel,
Your justice applauded by the young and the old ;
And thy fate, &c.

3.

A kind, able patron both to church and to state—
What roused their resentment but talents so great ?
No character's proof against enmity foul ;
And thy fate, &c.

4.

Thy pardon, 'tis rumour'd, came over the main,
 Nor late, but conceal'd by a villain * in grain ;
 'Twas fear forced the jury to a sentence so foul ;
 And thy fate, &c.

5.

Triumphant stood Colcott, he wish'd for no more,
 When the pride of the Christians lay welt'ring in gore,
 To malice a victim, though steady and bold ;
 And thy fate, &c.

6.

With adultery stain'd, and polkutt'd with gore,
 He Ronalds way eyed, as Lochuscolly before,
 'Twas the land sought the oulprit, as Ahab before ;
 And thy fate, &c.

7.

Proceed to the once famed abode of the Nuns,
 Call the Colcotts aloud, till you torture your lungs,
 Their short triumph's ended, extinct is the whole ;
 And thy fate, &c.

8.

For years could Robert lay crippled in bed,
 Nor knew the world peace while he held up his head,
 The neighbourhood's scourge in iniquity bold ;
 And thy fate, &c.

* A person named in the next stanza is said to have intercepted a pardon sent from England for William Christian, found, it is said, in the foot of an old woman's stocking. The tradition is highly improbable. If Christian had been executed against the tenor of a pardon actually granted, it would not have failed to be charged as a high aggravation in the subsequent proceedings of the Privy Council.

9.

Not one's heard to grieve, seek the country all through,
Nor lament for the name that Bemacan once knew ;
The poor rather load it with curses untold ;
And thy fate, &c.

10.

Ballaclogh and the Criggans mark strongly their sin,
Not a soul of the name's there to welcome you in ;
In the power of the strangers is centred the whole ;
And thy fate, &c.

11.

The opulent Scarlett on which the sea flows,
Is piecemeal disposed of to whom the Lord knows ;
It is here without bread or defence from the cold ;
And thy fate, &c.

12.

They assert then in vain, that the law sought thy blood,
For all aiding the massacre never did good ;
Like the rooted-up golding deprived of its gold,
They languish'd, were blasted, grew wither'd and old.

13.

When the shoots of a tree so corrupted remain,
Like the brier or thistle, they goad us with pain ;
Deep, dark, undermining, they mimic the mole ;
And thy fate, &c.

14.

Round the infamous wretches who spilt Cæsar's blood,
Dead spectres and conscience in sad array stood,
Not a man of the gang reach'd life's utmost goal ;
And thy fate, &c.

15.

Perdition, too, seized them who caused thee to bleed,
To decay fell their houses, their lands and their seed,

Disappear'd like the vapour when morn's tinged with gold;
And thy fate, &c.

16.

From grief all corroding, to hope I'll repair,
That a branch of the Christians will soon grace the chair,
With royal instructions his foes to console;
And thy fate, &c.

17.

With a book for my pillow, I dreamt as I lay,
That a branch of the Christians would hold Ronaldsway;
His conquests his topic with friends o'er a bowl;
And thy fate, &c.

18.

And now for a wish in concluding my song,—
May th' Almighty withhold me from doing what's wrong;
Protect every mortal from enmity foul;
For thy fate, William Dhône, sickens our soul! *

 No. II.

*At the Court at Whitehall,
the 5th August, 1663.*

GEORGE CHRISTIAN, son and heir of William Christian, deceased, having exhibited his complaint to his Majesty in Council, that his father, being at a house of his in his Majesty's Isle of Man, was imprisoned by certain persons of that island, pretending themselves to be a Court of Justice; that he was by them accused of high treason, pretended to be committed against the Countess Dowager

* It may be recollected, that these verses are given through the medium of a meagre translation, and are deprived of the aid of the music, otherwise we should certainly think the memory of William Dhône little honoured by his native bard.

of Derby, in the year 1651 ; and that they thereupon proceeded to judgment, and caused him to be put to death, notwithstanding the act of General Pardon and Indemnity, whereof he claimed the benefit : and his appeal to his Majesty, and humbly imploring his Majesty's princely compassion towards the distressed widow and seven fatherless children of the deceased : His Majesty was graciously pleased, with the advice of his Council, to order that Thomas Noris and Hugh Cannell, the two judges, (by them in that island called Deemsters,) and Richard Stevenson, Robert Calcot, and Richard Tyldesley, three of the members of the pretended Court of Justice, and Henry Howell, deputy of the said island, should be forthwith sent for, and brought up by a sergeant-at-arms here, before his Majesty in Council, to appear and answer to such accusations as should be exhibited against them ; which said six persons being accordingly brought hither the fifteenth day of July last, appointed for a full hearing of the whole business, the Earl of Derby, then also summoned to appear, and the Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and the Lord Chief Baron of his Majesty's Exchequer, with the King's Council, learned in the laws, required to be present, and all the parties called in with their counsel and witnesses, after full hearing of the matter on both sides, and the parties withdrawn, the said judges being desired to deliver their opinion, did, in presence of the King's Council, learned in the laws, declare that the Act of General Pardon and Indemnity did, and ought to be understood to, extend to the Isle of Mann, as well as into any other of his Majesty's dominions and plantations beyond the seas ; and that, being a publique General Act of Parliament, it ought to have been taken notice of by the Judges in the Isle of Mann, although it had not been pleaded, and although there were no proclamations made thereof. His Majesty being therefore deeply sensible of this violation of his Act of General Pardon, whereof his Majesty hath always been very tender, and

doth expect and require that all his subjects in all his dominions and plantations shall enjoy the full benefit and advantage of the same; and having this day taken the business into further consideration, and all parties called in and heard, did, by and with the advice of the Council, order, and it is hereby ordered, that all persons any way concerned in the seizure of the estate of the said William Christian, deceased, or instrumental in the ejection of the widow and children out of their houses and fortune, do take care that entire restitution is to be made of all the said estate, as well real or personal, as also all damages sustained, with full satisfaction for all profits by them received since the said estate hath been in their hands; and that, whereas the said William Christian, deceased, was one of the two-lives remaining in an estate in Lancashire, that the detriment accruing by the untimely death of the said William Christian therein, or in like cases, shall be estimated, and in like manner fully repaired. That in regard of the great trouble and charges the complainants have been at in pursuit of this business, ordered, that they do exhibit to this Board a true account, upon oath, of all expenses and damages by them sustained in the journies of themselves and witnesses, and of all other their charges in the following of this business.

And whereas Ewan Curghey, Sammuall Radcliffe, and John Casar, were by the same Court of Justice imprisoned, and had their estates seized and confiscated, without any legal trial, it is ordered, that the said Ewan Curghey, Sammuall Radcliffe, and John Casar, be likewise reinstated to all their estates, real and personall, and fully repaired in all the charges and expenses which they have been at since their first imprisonment, as well in the prosecution of this business, as in their journey thither, or any other way whatsoever thereunto relating. The which satisfaction, expenses, and all the sums of money to be raised by virtue of this order, are to be furnished by the Dceinsters, Members, and Assistants of the said

of Derby, in the year 1651 ; and that they thereupon proceeded to judgment, and caused him to be put to death, notwithstanding the act of General Pardon and Indemnity, whereof he claimed the benefit : and his appeal to his Majesty, and humbly imploring his Majesty's princely compassion towards the distressed widow and seven fatherless children of the deceased : His Majesty was graciously pleased, with the advice of his Council, to order that Thomas Noris and Hugh Cannell, the two judges, (by them in that island called Deemsters,) and Richard Stevenson, Robert Calcot, and Richard Tyldesley, three of the members of the pretended Court of Justice, and Henry Howell, deputy of the said island, should be forthwith sent for, and brought up by a sergeant-at-arms here, before his Majesty in Council, to appear and answer to such accusations as should be exhibited against them ; which said six persons being accordingly brought hither the fifteenth day of July last, appointed for a full hearing of the whole business, the Earl of Derby, then also summoned to appear, and the Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and the Lord Chief Baron of his Majesty's Exchequer, with the King's Council, learned in the laws, required to be present, and all the parties called in with their counsel and witnesses, after full hearing of the matter on both sides, and the parties withdrawn, the said judges being desired to deliver their opinion, did, in presence of the King's Council, learned in the laws, declare that the Act of General Pardon and Indemnity did, and ought to be understood to, extend to the Isle of Mann, as well as into any other of his Majesty's dominions and plantations beyond the seas ; and that, being a publique General Act of Parliament, it ought to have been taken notice of by the Judges in the Isle of Mann, although it had not been pleaded, and although there were no proclamations made thereof. His Majesty being therefore deeply sensible of this violation of his Act of General Pardon, whereof his Majesty hath always been very tender, and

doth expect and require that all his subjects in all his dominions and plantations shall enjoy the full benefit and advantage of the same; and having this day taken the business into further consideration, and all parties called in and heard, did, by and with the advice of the Council, order, and it is hereby ordered, that all persons any way concerned in the seizure of the estate of the said William Christian, deceased, or instrumental in the ejection of the widow and children out of their houses and fortune, do take care that entire restitution is to be made of all the said estate, as well real or personal, as also all damages sustained, with full satisfaction for all profits by them received since the said estate hath been in their hands; and that, whereas the said William Christian, deceased, was one of the two-lives remaining in an estate in Lancashire, that the detriment accruing by the untimely death of the said William Christian therein, or in like cases, shall be estimated, and in like manner fully repaired. That in regard of the great trouble and charges the complainants have been at in pursuit of this business, ordered, that they do exhibit to this Board a true account, upon oath, of all expenses and damages by them sustained in the journies of themselves and witnesses, and of all other their charges in the following of this business.

And whereas Ewan Curghey, Sammuall Radcliffe, and John Casar, were by the same Court of Justice imprisoned, and had their estates seized and confiscated, without any legal trial, it is ordered, that the said Ewan Curghey, Sammuall Radcliffe, and John Casar, be likewise reinstated to all their estates, real and personall, and fully repaired in all the charges and expenses which they have been at since their first imprisonment, as well in the prosecution of this business, as in their journey thither, or any other way whatsoever thereunto relating. The which satisfaction, expenses, and all the sums of money to be raised by virtue of this order, are to be furnished by the Deemsters, Members, and Assistants of the said

Court of Justice, who are hereby ordered to raise all such the said sums, and thereof to make due payment, and give full satisfaction unto the parties respectively hereby appointed to receive it.

And to the end, the guilt of blood which hath been unjustly spilt may in some sort be expiated, and his Majesty receive some kind of satisfaction for the untimely loss of a subject, it is ordered, that the said Thomas Norris and Hugh Cannell, who decreed this violent death, be committed, and remain prisoners in the King's Bench, to be proceeded against in the ordinary course of justice, so to receive condign punishment according to the merit of so heinous a fact.

That Richard Stevenson, Robert Calcot, and Richard Tyldesley, be discharged from farther restraint, giving good security to appear at this Board whensoever summoned, and not depart this city until full satisfaction be given, and all orders of this Board whatsoever relating to this business fully executed in the island. And in regard, that upon the examination of this business, it doth appear, that Edward Christian, being one of the Deemsters or Judges in the Isle of Mann, did, when the Court refused to admit of the deceased William Christian's plea of the Act of Indemnity, make his protestation against their illegal proceedings, and did withdraw himself, and come into England to solicit his Majesty, and implore his justice, it is ordered that the Earl of Derby do forthwith, by commission, in due and accustomed manner, restore, constitute, and appoint the said Edward Christian, one of the Deemsters or Judges of the said island, so to remain and continue in the due execution of the said place.

And lastly, it is ordered, that the said Henry Howell, Deputy-Governor, whose charge hath been the not complying with, and yielding due obedience to, the orders of his Majesty, and this Board sent into this island, giving good security to appear at this Board whensoever summoned, be forthwith discharged from all further restraint,

and permitted to return into the island; and he is hereby strictly commanded to employ the power and authority he hath, which, by virtue of his commission, he hath in that island, in performance of, and obedience to, all commands and orders of his Majesty and this Board in this whole business, or any way relating thereunto.

(Signed by)

LORD CHANCELLOR.	EARL OF CARBERRY.
LORD TREASURER.	LORD BISHOP OF LONDON.
LORD PRIVY SEAL.	LORD WENTWORTH.
DUKE OF ALBEMARLE.	LORD BERKELEY.
LORD CHAMBERLAIN.	LORD ASHLEY.
EARL OF BERKSHIRE.	SIR WILLIAM CROMPTON.
EARL OF ST ALBAN.	MR TREASURER.
EARL OF ANGLESEY.	MR VICE CHAMBERLAIN.
EARL OF SANDWICH.	MR SECRETARY MORICE.
EARL OF BATH.	MR SECRETARY BENNETT.
EARL OF MIDDLETON.	

RICHARD BROWNE,

Clerk of the Council.

No. III.

*At the Court at Whitehall,
August 14th, 1663.*

Present.

THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

LORD CHANCELLOR.	EARL OF MIDDLETON.
LORD TREASURER.	EARL OF CARBERRY.
LORD PRIVY SEAL.	LORD BISHOP OF LONDON.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.	LORD WENTWORTH.
DUKE OF ALBEMARLE.	LORD BERKELEY.
LORD CHAMBERLAIN.	LORD ASHLEY.
EARL OF BERKSHIRE.	SIR WILLIAM CROMPTON.
EARL OF ST ALBAN.	MR TREASURER.
EARL OF SANDWICH.	MR VICE CHAMBERLAIN.
EARL OF ANGLESEY.	MR SECRETARY MORICE.
EARL OF BATH.	MR SECRETARY BENNETT.

To the end the world may the better take notice of his Majesty's royal intention, to observe the Act of Indemnity and General Pardon inviolably for the publique good and satisfaction of his subjects—it was this day ordered, that a copy of the order of this Board of the 5th inst., touching the illegal proceedings in the Isle of Mann against William Christian, and putting him to death contrary to the said Act of General Pardon, be sent unto his Majesty's printer, who is commanded forthwith to print the same in the English letters, in folio, in such manner as Acts of Parliament are usually printed, and his Majesty's Arms prefixed.

RICHARD BROWNE.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

NOVELS AND ROMANCES. VOL. V.

PEVERIL OF THE PEAK.

ROXBURGH CLUB, (PREFATORY LETTER.)—P. 72,
l. 5, (*bottom.*)

The author has pride in recording, that he had the honour to be elected a member of this distinguished association, merely as the Author of *Waverley*, without any other designation; and it was an additional inducement to throw off the mask of an anonymous author, that it gives him a right to occupy the vacant chair at that festive board.

ELDON-HOLE.—P. 126, l. 8.

A chasm in the earth, supposed to be unfathomable. One of the wonders of the Peak.

CAVALIERS AND ROUNDHEADS.—*End of Chap. IV.*
P. 159.

The attempt to contrast the manners of the jovial Cavaliers, and enthusiastic, yet firm and courageous, Puritans, was partly taken from a hint of Shadwell, who sketched several scenes of humour with great force, al-

though they hung heavy on his pencil when he attempted to finish them for the stage.

In a dull play, named the Volunteers, or the Stock-Jobbers, the *dramatis personæ* present "Major-General Blunt, an old cavalier officer, somewhat rough in speech, but very brave and honest, and of good understanding, and a good patriot." A contrast to the General is "Colonel Hackwell, senior, an old Anabaptist Colonel of Cromwell's, very stout and godly, but somewhat immoral."

These worthies, so characterised, hold a dialogue together, which will form a good example of Shadwell's power of dramatizing. The stage is filled by Major-General Blunt and some of his old acquaintance cavaliers, and Hackwell, the ancient parliamentarian.

"*Major-General Blunt.* Fear not, my old cavaliers. According to your laudable customs, you shall be drunk, swagger, and fight over all your battles, from Edgehill to Brentford. You have not forgotten how this gentleman (*points to Colonel Hackwell*) and his demure psalm-singing fellows used to drub us?"

"*1st Cavalier.* No, 'gad! I felt 'em once to purpose.

"*M.-G. Blunt.* Ah! a-dod, in high-crowned hats, collared bands, great loose coats, long tucks under 'em, and calves' leather boots, they used to sing a psalm, fall on, and beat us to the devil!

"*Hackwell, senior.* In that day we stood up to the cause; and the cause, the spiritual cause, did not suffer under our carnal weapons, but the enemy was discomfited, and lo! they used to flee before us.

"*1st Cavalier.* Who would think such a snivelling psalm-singing puppy, would fight? But these godly fellows would lay about 'em as if the devil were in 'em.

"*Sir Nicholas.* What a filthy slovenly army was this! I warrant you not a well-dressed man among the Roundheads.

"*M.-G. Blunt.* But these plain fellows would so

thrash' your swearing, drinking, fine fellows in laced coats,—just such as you of the drawing-room and Locket's fellows are now—and so strip them, by the Lord Harry, that after a battle those saints looked like the Israelites loaden with the Egyptian baggage.

“*Hackwell.* Verily, we did take the spoil; and it served us to turn the penny, and advanced the cause thereby; we fought upon a principle that carried us through.

“*M.-G. Blunt.* Prithee, Colonel, we know thy principle—'twas not right: thou foughtest against children's baptism, and not for liberty, but who should be your tyrant; none so zealous for Cromwell as thou wert then, nor such a furious agitator and test-man as thou hast been lately.

“*Hackwell, senior.* Look you, Colonel, we but proceeded in the way of liberty of worship.

“*M.-G. Blunt.* A-dod, there is something more in it. This was thy principle, Colonel—*Dominion is founded in grace, and the righteous shall inherit the earth.* And, by the Lord Harry, thou didst so: thou gottest three thousand pounds a-year by fighting against the Court, and I lost a thousand by fighting for it.”—See *The Volunteers, or Stock-Jobbers*, SHADWELL'S *Works*, vol. iv. p. 437.

In a former scene, Hackwell, the old fanatic officer, conceiving himself offended by one of the *dramatis personæ*, says, with great *naïveté*—“I prithee, friend, put me not to use the carnal weapon in my own defence.”—Such are the traits of phraseology with which Shadwell painted the old Puritan officers, many of whom he—no mean observer of human nature—must have known familiarly.

CONCEALMENT OF THE COUNTESS OF DERBY.— P. 162, l. 16.

The concealment and discovery of the Countess of Derby, is taken from a picturesque account of a similar

event, described to me by the person by whom it was witnessed in childhood. This lady, by name, Mrs Margaret Swinton, and a daughter of that ancient house, was a sister of my maternal grandmother, and of course my grandaunt. She was, as often happens on such occasions, our constant resource in sickness, or when we tired of noisy play, and closed around her to listen to her tales. As she might be supposed to look back to the beginning of the last century, the fund which supplied us with amusement often related to events of that period. I may here notice that she told me the unhappy story of the *Bride of Lammermoor*, being nearly related to the Lord President, whose daughter was the heroine of that melancholy tragedy.

The present tale, though of a different character, was also sufficiently striking, when told by an eyewitness. Aunt Margaret was, I suppose, seven or eight years old, when residing in the old mansion-house of Swinton, and already displayed the firmness and sagacity which distinguished her through life. Being one of a large family, she was, owing to slight indisposition, left at home one day when the rest of the family went to church, with Sir John and Lady Swinton, their parents. Before leaving the little invalid, she was strictly enjoined not to go into the parlour where the elder party had breakfasted. But when she found herself alone in the upper part of the house, the spirit of her great ancestress Eve took possession of my Aunt Margaret, and forth she went to examine the parlour in question. She was struck with admiration and fear at what she saw there. A lady, "beautiful exceedingly," was seated by the breakfast table, and employed in washing the dishes which had been used. Little Margaret would have had no doubt in accounting this singular vision an emanation from the angelical world, but for her employment, which she could not so easily reconcile to her ideas of angels.

The lady, with great presence of mind, called the astonished child to her, fondled her with much tenderness,

and judiciously avoiding to render the necessity of secrecy too severe, she told the girl she must not let any one except her mother know that she had seen her. Having allowed this escape-valve for the benefit of her curiosity, the mysterious stranger desired the little girl to look from the window of the parlour to see if her mother was returning from church. When she turned her head again, the fair vision had vanished, but by what means Miss Margaret was unable to form a conjecture.

Long watched, and eagerly waited for, the Lady Swinton at last returned from church, and her daughter lost no time in telling her extraordinary tale. "You are a very sensible girl, Peggy," answered her mother, "for if you had spoken of that poor lady to any one but me, it might have cost her her life. But now I will not be afraid of trusting you with any secret, and I will show you where the poor lady lives." In fact she introduced her to a concealed apartment opening by a sliding panel from the parlour, and showed her the lady in the hiding place, which she inhabited. It may be said, in passing, that there were few Scottish houses belonging to families of rank which had not such contrivances, the political incidents of the times often calling them into occupation.

The history of the lady of the closet was both melancholy and bloody; and though I have seen various accounts of the story, I do not pretend to distinguish the right edition. She was a young woman of extreme beauty, who had been married to an old man, a writer, named MacFarlane. Her situation, and perhaps her manners, gave courage to some who desired to be accounted her suitors. Among them was a young Englishman, named Cayley, who was a commissioner of Government upon the estates forfeited in the rebellion of 1715. In 1716, Mr Cayley visited this lady in her lodgings, when they quarrelled, either on account of his having offered her some violence, or, as another account said, because she reproached him with having boasted of former favours. It ended in her seizing upon a pair of

pistols, which lay loaded in a closet, her husband intending to take them with him on a journey. The gallant commissioner approached with an air of drollery, saying, "What, madam, do you intend to perform a comedy?"—"You shall find it a tragedy," answered the lady; and fired both pistols, by which Commissioner Cayley fell dead.

She fled, and remained concealed for a certain time. Her claim of refuge in Swinton House, I do not know—it arose probably from some of the indescribable genealogical filaments which connect Scottish families. A very small cause would even at any time have been a reason for interfering between an individual and the law.

Whatever were the circumstances of Mrs MacFarlane's case, it is certain that she returned, and lived and died at Edinburgh, without being brought to trial. Indeed, considering the times, there was no great wonder; for, to one strong party, the death of an English commissioner was not a circumstance to require much apology. The Swintons, however, could not be of that opinion, the family being of Presbyterian and Whig principles.

"SEALED WITH HIS BLOOD."—P. 172, l. 8,
(*bottom.*)

The Earl of Derby and King in Man was beheaded at Bolton-on-the-Moors, after having been made prisoner in a previous skirmish in Wiggan Lane.

TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF CHRISTIAN.—P. 181,
l. 3.

The reader will find, in an Appendix to the Introduction, an account of this tragedy, as related by one who may be said to favour the sufferer. It must be admitted on the other hand, that Captain Christian's trial and execution were conducted according to the laws of the island. He was tried in all due form, by the *Dempster*, or chief judge, then named Norris, the Keys of the

island, and other constituted authorities, making what is called a Tinwald court. This word, yet retained in many parts of Scotland, signifies *Vallis Negotii*, and is applied to those artificial mounds which were in ancient times assigned to the meeting of the inhabitants for holding their *Comitia*. It was pleaded that the articles of accusation against Christian were found fully relevant, and as he refused to plead at the bar, that he was, according to the Laws of Man, most justly sentenced to death. It was also stated that full time was left for appeal to England, as he was apprehended about the end of September, and not executed until the 2d January, 1662. These defences were made for the various officers of the Isle of Man called before the Privy Council, on account of Christian's death, and supported with many quotations from the Laws of the Island, and appear to have been received as a sufficient defence for their share in those proceedings.

I am obliged to the present reverend Vicar of Malew, for a certified extract to the following effect :—" Malew Burials, A.D. 1662. Mr William Christian of Ronalds-wing, late receiver, was shot to death at Hange Hall, the 2d January. He died most penitently and courageously, made a good end, prayed earnestly, made an excellent speech, and the next day was buried in the chancell of kirk Malew."

It is certain that the death of William Christian made a very deep impression upon the minds of the islanders, and a Mr Calcell or Colquit was much blamed on the occasion. Two lesser incidents are worth preservation as occurring at his execution. The place on which he stood was covered with white blankets, that his blood might not fall on the ground ; and, secondly, the precaution proved unnecessary, for, the musket wounds bleeding internally, there was no outward effusion of blood.

Many on the island deny Christian's guilt altogether, like his respectable descendant, the present Dempster ;

but there are others, and those men of judgment and respectability, who are so far of a different opinion, that they only allow the execution to have been wrong in so far as the culprit died by a military rather than a civil death. I willingly drop the veil over a transaction, which took place *flagrantibus odiis* at the conclusion of a civil war, when Revenge at least was awake if Justice slept.

APARTMENTS.—P. 191, l. 24, &c.

This peculiar collocation of apartments may be seen at Haddon Hall, Derbyshire, once a seat of the Vernons, where, in the lady's pew in the chapel, there is a sort of scuttle, which opens into the kitchen, so that the good lady could ever and anon, without much interruption of her religious duties, give an eye that the roast-meat was not permitted to burn, and that the turn-broche did his duty.

LADY'S PAGES.—P. 198, l. 23.

Even down to a later period than that in which the tale is laid, the ladies of distinction had for their pages young gentlemen of distinguished rank, whose education proceeded within the family of their patroness. Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, who in several respects laid claim to the honour due to royal blood, was, I believe, the last person of rank who kept up this old custom. A general officer distinguished in the American war was bred up as a page in her family. At present the youths whom we sometimes see in the capacity of pages of great ladies, are, I believe, mere lackeys.

EJECTIONS OF THE CLERGY.—P. 241, l. 2,
(bottom.)

The ejection of the Presbyterian clergy took place on

Saint Bartholomew's day, thence called Black Bartholomew. Two thousand Presbyterian pastors were on that day displaced and silenced throughout England. The preachers indeed had only the alternative to renounce their principles, or subscribe certain articles of uniformity. And to their great honour, Calamy, Baxter, and Reynolds, refused bishoprics, and many other Presbyterian ministers declined deaneries, and other preferments, and submitted to deprivation in preference.

"MY KINSWOMAN IS A CATHOLIC."—P. 282, l. 9.

I have elsewhere noticed that this is a deviation from the truth—Charlotte, Countess of Derby, was a Huguenot.

"NEW PLOT, WORSE THAN VENNER'S."—P. 285, l. 10.

The celebrated insurrection of the Anabaptists and Fifth Monarchy men in London, in the year 1661.

PERSECUTION OF THE PURITANS.—P. 286, l. 16.

It is naturally to be supposed, that the twenty years' triumph of the puritans, and the violence towards the malignants, as they were wont to call the cavaliers, had generated many grudges and feuds in almost every neighbourhood, which the victorious royalists failed not to act upon, so soon as the Restoration gave them a superiority. Captain Hodgson, a parliamentary officer who wrote his own memoirs, gives us many instances of this. I shall somewhat compress his long-winded account of his sufferings.

"It was after the King's return to London, one night a parcel of armed men comes to my house at Coalley Hall, near Halifax, and in an unseasonable hour in the night demands entrance, and my servants having some discourse with them on the outside, they gave threaten-

ing language, and put their pistols in at the windows. My wife being with child, I ordered the doors to be opened, and they came in. After they had presented a pistol to my breast, they showed me their authority to apprehend me, under the hands and seals of two knights and deputy-lieutenants, 'for speaking treasonable words against the King.' The *ci-devant* captain was conveyed to prison at Bradford, and bail refused. His prosecutor proved to be one Daniel Lyster, brother to the peace officer who headed the troop for his apprehension. It seems that the prisoner Hodgson had once, in former days, bound over to his good behaviour this Daniel Lyster, then accused of adultery and other debauched habits. "After the king came in," says Hodgson, "this man meets me, and demands the names of those that informed against him, and a copy of their information. I told him that the business was over, and that it was not reasonable to rip up old troubles, on which he threatened me, and said he would have them. 'The sun,' he said, 'now shines on our side of the hedge.' " Such being his accuser, Hodgson was tried for having said, "There is a crown provided, but the King will never wear it;" to which was added, that he alleged he had "never been a turncoat—never took the oath of allegiance, and never would do." Little or no part of the charge was proved, while on the contrary it was shown that the prosecutor had been heard to say, that if times ever changed, he would sit on Hodgson's skirts. In fine, Hodgson escaped for five months' imprisonment, about thirty pounds expenses, and the necessity of swallowing the oath of allegiance, which seems to have been a bitter pill.

About the middle of June, 1662, Captain Hodgson was again arrested in a summary manner by one Peebles, an attorney, quartermaster to Sir John Armytage's troop of horse-militia, with about twelve other cavaliers, who used him rudely, called him rebel and traitor, and seemed *to wish* to pick a quarrel with him, upon which he de-

manded to see their authority. Peebles laid his hand on his sword, and told him it was better authority than any ever granted by Cromwell. They suffered him, however, to depart, which he partly owed to the valour of his landlady, who sate down at the table-end betwixt him and danger, and kept his antagonists at some distance.

He was afterwards accused of having assembled some troopers, from his having been accidentally seen riding with a soldier, from which accusation he also escaped. Finally, he fell under suspicion of being concerned in a plot, of which the scene is called Sowerby. On this charge he is not explicit, but the grand jury found the bill *ignoramus*.

After this the poor Roundhead was again repeatedly accused and arrested ; and the last occasion we shall notice occurred on 11th September, 1662, when he was disarmed by his old friend Mr Peebles, at the head of a party. He demanded to see the warrant ; on which he was answered as formerly, by the quartermaster laying his hand on his sword-hilt, saying it was a better order than Oliver used to give. At length a warrant was produced, and Hodgson submitting to the search, they took from his dwelling-house better than L.20 value in fowling-pieces, pistols, muskets, carbines, and such like. A quarrel ensued about his buff-coat, which Hodgson refused to deliver, alleging they had no authority to take his wearing apparel. To this he remained constant, even upon the personal threats of Sir John Armytage, who called him rebel and traitor, and said, " If I did not send the buff-coat with all speed, he would commit me to jail. I told him," says Hodgson, " I was no rebel, and he did not well to call me so before these soldiers and gentlemen, to make me the mark for every one to shoot at." The buff-coat was then peremptorily demanded, and at length seized by open force. One of Sir John Armytage's brethren wore it for many years after, making good Prince Henry's observation, that a buff jerkin is a most sweet robe of durance. An agent of

Sir John's came to compound for this garment of proof. Hodgson says he would not have taken ten pounds for it. Sir John would have given about four, but insisting on the owner's receipt for the money, which its former possessor was unwilling to grant, the Tory magistrate kept both sides, and Hodgson never received satisfaction.

We will not prosecute Mr Hodgson's tale of petty grievances any farther. Enough has been said to display the melancholy picture of the country after the Civil War, and to show the state of irritability and oppression which must have extended itself over the face of England, since there was scarcely a county in which battles had not been fought, and deep injuries sustained, during the ascendancy of the Roundheads, which were not afterwards retaliated by the vengeance of the Cavaliers.

INTERPOLATED PASSAGE, CHAP. XI. p. 289.—*After "the young Earl was heartily tired of his dominions,"* l. 10.

"The islanders, also, become too wise for happiness, had lost relish for the harmless and somewhat childish sports in which their simple ancestors had indulged themselves. May was no longer ushered in by the imaginary contest between the Queen of returning winter and advancing spring; the listeners no longer sympathized with the lively music of the followers of the one, or the discordant sounds with which the other asserted a more noisy claim to attention. Christmas, too, closed, and the steeples no longer jangled forth a dissonant peal. The wren, to seek for which used to be the sport dedicated to the holytide, was left unpursued and unslain. Party spirit had come among these simple people, and destroyed their good-humour, while it left them their ignorance. Even the races, a sport generally interesting to people of all ranks, were no longer performed, because they were no longer attractive. The gentlemen were divided by feuds hitherto unknown, and each seemed to

hold it scorn to be pleased with the same diversions that amused those of the opposite faction. The hearts of both parties revolted from the recollection of former days, when all was peace among them; when the Earl of Derby, now slaughtered, used to bestow the prize, and Christian, since so vindictively executed, started horses to add to the amusement." *

* POPULAR PASTIMES IN THE ISLE OF MAN.

Waldron mentions the two popular festivities in the Isle of Man which are alluded to in the text, and vestiges of them are, I believe, still to be traced in this singular island. The Contest of Winter and Summer seems directly derived from the Scandinavians, long the masters in Man, as Olaus Magnus mentions a similar festival among the northern nations. On the first of May, he says, the country is divided into two bands, the captain of one of which hath the name and appearance of Winter, is clothed in the skins of beasts, and he and his band armed with fire forks. They fling about ashes, by way of prolonging the reign of Winter; while another band, whose captain is called Florro, represent Spring, with green boughs, such as the season offers. These parties skirmish in sport, and the mimic contest concludes with a general feast.—*History of the Northern Nations* by OLAUS, Book xv. Chap. 2.

Waldron gives an account of a festival in Wales exactly similar:

"In almost all the great parishes, they choose from among the daughters of the most wealthy farmers, a young maid, for the Queen of May. She is drest in the gayest and best manner they can, and is attended by about twenty others, who are called maids of honour. She has also a young man, who is her captain, and has under his command a good number of inferior officers. In opposition to her, is the Queen of Winter, who is a man drest in woman's clothes, with woollen hoods, fur tippets, and loaded with the warmest and heaviest habits, one upon another; in the same manner are those, who represent her attendants, drest; nor is she without a captain and troop for her defence. Both being equipt as proper emblems of the beauty of the spring, and the deformity of the winter, they set forth from their respective quarters; the one preceded by violins and flutes, the other

PORTRAIT IN THE CASTLE OF RUSHIN.—P. 297,
I. 3.

I am told that a portrait of the unfortunate William Christian is still preserved in the family of Waterson of Ballinahow of Kirk Church, Rushin. William Dhône is dressed in a green coat without collar or cape, after

with the rough music of the tongs and cleavers. Both companies march till they meet on a common, and then their trains engage in a mock battle. If the Queen of Winter's forces get the better, so far as to take the Queen of May prisoner, she is ransomed for as much as pays the expenses of the day. After this ceremony, Winter and her company retire, and divert themselves in a barn, and the others remain on the green, where having danced a considerable time, they conclude the evening with a feast; the queen at one table with her maids, the captain with his troop at another. There are seldom less than fifty or sixty persons at each board, but not more than three or four knives. Christmas is ushered in with a form much less meaning, and infinitely more fatiguing. On the 24th of December, towards evening, all the servants in general have a holiday; they go not to bed all night, but ramble about till the bells ring in all the churches, which is at twelve o'clock; prayers being over, they go to hunt the wren, and after having found one of these poor birds, they kill her, and lay her on a bier with the utmost solemnity, bringing her to the parish church, and burying her with a whimsical kind of solemnity, singing dirges over her in the Manx language, which they call her knell; after which Christmas begins. There is not a barn unoccupied the whole twelve days, every parish hiring fiddlers at the public charge; and all the youth, nay, sometimes people well advanced in years, make no scruple to be among these nocturnal dancers."—WALDRON'S *Description of the Isle of Man*, folio, 1731.

With regard to horse-racing in the Isle of Man, I am furnished with a certified copy of the rules on which that sport was conducted, under the permission of the Earl of Derby, in which the curious may see that a descendant of the unfortunate Christian entered a

the fashion of those puritanic times, with the head in a close-cropt wig, resembling the bishop's peruke of the present day. The countenance is youthful and well-looking, very unlike the expression of foreboding me-

horse for the prize. I am indebted for this curiosity to my kind friend, the learned Dr Dibdin.

INSULA }	<i>Articles for the plate which is to be run for in the said island, being of the value of five pounds sterling, (the fashion included,) given by the Right Honourable William Earl of Derby, Lord of the said Isle, &c.</i>
MONÆ. }	

- " 1st. The said plate is to be run for upon the 28th day of July, in every year, whiles his honour is pleased to allow the same, (being the day of the nativity of the Honourable James Lord Strange,) except it happen upon a Sunday, and if soe, the said plate is to be run for upon the day following.
- " 2d. That noe horse, gelding, or mair, shall be admitted to run for the said plate, but such as was foaled within the said island, or in the Calfe of Mann.
- " 3d. That every horse, gelding, or mair, that is designed to run, shall be entred at or before the viiiijth day of July, with his masters name and his owne, if he be generally knowne by any, or els his collour, and whether horse, mair, or gelding, and that to be done at the x comprs. office, by the cleark of the rolls for the time being.
- " 4th. That every person that puts in either horse, mair, or gelding, shall, at the time of their entring, depositt the sume of fine shill. apiece into the hands of the said clerk of the rolls, which is to goe towards the augmenting of the plate for the year following, besides one shill. apiece to be given by them to the said clerk of the rolls, for entering their names, and engrossing these articles.
- " 5th. That every horse, mair, or gelding, shall carry horseman's weight, that is to say, ten stone weight, at fourteen pounds to each stone, besides saddle and bridle.

lancholy. I have so far taken advantage of this criticism, as to bring my ideal portrait in the present edition nearer to the complexion at least of the fair-haired William Dhône.

" 6th. That every horse, mair, or gelding, shall have a person for its tryer, to be named by the owner of the said horse, mair, or gelding, which tryers are to have the command of the scale and weights, and to see that every rider doe carry full weight, according as is mentioned in the foregoing article, and especially that the winning rider be soe with the usual allowance of one pound for.

" 7th. That a person be assigned by the tryers to start the runner horses, who are to run for the said plate, betwixt the howers of one and three of the clock in the afternoon.

" 8th. That every rider shall leave the two first powles which are sett upp in Macybraes close, in this manner following, that is to say, the first of the said two powles upon his right hand, and the other upon his left hand; and the two powles by the rockes are to be left upon the left hand likewise; and the fifth powle, which is sett up at the lower end of the Conney-warren, to be left alsoe upon the left hand, and soe the turning pool next to Wm. Looreyes house to be left in like manner upon the left hand, and the other two powles, leading to the ending powle, to be left upon the right hand; all which powles are to be left by the riders as aforesaid; excepting only the distance-powle, which may be rid on either hand, at the discretion of the rider," &c. &c. &c.

" July 14th, 1687.

" The names of the persons who have entered their horses run for the within plate for this present year, 1687.

" Ro. Heywood, Esq. Governor of this Isle, hath entered one bay gelding, called by the name of Loggerhead, and hath deposited towards the augmenting of the plate for the next year,	L.00 05 00
" Captain Tho. Hudlston hath entered one white gelding, called Snowball, and hath deposited,	00 05 00

WHALLEY THE REGICIDE.—P. 365, l. 10.

There is a common tradition in America, that this person, who was never heard of after the Restoration, fled to Massachusetts, and, living for some years concealed in that province, finally closed his days there. The remarkable and beautiful story of his having suddenly emerged from his place of concealment, and, placing himself at the head of a party of settlers, shown them the mode of acquiring a victory, which they were on the point of yielding to the Indians, is also told; and in all probability truly. I have seen the whole tradition

" Mr William Faigler hath entered his grey gelding, called the Gray-Carraine, and deposited,	-	00 05 00
" Mr Nicho. Williams hath entered ane gray stone horse, called the Yorkshire gray, and deposited,		00 05 00
" Mr Demster Christian hath entered ane gelding, called the Dapplegray, and hath deposited,	-	00 05 00

" 28th July, 1687.

" MEMORANDUM,

" That this day the above plate was run for by the forementioned horse, and the same was fairly won by the right worshipful governor's horse at the two first heates.

" 17th August, 1688.

" Received this day the above , which I am to pay to my master to augment ye plate, by me,

" JOHN WOOD.

" It is my good-will and pleasure yt ye 2 prizes formerly granted (by me) for hors runing and shouting, shall continue as they did, to be run, or shot for, and soe to continue dursing my good-will and
Given under my hand at Lathom, ye 12th of July,
1669.

" DEBY.

" To my governor's deputy-governor, and ye rest of my officers in my Isle of Man."

commented upon at large in a late North American publication, which goes so far as to ascertain the obscure grave to which the remains of Whalley were secretly committed. This singular story has lately afforded the justly celebrated American novelist, Mr Cooper, the materials from which he has compiled one of those impressive narratives of the aboriginal inhabitants of the Transatlantic woods and the hardy Europeans by whom they were invaded and dispossessed.

NOVELS AND ROMANCES. VOL. VI.

PEVERIL OF THE PEAK.

SODOR, OR HOLM-PEEL, IN THE ISLE OF MAN.—
P. 1, l. 1.

THE author has never seen this ancient fortress, which has in its circuit so much that is fascinating to the antiquary. Waldron has given the following description, which is perhaps somewhat exaggerated :—

“ Peel, or Pile-Town, is so called from its garrison and castle : though in effect the castle cannot properly be said to be in the town, an arm of the sea running between them which in high tides would be deep enough to bear a ship of forty or fifty ton, though sometimes quite drained of salt water ; but then it is supplied with fresh by a river which runs from Kirk Jarmyn Mountains, and empties itself into the sea. This castle, for its situation, antiquity, strength, and beauty, might justly come in for one of the wonders of the world. Art and nature seem to have vied with each other in the model, nor ought the most minute particular to escape observation. As to its situation, it is built upon the top of a huge rock, which rears itself a stupendous height above the sea, with which, as I said before, it is surrounded. And also by natural fortifications of other lesser rocks, which render it inaccessible but by passing that little arm of the sea which divides it from the town ; this you may do in a small boat ; and the natives, tucking up their

clothes under their arms, and plucking off their shoes and stockings, frequently wade it in low tides. When you arrive at the foot of the rock, you ascend about some three-score steps, which are cut out of it to the first wall, which is immensely thick and high, and built of a very durable and bright stone, though not of the same sort with that of Castle Russin in Castle Town; and has on it four little houses or watch-towers, which overlook the sea. The gates are wood, but most curiously arched, carved, and adorned with pilasters. Having passed the first, you have other stairs of near half the number with the former to mount, before you come at the second wall, which, as well as the other, is full of port-holes for cannon, which are planted on stone crosses on a third wall. Being entered, you find yourself in a wide plain, in the midst of which stands the castle, encompassed by four churches, three of which time has so much decayed, that there is little remaining, besides the walls, and some few tombs, which seem to have been erected with so much care, as to perpetuate the memory of those buried in them till the final dissolution of all things. The fourth is kept a little better in repair; but not so much for its own sake, though it has been the most magnificent of them all, as for a chapel within it; which is appropriated to the use of the bishop, and has under it a prison, or rather dungeon, for those offenders who are so miserable as to incur the spiritual censure. This is certainly one of the most dreadful places that imagination can form. The sea runs under it through the hollows of the rock with such a continual roar, that you would think it were every moment breaking in upon you, and over it are vaults for burying the dead. The stairs descending to this place of terrors are not above thirty, but so steep and narrow, that they are very difficult to go down, a child of eight or nine years old not being able to pass them but sideways. Within it are thirteen pillars, on which the whole chapel is supported. They have a superstition, that whatsoever stranger goes to see this cavern out of curiosity, and

omits to count the pillars, shall do something to occasion being confined there. There are places for penance also under all the other churches, containing several very dark and horrid cells; some have nothing in them either to sit or lie down on, others a small piece of brick work; some are lower and more dark than others, but all of them, in my opinion, dreadful enough for almost any crime humanity is capable of being guilty of; though 'tis supposed they were built with different degrees of horror, that the punishment might be proportionate to the faults of those wretches who were to be confined in them. These have never been made use of since the times of popery; but that under the bishop's chapel is the common and only prison for all offences in the spiritual court, and to that the delinquents are sentenced. But the soldiers of the garrison permit them to suffer their confinement in the castle, it being morally impossible for the strongest constitution to sustain the damps and noisomeness of the cavern even for a few hours, much less for months and years, as is the punishment sometimes allotted. But I shall speak hereafter more fully of the severity of the ecclesiastical jurisdiction. 'Tis certain that here have been very great architects in this island; for the noble monuments in this church, which is kept in repair, and indeed the ruins of the others also, show the builders to be masters of all the orders in that art, though the great number of Doric pillars prove them to be chiefly admirers of that. Nor are the epitaphs and inscriptions on the tombstones less worthy of remark; the various languages in which they are engraved, testify by what a diversity of nations this little spot of earth has been possessed. Though time has defaced too many of the letters to render the remainder intelligible, yet you may easily perceive fragments of the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Arabian, Saxon, Scotch and Irish characters; some dates yet visibly declare they were written before the coming of Christ; and, indeed, if one considers the walls, the thickness of them, and the durability of the stone of which

they are composed, one must be sensible that a great number of centuries must pass before such strong workmanship could be reduced to the condition it now is. These churches, therefore, were doubtless once the temples of Pagan deities, though since consecrated to the worship of the true divinity; and what confirms me more strongly in this conjecture, is, that there is still a part of one remaining, where stands a large stone directly in form and manner like the Tripodes, which in those days of ignorance, the priests stood upon, to deliver their fabulous oracles. Through one of these old churches, there was formerly a passage to the apartment belonging to the captain of the guard, but is now closed up. The reason they give you for it, is a pretty odd one; but as I think it not sufficient satisfaction to my curious reader, to acquaint him with what sort of buildings this island affords, without letting him know also what traditions are concerning them, I shall have little regard to the censure of those critics, who find fault with every thing out of the common road; and in this, as well as in all other places, where it falls in my way, shall make it my endeavour to lead him into the humours and very souls of the *Manx* people. They say, that an apparition, called in their language the *Mauthe Doog*, in the shape of a large black spaniel with curled shaggy hair, was used to haunt Peel Castle, and has been seen in every room, but particularly in the guard-chamber, where, as soon as candles were lighted, it came and lay down before the fire, in presence of all the soldiers, who at length, by being so much accustomed to the sight of it, lost great part of the terror they were seized with at its first appearance. They still, however, retained a certain awe, as believing it was an evil spirit which only waited permission to do them hurt, and for that reason forebore swearing and all profane discourse while in its company. But though they endured the shock of such a guest when altogether in a body, none cared to be left alone with it; it being the custom, therefore, for one of the soldiers to lock the gates

of the castle at a certain hour, and carry the keys to the captain, to whose apartment, as I said before, the way led through a church, they agreed among themselves; that whoever was to succeed the ensuing night, his fellow in this errand should accompany him that went first, and by this means, no man would be exposed singly to the danger; for I forgot to mention that the Mauthe Doog was always seen to come out from that passage at the close of day, and returned to it again as soon as the morning dawned, which made them look on this place as its peculiar residence. One night a fellow being drunk, and by the strength of his liquor rendered more daring than ordinary, laughed at the simplicity of his companions, and, though it was not his turn to go with the keys, would needs take that office upon him, to testify his courage. All the soldiers endeavoured to dissuade him, but the more they said, the more resolute he seemed, and swore that he desired nothing more than that Mauthe Doog would follow him, as it had done the others, for he would try if it were dog or devil. After having talked in a very reprobate manner for some time, he snatched up the keys, and went out of the guard-room; in some time after his departure, a great noise was heard, but nobody had the boldness to see what occasioned it, till the adventurer returning, they demanded the knowledge of him; but as loud and noisy as he had been at leaving them, he was now become sober and silent enough, for he was never heard to speak more; and though all the time he lived, which was three days, he was entreated by all who came near him, either to speak, or, if he could not do that, to make some signs, by which they might understand what had happened to him, yet nothing intelligible could be got from him, only, that by the distortion of his limbs and features, it might be guessed that he died in agonies more than is common in a natural death. The Mauthe Doog was, however, never seen after in the castle, nor would any one attempt to go through that passage, for which reason it was closed up,

and another way made. This accident happened about threescore years since, and I heard it attested by several, but especially by an old soldier, who assured me he had seen it oftener than he had then hairs on his head. Having taken notice of every thing remarkable in the churches, I believe my reader will be impatient to come to the castle itself, which, in spite of the magnificence the pride of modern ages has adorned the palaces of princes with, exceeds not only every thing I have seen, but also read of, in nobleness of structure. Though now no more than a garrison for soldiers, you cannot enter it without being struck with a veneration, which the most beautiful buildings of later years cannot inspire you with; the largeness and loftiness of the rooms, the vast echo resounding through them, the many winding galleries, the prospect of the sea and the ships, which, by reason of the height of the place, seem but like buoys floating on the waves, make you fancy yourself in a superior orb to what the rest of mankind inhabit, and fill you with contemplations the most refined and pure that the soul is capable of conceiving."—WALDRON'S *Description of the Isle of Man*, folio, 1731, p. 103.

In this description, the account of the inscriptions in so many Oriental languages, and bearing date before the Christian era, is certainly as much exaggerated as the story of the *Mauthe Doog* itself. It would be very desirable to find out the meaning of the word *Mauthe* in the Manx language, which is a dialect of the Gaelic. I observe, that Maithe in Gaelic, amongst other significations, has that of *active* or *speedy*; and also that a dog of Richard II., mentioned by Froissart, and supposed to intimate the fall of his masters's authority, by leaving him and fawning on Bolingbroke, was termed Mauthe; but neither of these particulars tends to explain the very impressive story of the fiendish hound of Peel Castle.

VAULT IN RUSHIN CASTLE.—P. 11, l. 21.

Beneath the only one of the four churches in Castle Rushin, which is or was kept a little in repair, is a prison or dungeon, for ecclesiastical offenders. "This," says Waldron, "is certainly one of the most dreadful places that imagination can form; the sea runs under it through the hollows of the rock with such a continual roar, that you would think it were every moment breaking in upon you, and over it are the vaults for burying the dead. The stairs descending to this place of terrors are not above thirty, but so steep and narrow, that they are very difficult to go down. A child of eight or nine years not being able to pass them but sideways."—WALDRON'S *Description of the Isle of Man, in his Works*, p. 105, folio.

MANX SUPERSTITIONS.—Pp. 28–30.

The story often alludes to the various superstitions which are, or at least were, received by the inhabitants of the Isle of Man, an ancient Celtic race, still speaking the language of their fathers. They retained a plentiful stock of those wild legends which overawed the reason of a dark age, and in our own time annoy the imagination of those who listen to the fascination of the tale, while they despise its claims to belief. The following curious legendary traditions are extracted from Waldron, a huge mine, in which I have attempted to discover some specimens of spar, if I cannot find treasure.

"'Tis this ignorance," meaning that of the islanders, "which is the occasion of the excessive superstition which reigns among them. I have already given some hints of it, but not enough to show the world what a Manksman truly is, and what power the prejudice of education has over weak minds. If books were of any use among them, one would swear the Count of Gabalis had been not only translated into the Manks tongue, but that it was a

sort of rule of faith to them, since there is no fictitious being mentioned by him, in his book of absurdities, which they would not readily give credit to. I know not, idolizers as they are of the clergy, whether they would not be even refractory to them, were they to preach against the existence of fairies, or even against their being commonly seen; for though the priesthood are a kind of gods among them, yet still tradition is a greater god than they; and as they confidently assert that the first inhabitants of their island were fairies, so do they maintain that these little people have still their residence among them. They call them the Good People, and say they live in wilds and forests, and on mountains, and shun great cities because of the wickedness acted therein; all the houses are blessed where they visit, for they fly vice. A person would be thought impudently prophane, who should suffer his family to go to bed without having first set a tub, or pail, full of clean water, for these guests to bathe themselves in, which the natives aver they constantly do; as soon as ever the eyes of the family are closed, wherever they vouchsafe to come. If any thing happen to be mislaid, and found again in some place where it was not expected, they presently tell you a fairy took it and returned it; if you chance to get a fall and hurt yourself, a fairy laid something in your way to throw you down, as a punishment for some sin you have committed. I have heard many of them protest they have been carried insensibly great distances from home, and, without knowing how they came there, found themselves on the top of a mountain. One story in particular was told me of a man who had been led by invisible musicians for several miles together; and not being able to resist the harmony, followed till it conducted him to a large common, where were a great number of little people sitting round a table, and eating and drinking in a very jovial manner. Among them were some faces whom he thought he had formerly seen, but forebore taking any notice, or they of him, till the little people, offering him drink, one of them, whose

features seemed not unknown him, plucked him by the coat, and forbade him, whatever he did, to taste any thing he saw before him ; for if you do, added he, you will be as I am, and return no more to your family. The poor man was much affrighted, but resolved to obey the injunction ; accordingly a large silver cup, filled with some sort of liquor, being put into his hand, he found an opportunity to throw what it contained on the ground. Soon after the music ceasing, all the company disappeared, leaving the cup in his hand, and he returned home, though much wearied and fatigued. He went the next day and communicated to the minister of the parish all that had happened, and asked his advice how he should dispose of the cup ; to which the parson replied, he could not do better than devote it to the service of the church ; and this very cup, they tell me, is that which is now used for the consecrated wine in Kirk-Merlugh.

“ Another instance they gave me to prove the reality of fairies, was of a fiddler, who having agreed with a person, who was a stranger, for so much money, to play to some company he should bring him to, all the twelve days of Christmas, and received earnest for it, saw his new master vanish into the earth the moment he had made the bargain. Nothing could be more terrified than was the poor fiddler ; he found he had entered himself into the devil's service, and looked on himself as already damned ; but having recourse also to a clergyman, he received some hope ; he ordered him, however, as he had taken earnest, to go when he should be called ; but that whatever tunes should be called for, to play none but psalms. On the day appointed, the same person appeared, with whom he went, though with what inward reluctance 'tis easy to guess ; but punctually obeying the minister's directions, the company to whom he played were so angry, that they all vanished at once, leaving him at the top of a high hill, and so bruised and hurt, though he was not sensible when, or from what hand, he received the blows, that he got not home without the utmost difficulty.

The old story of infants being changed in their cradles, is here in such credit, that mothers are in continual terror at the thoughts of it. I was prevailed upon myself to go and see a child, who they told me was one of these changelings; and, indeed, must own was not a little surprised, as well as shocked, at the sight: nothing under heaven could have a more beautiful face; but though between five and six years old, and seemingly healthy, he was so far from being able to walk or stand, that he could not so much as move any one joint; his limbs were vastly long for his age, but smaller than an infant's of six months: his complexion was perfectly delicate, and he had the finest hair in the world; he never spoke nor cried, eat scarce any thing, and was very seldom seen to smile; but if any one called him a fairy-elf, he would frown and fix his eyes so earnestly on those who said it, as if he would look them through. His mother, or at least his supposed mother, being very poor, frequently went out a-chairing, and left him a whole day together; the neighbours, out of curiosity, have often looked in at the window to see how he behaved when alone; which whenever they did, they were sure to find him laughing, and in the utmost delight. This made them judge that he was not without company more pleasing to him than any mortals could be; and what made this conjecture seem the more reasonable, was, that if he were left ever so dirty, the woman, at her return, saw him with a clean face, and his hair combed with the utmost exactness and nicety.

"A second account of this nature I had from a woman to whose offspring the fairies seemed to have taken a particular fancy. The fourth or fifth night after she was delivered of her first child, the family were alarmed with a most terrible cry of fire, on which every body ran out of the house to see whence it proceeded, not excepting the nurse, who, being as much frightened as others, made one of the number. The poor woman lay trembling in her bed alone, unable to help herself, and her back being turned to the infant, saw not that it was taken away by an

invisible hand. Those who had left her having enquired about the neighbourhood, and finding there was no cause for the outcry they had heard, laughed at each other for the mistake; but as they were going to re-enter the house, the poor babe lay on the threshold, and by its cries preserved itself from being trod upon. This exceedingly amazed all that saw it, and the mother being still in bed, they could ascribe no reason for finding it there, but having been removed by fairies, who, by their sudden return, had been prevented from carrying it any further. About a year after, the same woman was brought to bed of a second child, which had not been born many nights before a great noise was heard in the house where they kept their cattle; (for in this island, where there is no shelter in the fields from the excessive cold and damps, they put all their milch-kine into a barn, which they call a cattle house.) Every body that was stirring ran to see what was the matter, believing that the cows had got loose; the nurse was as ready as the rest, but finding all safe, and the barn door close, immediately returned, but not so suddenly but that the new-born babe was taken out of the bed, as the former had been, and dropt on their coming, in the middle of the entry. This was enough to prove the fairies had made a second attempt; and the parents sending for a minister, joined with him in thanksgiving to God, who had twice delivered their children from being taken from them. But in the time of her third lying-in, every body seemed to have forgotten what had happened in the first and second, and on a noise in the cattle house, ran out to know what had occasioned it. The nurse was the only person, excepting the woman in the straw, who stay'd in the house, nor was she detained through care or want of curiosity, but by the bonds of sleep, having drank a little too plentifully the preceding day. The mother who was broad awake, saw her child lifted out of the bed, and carried out of the chamber, though she could not see any person touch it; on which she cried out as loud as she could,

‘ Nurse, nurse ! my child, my child is taken away ! ’ but the old woman was too fast to be awakened by the noise she made, and the infant was irretrievably gone. When her husband, and those who had accompanied him, returned, they found her wringing her hands, and uttering the most piteous lamentations for the loss of her child ; on which, said the husband, looking into the bed, the woman is mad, do not you see the child lies by you ? On which she turned, and saw indeed something like a child, but far different from her own, who was a very beautiful, fat, well-featured babe ; whereas, what was now in the room of it, was a poor, lean, withered, deformed creature. It lay quite naked, but the clothes belonging to the child that was exchanged for it, lay wrapt up altogether on the bed. This creature lived with them near the space of nine years, in all which time it eat nothing except a few herbs, nor was ever seen to void any other excrement than water. It neither spoke, nor could stand or go, but seemed enervate in every joint, like the changeling I mentioned before, and in all its actions showed itself to be of the same nature.

“ A woman, who lived about two miles distant from Ballasalli, and used to serve my family with butter, made me once very merry with a story she told me of her daughter, a girl of about ten years old, who being sent over the fields to the town, for a pennyworth of tobacco for her father, was on the top of a mountain surrounded by a great number of little men, who would not suffer her to pass any farther. Some of them said she should go with them, and accordingly laid hold of her ; but one seeming more pitiful, desired they would let her alone ; which they refusing, there ensued a quarrel, and the person who took her part fought bravely in her defence. This so incensed the others, that to be revenged on her for being the cause, two or three of them seized her, and pulling up her clothes, whipped her heartily ; after which, it seems, they had no further power over her, and she ran home directly, telling what had befallen her, and

showing her buttocks, on which were the prints of several small hands. Several of the townspeople went with her to the mountain, and she conducting them to the spot, the little antagonists were gone, but had left behind them proofs (as the good woman said) that what the girl had informed them was true, for there was a great deal of blood to be seen on the stones. This did she aver with all the solemnity imaginable.

"Another woman, equally superstitious and fanciful as the former, told me, that being great with child, and expecting every moment the good hour, as she lay awake one night in her bed, she saw seven or eight little women come into her chamber, one of whom had an infant in her arms; they were followed by a man of the same size with themselves, but in the habit of a minister. One of them went to the pail, and finding no water in it, cried out to the others, what must they do to christen the child? On which they replied, it should be done in beer. With that the seeming parson took the child in his arms, and performed the ceremony of baptism, dipping his hand into a great tub of strong beer, which the woman had brewed the day before to be ready for her lying-in. She told me that they baptized the infant by the name of Joan, which made her know she was pregnant of a girl, as it proved a few days after, when she was delivered. She added also, that it was common for the fairies to make a mock christening when any person was near her time, and that according to what child, male or female, they brought, such should the woman bring into the world.

"But I cannot give over this subject without mentioning what they say befell a young sailor, who, coming off a long voyage, though it was late at night, chose to land rather than be another night in the vessel; being permitted to do so, he was set on shore at Douglas. It happened to be a fine moonlight night, and very dry, being a small frost; he therefore forbore going into any

house to refresh himself, but made the best of his way to the house of a sister he had at Kirk-Merlugh. As he was going over a pretty high mountain, he heard the noise of horses, the hollow of a huntsman, and the finest horn in the world. He was a little surprised that any body pursued those kind of sports in the night, but he had not time for much reflection before they all passed by him, so near, that he was able to count what number there was of them, which, he said, was thirteen, and that they were all dressed in green, and gallantly mounted. He was so well pleased with the sight, that he would gladly have followed, could he have kept pace with them; he crossed the footway, however, that he might see them again, which he did more than once, and lost not the sound of the horn for some miles. At length, being arrived at his sister's, he tells her the story, who presently clapped her hands for joy that he was come home safe; for, said she, those you saw were fairies, and 'tis well they did not take you away with them. There is no persuading them but that these huntings are frequent in the island, and that these little gentry, being too proud to ride on Manks horses, which they might find in the field, make use of the English and Irish ones, which are brought over and kept by gentlemen. They say that nothing is more common than to find these poor beasts, in a morning, all over in a sweat and foam, and tired almost to death, when their owners have believed they have never been out of the stable. A gentleman of Ballafletcher assured me, he had three or four of his best horses killed with these nocturnal journeys.

"At my first coming into the island, and hearing these sort of stories, I imputed the giving credit to them merely to the simplicity of the poor creatures who related them; but was strangely surprised when I heard other narratives of this kind, and altogether as absurd, attested by men who passed for persons of sound judgment. Among this number was a gentleman, my near neighbour, who affirmed, with the most solemn asseverations, that being

of my opinion, and entirely averse to the belief that any such beings were permitted to wander for the purposes related of them, he had been at last convinced by the appearance of several little figures playing and leaping over some stones in a field, whom at a few yards' distance he imagined were school-boys, and intended, when he came near enough, to reprimand for being absent from their exercises at that time of the day, it being then, he said, between three and four of the clock; but when he approached, as near as he could guess, within twenty paces, they all immediately disappeared, though he had never taken his eye off them from the first moment he beheld them; nor was there any place where they could so suddenly retreat, it being an open field without hedge or bush, and, as I said before, broad day.

"Another instance, which might serve to strengthen the credit of the other, was told me by a person who had the reputation of the utmost integrity. This man being desirous of disposing of a horse he had at that time no great occasion for, and riding him to market for the purpose, was accosted, in passing over the mountains, by a little man in a plain dress, who asked him if he would sell his horse. 'Tis the design I am going on, replied the person who told me the story. On which the other desired to know the price. Eight pounds, said he. No, resumed the purchaser, I will give no more than seven; which, if you will take, here is your money. The owner, thinking he had bid pretty fair, agreed with him; and the money being told out, the one dismounted, and the other got on the back of the horse, which he had no sooner done, than both beast and rider sunk into the earth immediately, leaving the person who had made the bargain in the utmost terror and consternation. As soon as he had a little recovered himself, he went directly to the parson of the parish, and related what had passed, desiring he would give his opinion whether he ought to make use of the money he had received or not. To which he replied, that as he had ~~made~~ a fair bargain, and no way

circumvented, nor endeavoured to circumvent; the buyer, he saw no reason to believe, in case it was an evil spirit, it could have any power over him. On this assurance, he went home well satisfied, and nothing afterward happened to give him any disquiet concerning this affair.

"A second account of the same nature I had from a clergyman, and a person of more sanctity than the generality of his function in this island. It was his custom to pass some hours every evening in a field near his house, indulging meditation, and calling himself to an account for the transactions of the past day. As he was in this place one night, more than ordinarily wrapped in contemplation, he wandered, without thinking, where he was, a considerable way farther than it was usual for him to do; and, as he told me, he knew not how far the deep musing he was in might have carried him, if it had not been suddenly interrupted by a noise, which, at first, he took to be the distant bellowing of a bull, but, as he listened more heedfully to it, found there was something more terrible in the sound than could proceed from that creature. He confessed to me, that he was no less affrighted than surprised, especially when the noise coming still nearer, he imagined, whatever it was that it proceeded from, it must pass him. He had, however, presence enough of mind to place himself with his back to a hedge, where he fell on his knees, and began to pray to God with all the vehemence so dreadful an occasion required. He had not been long in that position, before he beheld something in the form of a bull, but infinitely larger than ever he had seen in England, much less in Man, where the cattle are very small in general. The eyes, he said, seemed to shoot forth flames, and the running of it was with such a force, that the ground shook under it as an earthquake. It made directly toward a little cottage, and thereafter most horribly disappeared. The moon being then at the full, and shining in her utmost splendour, all these passages were visible to our amazed divine, who, having finished his ejacula-

tion, and given thanks to God for his preservation, went to the cottage, the owner of which, they told him, was that moment dead. The good old gentleman was loath to pass a censure which might be judged an uncharitable one; but the deceased having the character of a very ill liver, most people who heard the story were apt to imagine this terrible apparition came to attend his last moments.

“A mighty bustle they also make of an apparition, which, they say, haunts Castle Russin, in the form of a woman who was some years since executed for the murder of her child. I have heard not only persons who have been confined there for debt, but also the soldiers of the garrison, affirm they have seen it various times; but what I took most notice of, was the report of a gentleman, of whose good understanding, as well as veracity, I have a very great opinion. He told me, that happening to be abroad late one night, and caught in an excessive storm of wind and rain, he saw a woman stand before the castle gate, where, being not the least shelter, it something surprised him that any body, much less one of that sex, should not rather run to some little porch, or shed, of which there are several in Castle Town, than choose to stand still, exposed and alone, to such a dreadful tempest. His curiosity exciting him to draw nearer, that he might discover who it was that seemed so little to regard the fury of the elements, he perceived she retreated on his approach, and at last, he thought, went into the Castle, though the gates were shut. This obliging him to think he had seen a spirit, sent him home very much terrified; but the next day, relating his adventure to some people who lived in the Castle, and describing, as near as he could, the garb and stature of the apparition, they told him it was that of the woman above-mentioned, who had been frequently seen, by the soldiers on guard, to pass in and out of the gates, as well as to walk through the rooms, though there was no visible means to enter. Though so familiar to the eye, so per-

son has yet, however, had the courage to speak to it, and, as they say a spirit has no power to reveal its mind without being conjured to do so in a proper manner, the reason of its being permitted to wander is unknown.

“ Another story of the like nature I have heard concerning an apparition, which has frequently been seen on a wild common near Kirk Jarmyn mountains, which, they say, assumes the shape of a wolf, and fills the air with most terrible howlings. But having run on so far in the account of supernatural appearances, I cannot forget what was told me by an English gentleman, and my particular friend. He was about passing over Douglas Bridge before it was broken down; but the tide being high, he was obliged to take the river, having an excellent horse under him, and one accustomed to swim. As he was in the middle of it, he heard, or imagined he heard, the finest symphony, I will not say in the world, for nothing human ever came up to it. The horse was no less sensible of the harmony than himself, and kept in an immovable posture all the time it lasted, which, he said, could not be less than three quarters of an hour, according to the most exact calculation he could make, when he arrived at the end of his little journey, and found how long he had been coming. He, who before laughed at all the stories told of fairies, now became a convert, and believed as much as ever a Manksman of them all. As to circles in the grass, and the impression of small feet among the snow, I cannot deny but I have seen them frequently, and once thought I heard a whistle, as though in my ear, when nobody that could make it was near me. For my part, I shall not pretend to determine if such appearances have any reality, or are only the effect of the imagination; but as I had much rather give credit to them, than be convinced by ocular demonstration, I shall leave the point to be discussed by those who have made it more their study, and only say, that whatever belief we ought to give to some accounts of this kind, there are others, and those much more numerous, which merit

only to be laughed at—it not being at all consonant to reason, or the idea religion gives us of the fallen angels, to suppose spirits, so eminent in wisdom and knowledge, as to be exceeded by nothing but their Creator, should visit the earth for such trifling purposes as to throw bottles and glasses about a room, and a thousand other as ridiculous gambols mentioned in those voluminous treatises of apparitions.

“The natives of this island tell you also, that before any person dies, the procession of the funeral is acted by a sort of beings, which for that end render themselves visible. I know several that have offered to make oath, that as they have been passing the road, one of these funerals has come behind them, and even laid the bier on their shoulders, as though to assist the bearers. One person, who assured me he had been served so, told me that the flesh of his shoulder had been very much bruised, and was black for many weeks after. There are few or none of them who pretend not to have seen or heard these imaginary obsequies, (for I must not omit that they sing psalms in the same manner as those do who accompany the corpse of a dead friend,) which so little differ from real ones, that they are not to be known till both coffin and mourners are seen to vanish at the church doors. These they take to be a sort of friendly demons, and their business, they say, is to warn people of what is to befall them; accordingly, they give notice of any stranger’s approach, by the trampling of horses at the gate of the house where they are to arrive. As difficult as I found it to bring myself to give any faith to this, I have frequently been very much surprised, when, on visiting a friend, I have found the table ready spread, and every thing in order to receive me, and been told by the person to whom I went, that he had knowledge of my coming, or some other guest, by these good natured intelligencers; nay, when obliged to be absent some time from home, my own servants have assured me they were informed by these means of my return, and expected me the very hour

I came, though perhaps it was days before I hoped it myself at my going abroad. That this is fact, I am positively convinced by many proofs; but how or wherefore it should be so, has frequently given me much matter of reflection, yet left me in the same uncertainty as before. Here, therefore, I will quit the subject, and proceed to things much easier to be accounted for."—WALDRON'S *Description of the Isle of Man*, folio, 1731, p. 125.

This long quotation is extremely curious, as containing an account of those very superstitious in the Isle of Man, which are frequently collected both in Ireland and in the Highlands of Scotland, and which have employed the attention of Mr Crofton Croker, and of the author of the *Fairy Mythology*. The superstitions are in every respect so like each other, that they may be referred to one common source, unless we conclude that they are natural to the human mind, and, like the common orders of vegetables, which naturally spring up in every climate, these naturally arise in every bosom; as the best philologists are of opinion, that fragments of an original speech are to be discovered in almost all languages in the globe.

STANLEY.—P. 76, l. 1.

The reader cannot have forgotten, that the Earl of Derby was head of the great house of Stanley.

MAUTHE DOG.—P. 98, l. 6.

This curious legend, and many others, in which the Isle of Man is perhaps richer than even Ireland, Wales, or the Highlands of Scotland, will be found in a note at page 392—3 of this volume.

SALE OF A DANCING GIRL.—P. 110, l. 8.

An instance of such a sale of an unfortunate dancing girl occurred in Edinburgh in the end of the seventeenth century.

" 13th January, 1687.—Reid, the mountebank, pursues Scott of Harden and his lady, for stealing away from him a little girl called *The tumbling lassie*, that danced upon a stage, and he claimed damages, and produced a contract, by which he bought her from her mother for thirty pounds Scots, [£2, 10s. Sterling.] But we have no slaves in Scotland," continues the liberal reporter, "and mothers cannot sell their bairns: and physicians attested that the employment of tumbling would kill her, and her joints were now grown stiff, and she declined to return, though she was at least an apprentice, and could not run away from her master. Yet some quoted Moses's Law, that if a servant shelter himself with thee, against his master's cruelty, thou shalt surely not deliver him up. The Lords, *renitente cancellario*, assolizied [*i. e.* acquitted] Harden."—FOUNTAINHALL'S *Decisions*, vol. i. p. 441.

A man may entertain some vanity in being connected with a patron of the cause of humanity; so the author may be pardoned mentioning, that he derives his own direct descent from the father of this champion of humanity.

Reid, the mountebank, apparently knew well how to set the sails of his own interest to whatever wind proved most likely to turn them. He failed not to avail himself of King James's rage for the conversion of heretics, on which subject Fountainhall has this sarcastic memorandum:—

"Reid, the mountebank, is received into the Popish church, and one of his blackamoors was persuaded to accept of baptism from the Popish priests, and to turn Christian Papist, which was a great trophy. He was christened James, after the King, and Chancellor, and the Apostle James!"—*Ibid.* p. 440.

WITNESSES OF THE POPISH PLOT.—P. 122, l. 4.

The infamous character of those who contrived and carried on the pretended Popish Plot, may be best esti-

instigated by the account given in North's *Examen*, who describes Oates himself with considerable power of colouring. "He was now in his trine exaltation, his plot in full force, efficacy, and virtue; he walked about with his guards [assigned for fear of the Papists murdering him.] He had lodgings in Whitehall, and L.1200 per annum pension: And no wonder, after he had the impudence to say to the House of Lords, in plain terms, that, if they would not help him to more money, he must be forced to help himself. He put on an Episcopal garb, (except the lawn sleeves,) silk-gown and cassock, great hat, satin hatband and rose, long scarf, and was called, or most blasphemously called himself, the Saviour of the nation; whoever he pointed at, was taken up and committed: so that many people got out of his way, as from a blast, and glad they could prove their two last years' conversation. The very breath of him was pestilential; and if it brought not imprisonment, or death, over such on whom it fell, it surely poisoned reputation, and left good Protestants arrant Papists, and something worse than that—in danger of being put in the plot as traitors. Upon his examination before the Commons, the Lord-Chief-Justice Scroggs was sent for to the House, and there signed warrants for the imprisonment of five Roman Catholic Poets, upon which they were laid up in the Tower. The votes of the Houses seemed to confirm the whole. A solemn form of prayer was desired upon the subject of the plot, and when one was prepared, it was found faulty, because the Papists were not named as authors of it: God surely knew whether it were so or not: however, it was yielded to, that Omniscience might not want information. The Queen herself was accused at the Commons' Bar. The city, for fear of the Papists, put up their posts and chains: and the chamberlain, Sir Thomas Player, in the Court of Aldermen, gave his reason for the city's using that caution, which was, that he did not know but the next morning they might all rise with their throats cut. The trials, convictions, and executions of the priests, Jesuits, and

others, were had, and attended with vast mob and noise. Nothing ordinary or moderate was to be heard in people's communication ; but every debate and action was high-flown and tumultuous. All freedom of speech was taken away ; and not to believe the plot, was worse than being Turk, Jew, or Infidel. For this fact of Godfrey's murder, the three poor men of Somerset-house were, as was said, convicted. The most pitiful circumstance was that of their trial, under the popular prejudice against them. The Lord-Chief-Justice Scroggs took in with the tide, and ranted for the plot, hewing down Popery, as Scanderbeg hewed the Turk ; which was but little propitious to them. The other judges were passive, and meddled little, except some that were takers in also ; and particularly the good Recorder Treby, who eased the Attorney-General, for he seldom asked a question, but one might guess he foresaw the answer. Some may blame the (at best) passive behaviour of the judges ; but really, considering it was impossible to stem such a current, the appearing to do it in vain had been more unprofitable, because it had inflamed the great and small rout, drawn scandal on themselves, and disabled them from taking in when opportunity should be more favourable. The prisoners, under these hardships, had enough to do to make any defence ; for where the testimony was positive, it was conclusive ; for no reasoning *ab improbabili* would serve the turn ; it must be *ab impossibili*, or not at all. Whoever doth not well observe the power of judging, may think many things, in the course of justice, very strange. If one side is held to demonstration, and the other allowed presumptions for proofs, any cause may be carried. In a word, anger, policy, inhumanity, and prejudice, had, at this time, a planetary possession of the minds of most men, and destroyed in them that golden rule, of doing as they would be done unto."

In another passage Oates's personal appearance is thus described.—“He was a low man, of an ill cut, very short neck, and his visage and features were most particular.

His mouth was the centre of his face ; and a compass there would sweep his nose, forehead, and chin, within the perimeter. *Cave quos ipse Deus notavit.* In a word, he was a most consummate cheat, blasphemer, vicious, perjured, impudent, and saucy, foul-mouth'd wretch ; and were it not for the truth of history, and the great emotions in the public he was the cause of, not fit (so little deserving) to be remembered."

NARRATIVES OF THE PLOT.—P. 147, l. 21.

There is no more odious feature of this detestable plot than that the forsworn witnesses by whose oaths the fraud was supported, claimed a sort of literary interest in their own fabrications by publications under such titles as the following : " A narrative and impartial discovery of the horrid Popish Plot, carried on for burning and destroying in the cities of London and Westminster, with their suburbs, setting forth the several councils, orders, and resolutions of the Jesuits concerning the same, by (a person so and so named), lately engaged in that horrid design, and one of the Popish committee for carrying on such fires."

At any other period, it would have appeared equally unjust and illegal to poison the public mind with stuff of this kind, before the witnesses had made their depositions in open court. But in this moment of frenzy, every thing which could confirm the existence of these senseless delusions, was eagerly listened to ; and whatever seemed to infer doubt of the witnesses, or hesitation concerning the existence of the plot, was a stifling, strangling, or undervaluing the discovery of the grand conspiracy. In short, as expressed by Dryden,

" 'Twas worse than plotting, to suspect the plot."

RICHARD GANLESSE.—P. 153, l. 7.

It will be afterwards found, that in the supposed Richard Ganlesse is first introduced into the story the detest-

able Edward Christian, a character with as few redeeming good qualities as the author's too prolific pencil has ever attempted to draw. He is a mere creature of the imagination; and although he may receive some dignity of character from his talents, energy, and influence over others, he is, in other respects, a moral monster, since even his affection for his brother, and resentment of his death, are grounded on vindictive feelings, which scruple at no means, even the foulest, for their gratification. The author will be readily believed when he affirms, that no original of the present times, or those which preceded them, has given the outline for a character so odious. The personage is a mere fancy piece. In particular, the author disclaims all allusion to a gentleman named Edward Christian, who actually existed during those troublesome times, was brother of William Christian, the Dempster, and died in prison in the Isle of Man. With this unfortunate gentleman the character in the novel has not the slightest connexion; nor do the incidents of their lives in any respect agree. There existed, as already stated, an Edward Christian of the period, who was capable of very bad things, since he was companion and associate of the robber Thomas Blood, and convicted, along with him, of a conspiracy against the celebrated Duke of Buckingham. This character was probably not unlike that of his namesake in the novel, at least the feats ascribed to him are *haud aliena a Scævola studiis*. But Mr Christian of Unwin, if there existed a rogue of his name during that period of general corruption, has the more right to have him distinguished from his unfortunate relative, who died in prison before the period mentioned.

INTERPOLATION; AFTER "JULIAN HAD HITHERTO
TO BEEN A STRANGER."—P. 161, l. 2:

"Smith accordingly treated him as a mere novice in epicurism; cautioning him to eat his soup before the bouilli, and to forget the ~~Manner~~ custom of bolting the

boiled meat before the broth, as if Cutlar MacCulloch * and all his whingers were at the door. Peveril took the hint in good part, and the entertainment proceeded with animation."

* This alludes to a singular custom of the inhabitants of the northern coast of the Isle of Man, who used of old to eat the sodden meat before they supped the broth, lest, it is said, they should be deprived of the more substantial part of the meal, if they waited to eat it at the second course.

They account for this anomaly in the following manner:—About the commencement of the sixteenth century, the Earl of Derby, being a fiery young chief, fond of war and honour, made a furious inroad, with all his forces, into the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, and committed great ravages, still remembered in Manx song. Mr Train, with his usual kindness, sent me the following literal translation of the verses:

" There came Thomas Derby, born king,
He it was who wore the golden crupper ;
There was not one Lord in wide England itself,
With so many vassals as he had.

" On Scottishmen he avenged himself;
He went over to Kirkcudbright,
And there made such havoc of houses,
That some are uninhabitable to this day.

" Was not that fair in a youth,
To avenge himself on his foe while he was so young;
Before his beard had grown around his mouth,
And to bring home his men in safety ?"

This incursion of the Earl with the golden crupper was severely revenged. The gentlemen of the name of MacCulloch, a clan then and now powerful in Galloway, had at their head, at the time, a chief of courage and activity, named Cutlar MacCulloch. He was an excellent seaman, and speedily equipped a predatory flotilla, with which he made repeated descents on the northern shores of the Isle of Man, the dominions of the Earl of Derby, carrying off all that was not, in the Border phrase, too hot or too heavy.

CORRESPONDENCE OF COLEMAN.—P. 163, l. 6 from bottom.

The unfortunate Coleman, executed for the Popish Plot, was secretary to the late Duchess of York, and had been a correspondent of the French King's confessor, Pere la Chaise. Their correspondence was seized, and

The following is the deposition of John Machariotic concerning the losses he had suffered by this sea-king and his Galloway men. It is dated at Peel Castle.—“ Taken by Collard MacCulloch and his men by wrongous spollation, Twa box beddes and aykin burdes, 1 c lathe, a feder boustier, a cote of Mailzie, a mete burde, two kystis, five barrells, a gyle-fat, xx pipes, twa gunys, three bolls of malt, a querne of rosate of vi stane, certain petes [peats], extending to 1 c load, viii bolls of threschit corn, xii unthraschin, and xl knowte.” —CHALLERSON, p. 47, edit. London, 1653.

This active rover rendered his name so formidable, that the custom of eating the meat before the broth was introduced by the islanders whose festivals he often interrupted. They also remembered him in their prayers and graces; as,

“ God keep the house and all within,
From Cut MacCulloch and his kin;”

or, as I have heard it recited,

“ God keep the good corn, and the sheep, and the bullock,
From Satan, from sin, and from Cutlar MacCulloch.”

It is said to have chanced, as the master of the house had uttered one of these popular benisons, that Cutlar in person entered the habitation with this reply:

“ Gudeman, gudeman, ye pray too late,
MacCulloch's ships are at the Yaite.”

The Yaite is a well-known landing-place on the north side of the Isle of Man.

This redoubted corsair is, I believe, now represented by the chief of the name, James MacCulloch, Esq. of Ardwell, the author's friend and near connexion.

although the papers contained nothing to confirm the monstrous fictions of the accusers, yet there was a great deal to show that he and other zealous Catholics anxiously sought for, and desired to find the means, to bring back England to the faith of Rome. "It is certain," says Hume, "that the restless and enterprising spirit of the Catholic church, particularly of the Jesuits, merits attention, and is in some degree dangerous to every other communion. Such zeal of proselytism actuates that sect, that its missionaries have penetrated into every region of the globe, and in one sense there is a Popish plot continually carrying on against all states, Protestant, Pagan, and Mahometan."—*History of England*, vol. vii. p. 72, edit. 1797.

FUNERAL SCENE OF SIR EDMONDSBURY GODFREY.

—P. 166, l. 3.

This solemnity is especially mentioned by North. "The crowd was prodigious, both at the procession, and in and about the church, and so heated, that any thing called Papists, were it a cat or a dog, had probably gone to pieces in a moment. The Catholics all kept close in their houses and lodgings, thinking it a good compensation to be safe there, so far were they from acting violently at that time. But there was all that which upheld among the common people an artificial fright, so that every one almost fancied a Popish knife just at his throat; and at the sermon, beside the preacher, two thumping divines stood upright in the pulpit, to guard him from being killed while he was preaching, by the Papists. I did not see this spectre, but was credibly told by some that affirmed that they did see it, and I never met with any that did contradict it. A most portentous spectacle, sure, three parsons in one pulpit!—enough of itself, on a less occasion, to excite terror in the audience. The like, I guess, was never seen before, and probably will never be seen again; and it had not been so now, as is

most evident, but for some stratagem founded upon the impetuosity of the mob."—*Examen*, p. 104.

It may be, however, remarked, that the singular circumstance of Sir Edmondsbury Godfrey, the justice before whom Oates had made his deposition, being found murdered, was the incident upon which most men relied as complete proof of the existence of the plot. As he was believed to have lost his life by the Papists, for having taken Oates's deposition, the panic spread with inconceivable rapidity, and every species of horror was apprehended—every report, the more absurd the better, eagerly listened to and believed. Whether this unfortunate gentleman lost his life by Papist or Protestant, by private enemies, or by his own hand, (for he was a low-spirited and melancholy man,) will probably never be discovered.

"GIVE DUN AND THE DEVIL HIS DUE."—P. 167, l. 5, *bottom*.

Dun was the hangman of the day at Tyburn. He was successor of Gregory Brunden, who was by many believed to be the same who dropped the axe upon Charles I., though others were suspected of being the actual regicide.

"COURTLY MANNERS."—P. 212, l. 6, *bottom*.

A Scottish gentleman *in hiding*, as it was emphatically termed, for some concern in a Jacobite insurrection or plot, was discovered among a number of ordinary persons, by the use of his toothpick.

FIRST CHECK TO THE POPISH PLOT.—P. 264, l. 8.

The first check received by Doctor Oates and his colleagues in the task of supporting the Plot by their testimony, was in this manner:—After a good deal of prevarication, the prime witness at length made a direct

charge against Sir George Wakeman, the Queen's physician, of an attempt to poison the King, and even connected the Queen with this accusation, whom he represented as Wakeman's accomplice. This last piece of effrontery called the King to some generous sentiments. "The villains," said Charles, "think I am tired of my wife; but they shall find I will not permit an innocent woman to be persecuted. Scroggs, the Lord Chief-Justice, accordingly received instructions to be favourable to the accused; and, for the first time, he was so. Wakeman was acquitted, but thought it more for his safety to retire abroad. His acquittal, however, indicated a turn of the tide, which had so long set in favour of the Plot, and of the witnesses by whom it had hitherto been supported.

"THE EPITAPH HAS BROKEN HIS NECK."—P. 264, l. 7, *from bottom*.

The epitaph alluded to is the celebrated epigram made by Rochester on Charles II. It was composed at the King's request, who nevertheless resented its poignancy.

The lines are well known :—

"Here lies our sovereign lord the King,
Whose word no man relies on;
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one."

"THE GREAT MADAM."—P. 265, l. 6, *bottom*.

The Duchess of Portsmouth, Charles II.'s favourite mistress; very unpopular at the time of the Popish Plot, as well from her religion as her country, being a Frenchwoman and a Catholic.

"LITTLE ANTHONY."—P. 265, l. 4, *bottom*.

Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, the politician and intrigues of the period.

PASSAGE ENDING—"NOT SO MUCH AS DOG OR CAT LEFT, TO BARK OR MEW AT THE KING."—P. 268, l. 7, *bottom*.

Such was the extravagance of Shaftesbury's eloquence.

THE BELLE LOUISE DE QUEROUAILLE.—
P. 270, l. 1.

Charles's principal mistress *en titre*. She was created Duchess of Portsmouth.

LITTLE ANTHONY.—P. 270, l. 7.

Shaftesbury himself is supposed to have said that he knew not who was the inventor of the Plot, but that he himself had all the advantage of the discovery.

THE DICERS WITH THE DOCTORS IN THEIR
POCKETS.—P. 291, l. 3, *bottom*.

Doctor; a cant name for false dice.

"THIS SETTLE IS SO DULL A RASCAL."—
P. 295, l. 21.

Elkana Settle, the unworthy scribbler whom the envy of Rochester and others tried to raise to public estimation, as a rival to Dryden; a circumstance which has been the means of elevating him to a very painful species of immortality.

EMPLOYMENT OF ASSASSINS IN ENGLAND.—
P. 296, l. 12.

It was the unworthy distinction of men of wit and honour about town, to revenge their own quarrels with inferior persons by the hands of bravoës. Even in the days of chivalry, the knights, as may be learned from

Don Quixote, turned over to the chastisement of their squires such adversaries, as were not dubb'd; and thus it was not unusual for men of quality in Charles II.'s time, to avenge their wrongs by means of private assassination. Rochester writes composedly concerning a satire imputed to Dryden, but in reality composed by Mulgrave. "If he falls upon me with the blunt, which is his very good weapon in wit, I will forgive him, if you please, and leave the repartee to Black Will with a cudgel." And, in conformity with this cowardly and brutal intimation, that distinguished poet was waylaid and beaten severely in Rose Street, Covent Garden, by ruffians who could not be discovered, but whom all concluded to be the agents of Rochester's mean revenge.

EARL OF ARLINGTON.—P. 299, l. 6, *bottom*.

Bennet, Earl of Arlington, was one of Charles's most attached courtiers during his exile. After the Restoration, he was employed in the ministry, and the name of Bennet supplies its initial B to the celebrated word Cabal. But the King was supposed to have lost respect for him; and several persons at court took the liberty to mimic his person and behaviour, which was stiff and formal. Thus it was a common jest for some courtier to put a black patch on his nose, and strut about with a white staff in his hand, to make the King merry. But, notwithstanding, he retained his office of Lord Chamberlain and his seat in the Privy Council, till his death in 1685.

DUCHESS OF BUCKINGHAM.—P. 301, l. 3.

Mary, daughter of Thomas Lord Fairfax, was wedded to the Duke of Buckingham, whose versatility rendered him as capable for a time of rendering himself agreeable to his father-in-law, though a rigid Presbyterian; as to the gay Charles II.

LETTER FROM THE DEAD TO THE LIVING.—

P. 307, l. 12.

The application of the very respectable old English name of Jerningham to the valet-de-chambre of the Duke of Buckingham, has proved of force sufficient to wake the resentment of the dead, who had in early days worn that illustrious surname,—for the author received by post the following expostulation on the subject:—

*“To the learned Clerk and worshipful Knight, Sir
Walter Scott, give these:”*

“Mye mortal frame has long since mouldered into dust, and the young saplinge that was planted on the daye of mye funeral, is now a doddered oak, standing hard bye the mansion of the familie. The windes doe whistle thro’ its leaves, moaninge among its moss-covered branches, and awakening in the soules of my descendants, that pensive melancholy which leads back to the contemplating those that are gone!—I, who was once the courtly dame, that held high revelry in these gay bowers, am now light as the blast!

“If I essaye, from vain affection, to make my name be thought of by producing the noise of rustling silkes, or the slow tread of a midnight foot along the chapel floor, alas! I only scare the simple maidens, and my wearie efforts (how wearie none alive can tell) are derided and jeered at, by my knightlie descendants. Once indeed—but it boots not to burthen your ear with this particular, nor why I am still sad and aching, between earth and heaven! Know only, that I still walk this place (as my playmate, your great-grandmother, does here.) I sit in my wonted chair, tho’ now it stands in a dusty garret. I frequent my lady’s room, and I have hushed her wailing babes, when all the cunning of the nurse has failed. I sit at the window where so long a succession of honour-

able dames have presided their daye, and are passed away! But in the change that centuries brought, honour and truth have remained; and, as adherents to King Harry's eldest daughter, as true subjects to her successors, as faithful followers of the unfortunate Charles and his posteritie, and as loyal and attached servauntes of the present royal stock, the name of *Jerningham* has ever remained unsullied in honour, and uncontaminated in aught unfitting its ancient knightlie origin. You, noble and learned sir, whose quill is as the trumpet arousing the slumbering soule to feelings of loftie chivalrie,—you, Sir Knight, who feel and doe honour to your noble lineage, wherefore did you say, in your chronicle or historie of the brave knight, Peveril of the Peake, that my lord of Buckingham's servaunte was a Jerningham !!! a vile varlet to a viler noble! Many honourable families have, indeed, shot and spread from the parent stock into wilde entangled mazes, and reached perchance beyond the confines of gentle blood; but it so pleased Providence, that my worshipful husband, good Sir Harry's line, has flowed in one confined, but clear deep stream, down to mye well-beloued son, the present Sir George Jerningham (by just claim Lorde Stafforde;) and if any of your courtly ancestors that hover round your bed, could speak, they would tell you that the Duke's valet was not Jerningham, but Sayer or Sims.—Act as you shall think mete hereon, but defend the honoured names of those whose champion you so well deserve to be.

“J. JERNINGHAM.”

Having no mode of knowing how to reply to this ancient dignitary, I am compelled to lay the blame of my error upon wicked example, which has misled me; and to plead that I should never have been guilty of so great a misnomer, but for the authority of one Oliver Goldsmith, who, in an elegant dialogue between the Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs,

makes the former assure Miss Skeggs as a fact, that the next morning my lord called out three times to his valet-de-chambre, "Jernigan, Jernigan, Jernigan! bring me my garters!" Some inaccurate recollection of this passage has occasioned the offence rendered, for which I make this imperfect, yet respectful apology.

NOVELS AND ROMANCES. VOL. VII.

PEVERIL OF THE PEAK.

SILK ARMOUR.—P. 46, l. 14.

Roger North gives us a ridiculous description of these warlike habiliments, when talking of the Whig Club in Fuller's Rents.—“The conversation and ordinary discourse of the club was chiefly on the subject of bravery in defending the cause of liberty and property, and what every Protestant Englishman ought to venture and do, rather than be overrun with Popery and slavery. There was much recommendation of silk armour, and the prudence of being provided with it against the time that Protestants were to be massacred; and accordingly there were abundance of these silken backs, breasts, and pots (*i. e.* head-pieces) made and sold, which were pretended to be pistol-proof, in which any man dressed up was as safe as in a house; for it was impossible any one could go to strike him for laughing, so ridiculous was the figure, as they say, of hogs in armour—an image of derision insensible but to the view, as I have had it, (*viz.* that none can imagine without seeing it, as I have.) This was armour of defence, but our sparks were not altogether so tame as to carry their provisions no farther, for truly they intended to be assailants upon fair occasion, and had for that end recommended to them a certain pocket weapon, which, for its design and efficacy, had the honour to be a Protestant flail. It was for street and crowd

work; and the instrument, lurking *perdue* in a coat-pocket, might readily sally out to execution, and by clearing a great hall, piazza, or so, carry an election, by a choice way of polling, called 'knock-down.' The handle resembled a farrier's blood-stick, and the fall was joined to the end by a strong nervous ligature, that in its swing fell short of the hand, and was made of *lignum vitæ*, or rather, as the poet termed it, *mortis*."—*Examen*, p. 173.

This last weapon will remind the reader of the blood-stick, so cruelly used, as was alleged, in a murder committed in England some years ago, and for a participation in which two persons were tried and acquitted at the assizes of autumn 1830.

GEORFREY HUDSON.—P. 73, l. 14.

Geoffrey, or Jeffrey Hudson, is often mentioned in anecdotes of Charles I.'s time. His first appearance at court was his being presented, as mentioned in the text, in a pie, at an entertainment given by the Duke of Buckingham to Charles I. and Henrietta Maria. Upon the same occasion, the Duke presented the tenant of the pasty to the Queen, who retained him as her page. When about eight years of age, he was but eighteen or twenty inches high; and remained stationary at that stature till he was thirty years old, when he grew to the height of three feet nine inches, and there stopped.

This singular *lusus naturæ* was trusted in some negotiations of consequence. He went to France to fetch over a midwife to his mistress, Henrietta Maria. On his return, he was taken by Dunkirk privateers, when he lost many valuable presents sent to the Queen from France, and about £2500 of his own. Sir William Davenant makes a real or supposed combat between the dwarf and a turkey-cock, the subject of a poem called *Jeffreidos*. The scene is laid at Dunkirk, where, as the satire concludes,—

" Jeffrey strait was thrown, when, faint and weak,
 The cruel fowl assaults him with his beak.
 A lady midwife now he there by chance
 Espied, that came along with him from France.
 ' A heart brought up in war, that ne'er before
 This time could bow,' he said, ' doth now implore
 Thou, that *delivered* hast so many, be
 So kind of nature as deliver me.' "

We are not acquainted how far Jeffrey resented this lampoon; but we are assured he was a consequential personage, and endured with little temper the teasing of the domestics and courtiers, and had many squabbles with the King's gigantic porter.

The fatal duel with Mr Crofts actually took place, as mentioned in the text. It happened in France. The poor dwarf had also the misfortune to be taken prisoner by a Turkish pirate. He was, however, probably soon set at liberty, for Hudson was a captain for the King during the Civil War. In 1644, the dwarf attended his royal mistress to France. The Restoration recalled him, with other royalists, to England. But this poor being, who received, it would seem, hard measure both from nature and fortune, was not doomed to close his days in peace. Poor Jeffrey, upon some suspicion respecting the Popish Plot, was taken up in 1682, and confined in the Gatehouse prison, Westminster, where he ended his life in the sixty-third year of his age.

Jeffrey Hudson has been immortalized by the brush of Vandyke, and his clothes are said to be preserved as articles of curiosity in Sir Hans Sloan's Museum.

" THE BIEN MORTS, WHO BING OUT TO TOUR AT
 YOU."—P. 112, l. 21.

The smart girls who turn out to look at you.

"HIS NOSE SLIT AS WIDE AS COVENTRY'S."—
P. 131, l. 11.

The ill-usage of Sir John Coventry by some of the Life Guardsmen, in revenge of something said in Parliament concerning the King's theatrical amours, gave rise to what was called Coventry's Act, against cutting and maiming the person.

COLONEL BLOOD'S NARRATIVE.—P. 147, l. 16.

Of Blood's Narrative, Roger North takes the following notice:—"There was another sham plot of one Netterville. - - - And here the good Colonel Blood, that stole the Duke of Ormond, and, if a timely rescue had not come in, had hanged him at Tyburn, and afterwards stole the crown, though he was not so happy as to carry it off; no player at small games, he, even he, the virtuous Colonel, as this sham plot says, was to have been destroyed by the Papists. It seems these Papists would let no eminent Protestant be safe. But some amends were made to the Colonel by sale of the narrative, licensed Thomas Blood. It would have been strange if so much mischief were stirring, and he had not come in for a snack."—*Examen*, edit. 1711, p. 311.

SOUTH SEA FISHERIES STOCK.—P. 152, l. 20.

Stock-jobbing, as it is called, that is, dealing in shares of monopolies, patents, and joint-stock companies of every description, was at least as common in Charles II.'s time as our own; and as the exercise of ingenuity in this way promised a road to wealth without the necessity of industry, it was then much pursued by dissolute courtiers.

"ABSENT ON THE KING'S COMMAND," &c.—P. 163,
l. 15, &c.

This case is not without precedent. Among the jea-

lousies and fears expressed by the Long Parliament, they insisted much upon an agent for the King departing for the Continent so abruptly, that he had not time to change his court dress—white buskins, to wit, and black silk pantaloons—for an equipment more suitable to travel with.

NELL GWYN.—P. 178, l. 4, *bottom*.

In Evelyn's Memoirs is the following curious passage respecting Nell Gwyn, who is hinted at in the text:—"I walked with him [King Charles II.] through Saint James Park to the garden, where I both saw and heard a very familiar discourse between . . . [*the King*] and Mrs Nelly, as they called her, an intimate comedian, she looking out of her garden on a terrace at the top of the wall, and [*the King*] standing on the green walk under it. I was heartily sorry at this scene."—EVELYN'S *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 413.

DEATH OF MAJOR COLEBY.—P. 187, l. 14.

A story of this nature is current in the legends of the Tower. The affecting circumstances are, I believe, recorded in one of the little manuals which are put into the hands of visitors, but are not to be found in the later editions.

COLONEL BLOOD.—P. 190, l. 6, *bottom*.

The conspirator Blood even fought or made his way into good society, and sat at good men's feasts. Evelyn's Diary bears, 10th May, 1671,—“Dined at Mr Treasurer's, where dined Monsieur de Grammont and several French noblemen, and one Blood, that impudent, bold fellow, that had not long ago attempted to steal the Imperial crown itself out of the Tower, pretending curiosity of seeing the Regalia, when, stabbing the keeper, though not mortally, he boldly went away with it through all the

guards, taken only by the accident of his horse falling down. How he came to be pardoned, and even received into favour, not only after this, but several other exploits almost as daring, both in Ireland and here, I could never come to understand. Some believed he became a spy of several parties, being well with the sectaries and enthusiasts, and did his Majesty service that way, which none alive could do so well as he. But it was certainly, as the boldest attempt, so the only treason of the sort that was ever pardoned. The man had not only a daring, but a villanous unmerciful look, a false countenance, but very well spoken, and dangerously insinuating."—EVELYN'S *Mémoires*, vol. i. p. 413.

This is one of the many occasions on which we might make curious remarks on the disregard of our forefathers for appearances, even in the regulation of society. What should we think of a Lord of the Treasury, who, to make up a party of French nobles and English gentlemen of condition, should invite as a guest Barrington or Major Semple, or any well-known *chevalier d'industrie*? Yet Evelyn does not seem to have been shocked at the man being brought into society, but only at his remaining unchanged.

THE FOX AND GOOSE.—P. 210, l. 2, *bottom*.

It was on such terms that Dr Oates was pleased to claim the extraordinary privilege of dealing out the information which he chose to communicate to a court of justice. The only sense in which his story of the fox, stone, and goose, could be applicable, is by supposing, that he was determined to ascertain the extent of his countrymen's credulity before supplying it with a full meal.

BULLY TOM ARMSTRONG.—P. 261, l. 19.

Thomas, or Sir Thomas Armstrong, a person who had distinguished himself in youth by duels and drunken ex-

plots. He was particularly connected with the Duke of Monmouth, and was said to be concerned in the Rye-House Plot, for which he suffered capital punishment, 20th June, 1684.

KING CHARLES'S BLACK PERIWIG.—P. 263, l. 6,
bottom.

Charles, to suit his dark complexion, always wore a black peruke. He used to say of the players, that if they wished to represent a villain on the stage, "Odds-fish, they always clapp'd on him a black periwig, whereas the greatest rogue in England [meaning, probably, Dr Oates] wears a white one."—See CIBBER'S *Apology*.

INTERPOLATION, after "*Let instant expedition be made, and care not for expenses.*"—(P. 266, l. 13.)
—"You will find most of them at the club-house in Fuller's Rents."

The place of meeting of the Green Ribbon Club. "Their place of meeting," says Roger North, "was in a sort of Carrefour at Chancery Lane, in a centre of business and company most proper for such anglers of fools. The house was double balconied in front, as may yet be seen, for the clubbers to issue forth *in fresco*, with hats and no perukes, pipes in their mouths, merry faces, and dilated throats for vocal encouragement of the canaglia below on usual and unusual occasions."

THE SHERIFF OF LONDON.—P. 291, l. 5.

It can hardly be forgotten that one of the great difficulties of Charles II.'s reign was to obtain for the crown the power of choosing the Sheriffs of London. Roger North gives a lively account of his brother, Sir Dudley North, who agreed to serve for the court. "I omit the share he had in composing the tumults about burning the Pope, because that is accounted for in the *Examen*,

and the life of the Lord Keeper North. Neither is there occasion to say any thing of the rise and discovery of the Rye Plot, for the same reason. Nor is my subject much concerned with this latter, farther than that the conspirators had taken especial care of Sir Dudley North. For he was one of those, who, if they had succeeded, was to have been knocked on the head, and his skin to be stuffed, and hung up in Guildhall. But all that apart, he reckoned it a great unhappiness, that so many trials for high treason, and executions, should happen in this year. However, in these affairs, the sheriffs were passive; for all returns of pannels, and other dispatches of the law, were issued and done by under-officers; which was a fair screen for them. They attended at the trials and executions, to coerce the crowds, and keep order, which was enough for them to do. I have heard Sir Dudley North say, that, striking with his cane, he wondered to see what blows his countrymen would take upon their bare heads, and never look up at it. And, indeed nothing can match the zeal of the common people to see executions. The worst grievance was the executioner coming to him for orders, touching the absconded members, and to know where to dispose of them. Once, while he was abroad, a cart, with some of them, came into the court-yard of his house, and frightened his lady almost out of her wits; and she could never be reconciled to the dog hangman's saying he came to speak with his master. These are inconveniences that attend the stations of public magistracy, and are necessary to be borne with, as magistracy itself is necessary. I have now no more to say of any incidents during the shrievalty; but that, at the year's end, he delivered up his charges to his successors in like manner as he had received them from his predecessor; and, having reinstated his family, he lived well and easy at his own house, as he did before these disturbances put him out of order."

SCENE, THE KING, COUNTESS, AND FENELLA.—
P. 351-2.

This little piece of superstition was suggested by the following incident. The Author of *Waverley* happened to be standing by with other gentlemen, while the captain of the Selkirk Yeomanry was purchasing a horse for the use of his trumpeter. The animal offered was a handsome one, and neither the officer, who was an excellent jockey, nor any one present, could see any imperfection in wind or limb. But a person happened to pass, who was asked to give an opinion. This man was called Blind Willie, who drove a small trade in cattle and horses, and what seemed as extraordinary, in watches, notwithstanding his having been born blind. He was accounted to possess a rare judgment in these subjects of traffic. So soon as he had examined the horse in question, he immediately pronounced it to have something of his own complaint, and in plain words, stated it to be blind, or verging upon that imperfection, which was found to be the case on close examination. None present had suspected this fault in the animal; which is not wonderful, considering that it may frequently exist, without any appearance in the organ affected. Blind Willie being asked how he made the discovery imperceptible to so many gentlemen who had their eyesight, explained, that after feeling the horse's limbs, he laid one hand on its heart, and drew the other briskly across the animal's eyes, when finding no increase of pulsation, in consequence of the latter motion, he had come to the conclusion that the horse must be blind.

PRISONS.—P. 355, l. 3.

It was said that very unfair means were used to compel the prisoners, committed on account of the Popish Plot, to make disclosures, and that several of them were privately put to the torture.

HISTORY OF COLONEL THOMAS BLOOD.—End of
Chap. XIX. P. 357.

This person, who was capable of framing and carrying into execution the most desperate enterprises, was one of those extraordinary characters, who can only arise amid the bloodshed, confusion, destruction of morality, and wide-spreading violence, which take place during civil war. The arrangement of the present volume admitting of a lengthened digression, we cannot, perhaps, enter upon a subject more extraordinary or entertaining, than the history of this notorious desperado, who exhibited all the elements of a most accomplished ruffian. As the account of these adventures is scattered in various and scarce publications, it will probably be a service to the reader to bring the most remarkable of them under his eye, in a simultaneous point of view.

Blood's father is reported to have been a blacksmith ; but this was only a disparaging mode of describing a person who had a concern in iron-works, and had thus acquired independence. He entered early in life into the Civil War, served as a lieutenant in the Parliament forces, and was put by Henry Cromwell, Lord Deputy of Ireland, into the commission of the peace, when he was scarcely two-and-twenty. This outset in life decided his political party for ever ; and however unfit the principles of such a man rendered him for the society of those who professed a rigidity of religion and morals, so useful was Blood's rapidity of invention, and so well was he known, that he was held capable of framing with sagacity, and conducting with skill, the most desperate undertakings, and in a turbulent time, was allowed to associate with the non-jurors, who affected a peculiar austerity of conduct and sentiments. In 1663, the Act of Settlement in Ireland, and the proceedings thereupon, affected Blood deeply in his fortune, and from that moment he appears to have nourished the most inveterate hatred to

the Duke of Ormond, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, whom he considered as the author of the measures under which he suffered. There were at this time many malecontents of the same party with himself, so that Lieutenant Blood, as the most daring among them, was able to put himself at the head of a conspiracy which had for its purpose the exciting a general insurrection, and, as a preliminary step, the surprising of the Castle of Dublin. The means proposed for the last purpose, which was to be the prelude to the rising, augured the desperation of the person by whom it was contrived, and yet might probably have succeeded, from its very boldness. A declaration was drawn up by the hand of Blood himself, calling upon all persons to take arms for the liberty of the subject, and the restoration of the Solemn League and Covenant. For the surprise of the castle, it was provided, that several persons with petitions in their hands, were to wait within the walls, as if they staid to present them to the Lord Lieutenant, while about fourscore of the old daring disbanded soldiers were to remain on the outside, dressed like carpenters, smiths, shoemakers, and other ordinary mechanics. As soon as the Lord Lieutenant went in, a baker was to pass by the main guard with a large basket of white bread on his back. By making a false step, he was to throw down his burden, which might create a scramble among the soldiers, and offer the fourscore men before mentioned, an opportunity of disarming them, while the others with petitions in their hands secured all within; and being once master of the castle and the Duke of Ormond's person, they were to publish their declaration. But some of the principal conspirators were apprehended about twelve hours before the time appointed for the execution of the design, in which no less than seven members of the House of Commons (for the Parliament of Ireland was then sitting) were concerned. Leckie, a minister, the brother-in-law of Blood, was with several others tried, condemned, and executed. Blood effected his escape, but was still so

much the object of public apprehension, that a rumour having arisen during Leckie's execution, that Major Blood was at hand with a party to rescue the prisoner, every one of the guards, and the executioner himself, shifted for themselves, leaving Leckie, with the halter about his neck, standing alone under the gallows; but as no rescue appeared, the sheriff-officers returned to their duty, and the criminal was executed. Meantime Blood retired among the mountains of Ireland, where he herded alternately with fanatics and Papists, provided only they were discontented with the government. There were few persons better acquainted with the intrigues of the time than this active partisan, who was alternately Quaker, Anabaptist, or Catholic, but always a rebel, and revolutionist; he shifted from place to place, and from kingdom to kingdom; became known to the Admiral de Ruyter, and was the soul of every desperate plot.

In particular, about 1666, Mr Blood was one of a revolutionary committee, or secret council, which continued its sittings, notwithstanding that government knew of its meetings. For their security, they had about thirty stout fellows posted around the place where they met, in the nature of a *corps de garde*. It fell out, that two of the members of the council, to save themselves, and perhaps for the sake of a reward, betrayed all their transactions to the ministry, which Mr Blood soon suspected, and in a short time got to the bottom of the whole affair. He appointed these two persons to meet him at a tavern in the city, where he had his guard ready, who secured them without any noise, and carried them to a private place provided for the purpose, where he called a kind of court-martial, before whom they were tried; found guilty, and sentenced to be shot two days after in the same place. When the time appointed came, they were brought out, and all the necessary preparations made for putting the sentence in execution; and the poor men, seeing no hopes of escape, disposed themselves to suffer as well as they could. At this critical juncture, Mr Blood was

graciously pleased to grant them his pardon, and at the same time advised them to go to their new master, tell him all that had happened, and request him, in the name of their old confederates, to be as favourable to such of them as should at any time stand in need of his mercy. Whether these unfortunate people carried Mr Blood's message to the king, does not anywhere appear. It is however certain, that not long after, the whole conspiracy was discovered; in consequence of which, on the 26th of April 1666, Col. John Rathbone, and some other officers of the late disbanded army, were tried and convicted at the Old Bailey, for a plot to surprise the Tower, and to kill General Monk.

After his concern with this desperate conclave, who were chiefly fanatics and Fifth-Monarchy men, Blood exchanged the scene for Scotland, where he mingled among the Cameronians, and must have been a most acceptable associate to John Balfour of Burley, or any other who joined the insurgents more out of spleen or desire of plunder, than from religious motives. The writers of the sect seem to have thought his name a discredit, or perhaps did not know it; nevertheless it is affirmed, in a pamphlet written by a person who seems to have been well acquainted with the incidents of his life, that he shared the dangers of the defeat at Pentland Hills, 27th November, 1666, in which the Cameronians were totally routed. After the engagement, he found his way again to Ireland, but was hunted out of Ulster by Lord Duncannon, who pursued him very closely. On his return to England, he made himself again notorious by an exploit, of which the very singular particulars are contained in the pamphlet already mentioned.* The narrative runs as follows:—"Among the persons apprehended for the late fanatic conspiracy, was one Captain Mason, a person for whom Mr Blood had a particular affection

* Remarks on the Life of the famed Mr Blood. London, 1680. Folio.

and friendship. This person was to be removed from London to one of the northern counties, in order to his trial at the assizes; and to that intent was sent down with eight of the Duke's troop to guard him, being reckoned to be a person bold and courageous. Mr Blood having notice of this journey, resolves by the way to rescue his friend. The prisoner and his guard went away in the morning, and Mr Blood, having made choice of three more of his acquaintance, set forward the same day at night, without boots, upon small horses, and their pistols in their trowsers, to prevent suspicion. But opportunities are not so easily had, neither were all places convenient, so that the convoy and their prisoner were gone a good way beyond Newark, before Mr Blood and his friends had any scent of their prisoner. At one place they set a sentinel to watch his coming by; but whether it was out of fear, or that the person was tired with a tedious expectation, the sentinel brought them no tidings either of the prisoner or his guard, insomuch that Mr Blood and his companions began to think their friend so far before them upon the road, that it would be in vain to follow him. Yet not willing to give over an enterprise so generously undertaken, upon Mr Blood's encouragement, they rode on, though despairing of success, till finding it grow towards evening, and meeting with a convenient inn upon the road, in a small village not far from Doncaster, they resolved to lie there all night, and return for London the next morning. In that inn they had not sat long in a room next the street, condoling among themselves the ill success of such a tedious journey, and the misfortune of their friend, before the convoy came thundering up to the door of the said inn with their prisoner, Captain Mason having made choice of that inn, as being best known to him, to give his guardians the refreshment of a dozen of drink. There Mr Blood, unseen, had a full view of his friend, and of the persons he had to deal with. He had bespoke a small supper, which was at the fire, so that he had but very

little time for consultation, finding that Captain Mason's party did not intend to alight. On this account he only gave general directions to his associates to follow his example in whatever they saw him do. In haste, therefore, they called for their horses, and threw down their money for their reckoning; telling the woman of the house, that since they had met with such good company, they were resolved to go forward. Captain Mason went off first upon a sorry beast, and with him the commander of the party, and four more; the rest staid behind to make an end of their liquor. Then away marched one more single, and in a very small time after the last two. By this time, Mr Blood and one of his friends being horsed, followed the two that were hindmost, and soon overtook them. These four rode some little time together, Mr Blood on the right hand of the two soldiers; and his friend on the left. But upon a sudden, Mr Blood laid hold of the reins of the horse next him, while his friend, in observation to his directions, did the same on the other hand; and having presently by surprise dismounted the soldiers, pulled off their bridles, and sent their horses to pick their grass where they pleased. These two being thus made sure of, Mr Blood pursues his game, intending to have reached the single trooper; but he being got to the rest of his fellows, now reduced to six, and a barber of York, that travelled in their company, Mr Blood made up, heads the whole party, and stops them; of which some of the foremost, looking upon him to be either drunk or mad, thought the rebuke of a switch to be a sufficient chastisement of such a rash presumption, which they exercised with more contempt than fury, till, by the rudeness of his compliments in return, he gave them to understand he was not in jest, but in very good earnest. He was soon seconded by his friend that was with him in his first exploit; but there had been several rough blows dealt between the unequal number of six to two, before Mr Blood's two other friends came up for their assistance; nay, I may safely say six to two; for

the barber of York, whether out of his natural propensity to the sport, or that his potvaliantness had made him so generous as to help his fellow-travellers, would needs show his valour at the beginning of the fray; but better had he been at the latter end of a feast; for though he showed his prudence to take the stronger side, as he guessed by the number, yet because he would take no warning, which was often given him, not to put himself to the hazard of losing a guitar finger by meddling in a business that nothing concerned him, he lost his life, as they were forced to dispatch him, in the first place, for giving them a needless trouble. The barber, being become an useless instrument, and the other of Mr Blood's friends being come up, the skirmish began to be very smart, the four assailants having singled out their champions as fairly and equally as they could. All this while, Captain Mason, being rode before upon his thirty-shilling steed, wondering his guard came not with him, looked back, and observing a combustion, and that they were altogether by the ears, knew not what to think. He conjectured it at first to have been some intrigue upon him, as if the troopers had a design to tempt him to an escape, which might afterwards prove more to his prejudice; just like cats, that, with regardless scorn, seem to give the distressed mouse all the liberty in the world to get away out of their paws, but soon recover their prey again at one jump. Thereupon, unwilling to undergo the hazard of such a trial, he comes back, at which time Mr Blood cried out to him, Horse, horse, quickly! an alarm so amazing at first, that he could not believe it to be his friend's voice when he heard it; but as the thoughts of military men are soon summoned together, and never hold Spanish councils, the Captain presently settled his resolution, mounts the next horse that wanted a rider, and puts it in for a share of his own self-preservation. In this bloody conflict, Mr Blood was three times unhorsed, occasioned by his forgetfulness, as having omitted to new girth his saddle, which the ostler had unloosed upon the wedding

at his first coming into the inn. Being then so often dismounted, and not knowing the reason, which the occasion would not give him leave to consider, he resolved to fight it out on foot; of which two of the soldiers taking the advantage, singled him out, and drove him into a courtyard, where he made a stand with a full body, his sword in one hand, and his pistol in the other. One of the soldiers taking that advantage of his open body, shot him near the shoulderblade of his pistol arm, at which time he had four other bullets in his body, that he had received before; which the soldier observing, flung his discharged pistol at him with that good aim and violence, that he hit him a stunning blow just under the forehead, upon the upper part of the nose between the eyes, which for the present so amazed him, that he gave himself over for a dead man; yet resolving to give one sparring blow before he expired, such is the strange provocation and success of despair, with one vigorous stroke of his sword, he brought his adversary with a vengeance from his horse, and laid him in a far worse condition than himself at his horse's feet. At that time, full of anger and revenge, he was just going to make an end of his conquest, by giving him the fatal stab, but that in the very nick of time, Captain Mason, having, by the help of his friends, done his business where they had fought, by the death of some, and the disabling of others that opposed them, came in, and bid him hold and spare the life of one that had been the civilest person to him upon the road, a fortunate piece of kindness in the one, and of gratitude in the other; which Mr Blood easily condescending to, by the joint assistance of the Captain, the other soldier was soon mastered, and the victory, after a sharp fight, that lasted above two hours, was at length completed. You may be sure the fight was well maintained on both sides, while two of the soldiers, besides the barber, were slain upon the place, three unhorsed, and the rest wounded. And it was observable, that though the encounter happened in a village, where a great number of people were spectators

of the combat, yet none would adventure the rescue of either party, as not knowing which was in the wrong, or which in the right, and were therefore wary of being arbitrators in such a desperate contest, where they saw the reward of assistance to be nothing but present death. After the combat was over, Mr Blood and his friends divided themselves and parted several ways."

Before he had engaged in this adventure, Blood had placed his wife and son in an apothecary's shop at Rumford, under the name of Weston. He himself afterwards affected to practise as a physician under that of Ayliffe, under which guise he remained concealed until his wounds were cured, and the hue and cry against him and his accomplices was somewhat abated.

In the meantime this extraordinary man, whose spirits toiled in framing the most daring enterprises, had devised a plot, which, as it respected the person at whom it was aimed, was of a much more ambitious character than that for the delivery of Mason. It had for its object the seizure of the person of the Duke of Ormond, his ancient enemy, in the streets of London. In this some have thought he only meant to gratify his resentment, while others suppose that he might hope to extort some important advantages by detaining his Grace in his hands as a prisoner. The Duke's historian, Carte, gives the following account of this extraordinary enterprise:—"The Prince of Orange came this year (1670) into England, and being invited, on Dec. 6, to an entertainment in the city of London, his Grace attended him thither. As he was returning homewards in a dark night, and going up St James's Street, at the end of which, facing the palace, stood Clarendon House, where he then lived, he was attacked by Blood and five of his accomplices. The Duke always used to go attended with six footmen; but as they were too heavy a load to ride upon a coach, he always had iron spikes behind it to keep them from getting up; and continued this practice to his dying day, even after this attempt of assassination. These six footmen used to walk

on both sides of the street over against the coach; but by some contrivance or other, they were all stopped and out of the way, when the Duke was taken out of his coach by Blood and his son, and mounted on horseback behind one of the horsemen in his company. The coachman drove on to Clarendon House, and told the porter that the Duke had been seized by two men, who had carried him down Piccadilly. The porter immediately ran that way, and Mr James Clarke, chancing to be at that time in the court of the house, followed with all possible haste, having first alarmed the family, and ordered the servants to come after him as fast as they could. Blood, it seems, either to gratify the humour of his patron, who had set him upon this work, or to glut his own revenge by putting his Grace to the same ignominious death, which his accomplices in the treasonable design upon Dublin Castle had suffered, had taken a strong fancy into his head to hang the Duke at Tyburn. Nothing could have saved his Grace's life, but that extravagant imagination and passion of the villain, who, leaving the Duke mounted and buckled to one of his comrades, rode on before, and (as is said) actually tied a rope to the gallows, and then rode back to see what was become of his accomplices, whom he met riding off in a great hurry. The horseman to whom the Duke was tied, was a person of great strength, but being embarrassed by his Grace's struggling, could not advance as fast as he desired. He was, however, got a good way beyond Berkeley (now Devonshire) House, towards Knightsbridge, when the Duke having got his foot under the man's, unhorsed him, and they both fell down together in the mud, where they were struggling, when the porter and Mr Clarke came up. The villain then disengaged himself, and seeing the neighbourhood alarmed, and numbers of people running towards them, got on horseback, and having with one of his comrades, fired their pistols at the Duke, (but missed him, as taking their aim in the dark, and in a hurry,) rode off as fast as

they could to save themselves. The Duke (now sixty years of age) was quite spent with struggling, so that when Mr Clarke and the porter came up, they knew him rather by feeling his star, than by any sound of voice he could utter; and they were forced to carry him home, and lay him on a bed to recover his spirits. He received some wounds and bruises in the struggle, which confined him within doors for some days. The King, when he heard of this intended assassination of the Duke of Ormond, expressed a great resentment on that occasion, and issued out a proclamation for the discovery and apprehension of the miscreants concerned in the attempt."

Blood, however, lay concealed, and with his usual success, escaped apprehension. While thus lurking, he entertained and digested an exploit, evincing the same atrocity which had characterised the undertakings he had formerly been engaged in; there was also to be traced in his new device something of that peculiar disposition which inclined him to be desirous of adding to the murder of the Duke of Ormond, the singular infamy of putting him to death at Tyburn. With something of the same spirit he now resolved to show his contempt of monarchy, and all its symbols, by stealing the crown, sceptre, and other articles of the regalia, out of the office in which they were deposited, and enriching himself and his needy associates with the produce of the spoils. This feat, by which Blood is now chiefly remembered, is, like all his transactions, marked with a daring strain of courage and duplicity, and, like most of his undertakings, was very likely to have proved successful. John Bayley, Esq. in his History and Antiquities of the Tower of London, gives the following distinct account of this curious exploit. At this period, Sir Gilbert Talbot was Keeper, as it was called, of the Jewel House.

"It was soon after the appointment of Sir Gilbert Talbot, that the Regalia in the Tower first became objects of public inspection, which King Charles allowed in consequence of the reduction in the emoluments of the

master's office. The profits which arose from showing the jewels to strangers, Sir Gilbert assigned, in lieu of a salary, to the person whom he had appointed to the care of them. This was an old confidential servant of his father's, one Talbot Edwards, whose name is handed down to posterity as keeper of the regalia, when the notorious attempt to steal the crown was made in the year 1673; the following account of which is chiefly derived from a relation which Mr Edwards himself made of the transaction.

"About three weeks before this audacious villain Blood made his attempt upon the crown, he came to the Tower in the habit of a parson, with a long cloak, cassock, and canonical girdle, accompanied by a woman, whom he called his wife. They desired to see the regalia, and, just as their wishes had been gratified, the lady feigned sudden indisposition. This called forth the kind offices of Mrs Edwards, the keeper's wife, who, having courteously invited her into their house to repose herself, she soon recovered, and, on their departure, professed themselves thankful for this civility. A few days after, Blood came again, bringing a present to Mrs Edwards, of four pairs of white gloves from his pretended wife; and having thus begun the acquaintance, they made frequent visits to improve it. After a short respite of their compliments, the disguised ruffian returned again; and in conversation with Mrs Edwards, said that his wife could discourse of nothing but the kindness of those good people in the Tower—that she had long studied, and at length bethought herself of a handsome way of requital. You have, quoth he, a pretty young gentlewoman for your daughter, and I have a young nephew, who has two or three hundred a-year in land, and is at my disposal. If your daughter be free, and you approve it, I'll bring him here to see her, and we will endeavour to make it a match. This was easily assented to by old Mr Edwards, who invited the parson to dine with him on that day. He readily accepted the invitation; and

taking upon him to say grace, performed it with great seeming devotion, and casting up his eyes, concluded it with a prayer for the King, Queen, and royal family. After dinner, he went up to see the rooms, and observing a handsome case of pistols hang there, expressed a great desire to buy them, to present to a young lord, who was his neighbour—a pretence by which he thought of disarming the house against the period intended for the execution of his design. At his departure, which was a canonical benediction of the good company, he appointed a day and hour to bring his young nephew to see his mistress, which was the very day that he made his daring attempt. The good old gentleman had got up ready to receive his guest, and the daughter was in her best dress to entertain her expected lover; when, behold, Parson Blood, with three more, came to the jewel-house, all armed with rapier-blades in their canes, and every one a dagger, and a brace of pocket-pistols. Two of his companions entered in with him, on pretence of seeing the crown, and the third staid at the door, as if to look after the young lady, a jewel of a more charming description, but in reality as a watch. The daughter, who thought it not modest to come down till she was called, sent the maid to take a view of the company, and bring a description of her gallant; and the servant conceiving that he was the intended bridegroom who staid at the door, being the youngest of the party, returned to soothe the anxiety of her young mistress with the idea she had formed of his person. Blood told Mr Edwards that they would not go up stairs till his wife came, and desired him to show his friends the crown to pass the time till then; and they had no sooner entered the room, and the door, as usual, shut, than a cloak was thrown over the old man's head, and a gag put in his mouth. Thus secured, they told him that their resolution was to have the crown, globe, and sceptre; and, if he would quietly submit to it, they would spare his life, otherwise he was to expect no mercy. He thereupon endeavoured to make all the

noise he possibly could, to be heard above. They then knocked him down with a wooden mallet, and told him, that, if yet he would lie quietly, they would spare his life; but if not, upon his next attempt to discover them, they would kill him. Mr Edwards, however, according to his own account, was not intimidated by this threat, but strained himself to make the greater noise; and in consequence, received several more blows on the head with the mallet, and was stabbed in the belly; this again brought the poor old man to the ground, where he lay for some time in so senseless a state, that one of the villains pronounced him dead. Edwards had come a little to himself, and hearing this, lay quietly, conceiving it best to be thought so. The booty was now to be disposed of, and one of them, named Parrot, secreted the orb. Blood held the crown under his cloak; and the third was about to file the sceptre in two, in order that it might be placed in a bag, brought for that purpose; but, fortunately, the son of Mr Edwards, who had been in Flanders with Sir John Talbot, and on his landing in England, had obtained leave to come away post to visit his father, happened to arrive whilst this scene was acting; and on coming to the door, the person that stood sentinel, asked with whom he would speak; to which he answered, that he belonged to the house; and, perceiving the person to be a stranger, told him that if he had any business with his father he would acquaint him with it, and so hastened up stairs to salute his friends. This unexpected accident spread confusion amongst the party, and they instantly decamped with the crown and orb, leaving the sceptre yet unfiled. The aged keeper now raised himself upon his legs, forced the gag from his mouth, and cried, Treason! Murder! which being heard by his daughter, who was, perhaps, anxiously expecting far other sounds, ran out and reiterated the cry. The alarm now became general, and young Edwards and his brother-in-law, Captain Beckman, ran after the conspirators, whom a warder put himself in a po-

sition to stop, but Blood discharged a pistol at him, and he fell, although unhurt, and the thieves proceeded safely to the next post, where one Sill, who had been a soldier under Cromwell, stood sentinel; but he offered no opposition, and they accordingly passed the drawbridge. Horses were waiting for them at St Catherine's gate; and as they ran that way along the Tower wharf, they themselves cried out, Stop the rogues! by which they passed on unsuspected, till Captain Beckman overtook them. At his head Blood fired another pistol, but missed him, and was seized. Under the cloak of this daring villain was found the crown, and, although he saw himself a prisoner, he had yet the impudence to struggle for his prey; and when it was finally wrested from him, said, It was a gallant attempt, however unsuccessful; it was for a crown! Parrot, who had formerly served under General Harrison, was also taken; but Hunt, Blood's son-in-law, reached his horse and rode off, as did two other of the thieves; but he was soon afterwards stopped, and likewise committed to custody. In this struggle and confusion, the great pearl, a large diamond, and several smaller stones, were lost from the crown; but the two former, and some of the latter, were afterwards found and restored; and the Ballas ruby, broken off the sceptre, being found in Parrot's pocket, nothing considerable was eventually missing.

"As soon as the prisoners were secured, young Edwards hastened to Sir Gilbert Talbot, who was then master and treasurer of the Jewel-house, and gave him an account of the transaction. Sir Gilbert instantly went to the King, and acquainted his majesty with it; and his majesty commanded him to proceed forthwith to the Tower, to see how matters stood; to take the examination of Blood and the others; and to return and report it to him. Sir Gilbert accordingly went; but the King, in the meantime, was persuaded by some about him to hear the examination himself, and the prisoners were in consequence sent for to Whitehall,—a circumstance which

is supposed to have saved these daring wretches from the gallows."

On his examination under such an atrocious charge, Blood audaciously replied, "that he would never betray an associate, or defend himself at the expense of uttering a falsehood." He even averred, perhaps, more than was true against himself, when he confessed that he had lain concealed among the reeds for the purpose of killing the King with a carabine, while Charles was bathing; but he pretended that on this occasion his purpose was disconcerted by a secret awe,—appearing to verify the allegation in Shakspeare,—"There's such divinity doth hedge a king, that treason can but peep to what it would, acts little of its will." To this story, true or false, Blood added a declaration that he was at the head of a numerous following, disbanded soldiers and others, who, from motives of religion, were determined to take the life of the King, as the only obstacle to their obtaining freedom of worship and liberty of conscience. These men, he said, would be determined, by his execution, to persist in the resolution of putting Charles to death; whereas he averred, that by sparing his life, the King might disarm a hundred poniards directed against his own. This view of the case made a strong impression on Charles, whose selfishness was uncommonly acute; yet he felt the impropriety of pardoning the attempt upon the life of the Duke of Ormond, and condescended to ask that faithful servant's permission, before he would exert his authority to spare the assassin. Ormond answered, that if the King chose to pardon the attempt to steal his crown, he himself might easily consent that the attempt upon his own life, as a crime of much less importance, should also be forgiven. Charles, accordingly, not only gave Blood a pardon, but endowed him with a pension of L.500 a year, which led many persons to infer, not only that the King wished to preserve himself from the future attempts of this desperate man, but that he had it also in view to secure the services of so determined a ruffian, in case he

should have an opportunity of employing him in his own line of business. There is a striking contrast between the fate of Blood, pensioned and rewarded for this audacious attempt, and that of the faithful Edwards, who may be safely said to have sacrificed his life in defence of the property intrusted to him ! In remuneration for his fidelity and his sufferings, Edwards only obtained a grant of L.200 from the Exchequer, with a L.100 to his son ; but so little pains were taken about the regular discharge of these donatives, that the parties entitled to them were glad to sell them for half the sum. After this wonderful escape from justice, Blood seems to have affected the airs of a person in favour, and was known to solicit the suits of many of the old Republican party, for whom he is said to have gained considerable indulgences, when the old cavaliers, who had ruined themselves in the cause of Charles the First, could obtain neither countenance nor restitution. During the ministry called the Cabal, he was high in favour with the Duke of Buckingham, till, upon their declension, his favour began also to fail, and we find him again engaged in opposition to the Court. Blood was not likely to lie idle amid the busy intrigues and factions which succeeded the celebrated discovery of Oates. He appears to have passed again into violent opposition to the Court, but his steps were no longer so sounding as to be heard above his contemporaries. North hints at his being involved in a plot against his former friend and patron the Duke of Buckingham. The passage is quoted at length in a note in this volume, page 336.

The Plot, it appears, consisted in an attempt to throw some scandalous imputation upon the Duke of Buckingham for a conspiracy, to effect which Edward Christian, Arthur O'Brien, and Thomas Blood, were indicted in the King's Bench, and found guilty, 25th June, 1680. The damages sued for were laid as high as ten thousand pounds, for which Colonel Blood found bail. But he

appears to have been severely affected in health, as, 24th August, 1680, he departed this life in a species of lethargy. It is remarkable enough, that the story of his death and funeral was generally regarded as fabricated, preparative to some exploit of his own ; nay, so general was this report, that the coroner caused his body to be raised, and a jury to sit upon it, for the purpose of ensuring that the celebrated Blood had at length undergone the common fate of mankind. There was found unexpected difficulty in proving that the miserable corpse before the jury was that of the celebrated conspirator. It was at length recognised by some of his acquaintances, who swore to the preternatural size of the thumb, so that the coroner, convinced of the identity, remanded this once active, and now quiet person, to his final rest in Tothill-fields.

Such were the adventures of an individual, whose real exploits, whether the motive, the danger, or the character of the enterprises be considered, equal, or rather surpass, those fictions of violence and peril which we love to peruse in romance. They cannot, therefore, be deemed foreign to a work dedicated, like the present, to the preservation of extraordinary occurrences, whether real or fictitious.

END OF VOLUME SECOND.





